Good Housekeeping

JUN 25 1930

Beginning EDISON MARSHALL'S New Novel

Irvin S. Cobb ~ E. Barrington ~ Robert Hichens

Adventures of Two New York Society Girls in Red Russia

R. S. L. *ANOTHER LITTLE POEM BY GRACE COOLIDGE*

Frigidaire alone gives you the Hydrator...

Actual photograph of stalk of wilted celery before placing in Hydrator.

The same celery taken from Hydrator the following morning.

..that makes even wilted vegetables fresh

Only Frigidaire offers all these advantages: ends the need of using covered pans or dishes for vegetables—freezes ice and desserts faster with patented "Cold Control"—stays beautiful because it is semi-flexible Porcelain-on-steel inside and outside—keeps foods safely cold regardless of kitchen temperatures.

THE Hydrator is a marvelous new moist-air compartment that is now standard equipment on all household Frigidaires. Its design and location in the cabinet combine proper circulation and proper cold with correct moisture for vegetables. It makes celery brittle and delicious. It adds a new crispness to lettuce. It gives tomatoes the freshness and flavor of tomatoes just off the vine. Once you see what it does you'll marvel that a device so simple can mean so much in the kitchen.

The famous *"Frigidaire Cold Control"*

You'll marvel, too, at the speed with which you can freeze desserts with the aid of the famous "Cold Control". And you'll like the arrangement of the Frigidaire shelves. They are spaced for tall containers and are elevated to a convenient height. You'll appreciate the advantages offered by the Frigidaire power unit. It is extra powerful, incredibly quiet and concealed within the cabinet—out of the way.

And you'll be delighted with the greater beauty and greater convenience of the cabinet itself. The top is smooth and flat and can be used as a kitchen shelf. And regardless of size, every household model is lustrous, rust-proof Porcelain-on-steel, inside and outside—easy to clean.

THE HYDRATOR CAN ALSO BE INSTALLED IN ALL HOUSEHOLD FRIGIDAIRES NOW IN USE

New salad recipe book—free

Find out about the many other Frigidaire features. All of this information is given in our new, free salad recipe book and our latest catalog. Mail the coupon for these books today.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,
Dept. H-32, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me, free, your salad recipe book and the Frigidaire catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

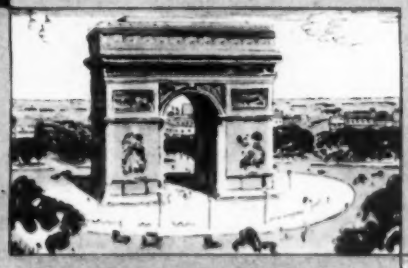
In Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Public Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Room Coolers

ITALY

THE GENIUS OF THREE NATIONS COMBINED IN THIS GREAT SPAGHETTI



FRANCE

AMERICA

Here is spaghetti at once the delight and admiration of housewives—Franco-American Spaghetti. So exquisite with its delicate amber tints, the ruddy glow of its bright tomato sauce. So tempting with its rich, nutty flavor, its piquant herbs, its tangy cheese. Truly those who know Italian spaghetti at its best, exclaim with satisfaction when they taste Franco-American Spaghetti.

For it is prepared by world-famous French chefs from an old Milanese recipe in spotless American kitchens, ready for your convenience. Serve it as a main dish or side dish. Enjoy it again and again. Your grocer has it.

Franco-American ★
Ready-cooked
Spaghetti
With tomato sauce and cheese (a la Milanaise)

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July GOOD HOUSEKEEPING 1930
Vol. XCI No. 1

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The CLUB WOMEN of TODAY

HAVE fought a great fight for cleanliness and beauty. The results are everywhere apparent. Yet practically every county-seat in our country is harboring a plague-spot of moral and physical wretchedness that would horrify its citizens. Sent by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, HELEN BUCKLER has visited town after town, finding almost unbelievable conditions. In the August number you will

LEARN the REAL TRUTH About the COUNTY JAIL

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NEW!
DELICIOUS!
ECONOMICAL!

ARMOUR'S *Veribest*
Chipped Beef in Cream Sauce*

Convenient tins for instant use. Made with pure cream. Better-tasting and costs less than the old way.

A NEW PRODUCT that has made an instant hit. Originated by Armour, of course.

You can now serve this popular breakfast, lunch, or supper dish at almost a moment's notice. And how deliciously good! Made of finest, full-flavored chipped beef and thick, pure cream; perfectly seasoned and proportioned, two-thirds beef, one-third cream sauce. Five-ounce tins for small families, nine-ounce tins for large families.

It costs less than the beef and cream you would use in making it the old way. No shredding, parboiling, browning, or creaming. It takes the hurry out of breakfast and the heat out of lunch and supper preparation. Your Armour dealer has it.

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8.30 eastern standard time, over a coast-to-coast network of stations associated with the N. B. C. Armour and Company, Chicago.

Here's an almost-fireless, well-balanced, summer-dinner suggestion:

Veribest Chipped Beef in Patty Shells with Parsley or Creamed on Toast
Potato Chips
Cold Asparagus or Combination Salad
Raspberries and Cream
Iced Coffee or Iced Tea

Some other Veribest Products that provide variety for your summer-time menus, and temptation for your appetite.

Veribest Corned Beef
Veribest Vienna Sausage
Veribest Chile Con Carne with Beans
Veribest Deviled Meats
Veribest Sliced Dried Beef
Veribest Lamb Tongue
Veribest Lunch Tongue
Veribest Ox Tongue
Veribest Sausage
Veribest Pork and Beans
Veribest Potted Meats

***Patent applied for.**
©1930.

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In using advertisements see page 6

BOOKS TO "END WAR"

THE publishers of "All Quiet on the Western Front" announced on Sunday, May 28th, that "this greatest war epic of all time" had had a world sale in one year of 2,515,000 copies. Only one other book, the Bible, has even approximated the sale of Remarque's vivid portrayal of the cruelty of war, its brutality, its bestiality, and its futility. There is a lesson to be found in this record-breaking sale, which has swept aside all barriers of race and language: in it one sees the world's longing for peace, its groping for the Something that will end war. For sales were stimulated by announcements that the book "is an indictment of war," a picturing of scenes that must never be reenacted, a record of soul-and-body suffering that the children of men must never again be called upon to endure. "You must read it," said friend to friend, thinking he was spreading the propaganda against war. "It's terrible, but true," commented those who had seen and endured all the things that Remarque recites so forcefully. And the rewards continued to pyramid themselves for the author and the various publishers.

But is a picturing of the horrors of war a deterrent of war? We have always doubted it, though we have not said so publicly before. There is still hanging in an Ohio farmhouse a picture of a Civil War battlefield that etched itself upon the mind and heart of a boy who found it the most fascinating thing in the old "parlor." He chose it as the subject for a college essay on "The Picture that Has Most Influenced Me," although he had long since discovered that the picture was a lie, that the Gray and not the Blue should have been shown sweeping in triumph down the field, that blue and not gray should have been the color worn by the "boys" lying on the ground. The thought that had then taken the place of the exultation previously felt was that, had he been there, the result would somehow have been different. War stories may convince those who have been to war that it can never be a great adventure, but they fire the imagination of youth, which has never yet been afraid to attempt anything, either new or old, which is at hand for the doing. "Even the grimmest and most sordid of war stories has an almost irresistible fascination for the inexperienced," says a writer in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

"The really good war book is—just a really good war book," this writer goes on. "It is not propaganda, however it may be written. It is not going to teach the next generation the horrors of war. On the contrary, it may fill them with an inextinguishable curiosity. It is not going to persuade the young that war itself, after the first alarums, is dull, nasty, and, in its final effects, debasing. If war is ever dull, and there is plenty of affirmative testimony, the writers of these books never make it seem so. If they did, we would not read their books. The nastiness of war, when transferred to literature, becomes either a joke, or an attraction for an age of almost neurotic cleanliness that envies the occasions which justify it . . .

"The appeal to the emotions is dangerous, as a preventive of war. Pity, disgust, fear may be aroused, but these lie close to adventurousness, courage, and the instinct for self-defence. Set flaming swords before a gate, and there will be a riot to enter it. Say that a thing is deadly, and the most alive will engage in it. And once in—caught.

"It is the reason not the emotions that must be appealed to by those who hope by books to discourage war. Books that tell why wars come and what they leave behind them are more efficacious than adventures in poison gas and flames. They work more slowly upon the imagination, but more surely also. A fuller understanding of the cause and possible cures of war will do more to keep the next generation out of trouble than all these war horrors on page and stage and screen . . . Reading of bloody noses does not stop such futile combat, but surveying with a historian's eyes the causes and the consequence. The quietness of reason (like the still small voice of the Lord) may prevail where whirlwinds of steel and the terrors of sudden death make the crowds gape and ask for more."

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

YOUTH and WAR

By Margaret Widdemer

"THUS *was war," we said,*
Making a hard gift to him,
Staring back to those far, d'm,
Long, and cruel days,
To that horror, through the haze
Mercifully shed. . . .
"Hate and squalor, fire and frost,
Youth burnt out, believing lost
All sweet veils that life must give
So we poor souls dare to live
Fou'ed and trampled down
Before the taking of one town . . .
We who learned that weary hell
Learned forever and too well.

"SHOUTING *words that drugged our pain,*
Flashing flags that bound our eyes,
Life's most needful lies
Stolen from us for the gain
Of the ignoblest ones alone,
For a few who schemed and lay
While we threw our dreams away,
Like white worms below a stone. . . ."

BUT *he raised his head,*
Hearing knightly trumpets play.
"If I could have gone!" *he said.*

The Lovely Louis XIV
6 teaspoons... $8 to $10

The new Lady Diana with plate from matching service

Let EMILY POST Help you plan Your wedding

Why you should have a church wedding, even though simple

The correct order for your wedding procession

What to serve at your wedding breakfast

TOWLE

STERLING SILVER EXCLUSIVELY

We will be glad to forward a copy of Mrs. Post's booklet upon receipt of 25¢ to cover mailing and handling costs.

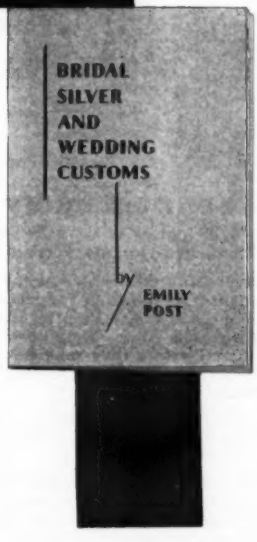
The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. H-7, Newburyport, Mass.
I enclose 25¢ in coin or stamps for Emily Post's "Bridal Silver and Wedding Customs."

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY & STATE_____

MY JEWELER IS_____



EMILY POST, famous author of "Etiquette, the Blue Book of Social Usage," answers all these questions for you in her new booklet "Bridal Silver and Wedding Customs."

Read all the helpful advice Mrs. Post gives in her friendly, charming style, about wedding customs and choosing your bridal silver. Look carefully at all the lovely Sterling patterns shown in the booklet. See which one seems to express your own taste and personality.

Then ask your jeweler to show you all the flatware pieces for one cover in this chosen pattern. Ask, too, to see all the serving pieces—the inexpensive relish dishes, the serving dishes, and the magnificent tea and coffee services. Then you will be able to picture your own table—an ensemble made lovely and harmonious because the silver is of one pattern throughout.

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"The Buying Directory of the American Home"

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GUARANTEED PRODUCT

This is Your Guaranty

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Before it accepts the advertising of any product, Good Housekeeping carefully investigates its merit. Products which come within the testing scope of Good Housekeeping Institute or the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health must be tested and approved before they may be advertised in Good Housekeeping. These products are marked with a star (★) in the advertising pages.

Good Housekeeping, further, examines every advertisement offered to it for publication and makes every effort to assure itself that essential claims are justified.

AND THIS IS YOUR GUARANTY: If you purchase a product advertised in Good Housekeeping and find it unsatisfactory, we will carefully investigate your complaint. If the product is defective it will be replaced or your money refunded.

Welcome Him!

A YOUNG COLLEGE MAN—one of these pictured here, or another just as capable, courteous and dependable—will call on you before long, to show you how to buy the newest and best novels, stories and non-fiction in the most convenient and economical way.

He is our student representative. The black-and-gold emblem which you see at the right will identify him as officially accredited by Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping and Harper's Bazaar, those immensely popular periodicals offered by the largest publishing organization in the world.

Each year we make a tour of the colleges and pick for our Good Will Ambassadors such young fellows as these — men of integrity, ambition and enthusiasm, who want money to pay their tuition and college expenses next fall. With your help we expect to send scholarship checks for them to scores of colleges.

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In using advertisements see page 6

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

ASSOCIATIONS

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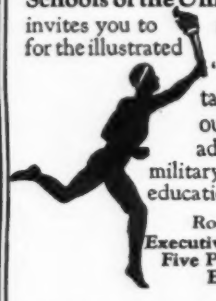

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Executive Secretary
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Boston

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Alma College School

Residential School for Girls. Founded 1878. On #3 highway midway between Detroit and Buffalo. College preparatory, Music, Dramatics, Expression, Secretarial, Etc. Gym. with Swimming Pool. Fees $600. Illustrated prospectus. Write Principal P. S. DOBSON (Oxon), Box "G." Alma College School, St. Thomas, ONTARIO.

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"The West Point of the West"

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Box 502, Pacific Beach Station, San Diego, California

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Upon the Scripps Foundation. Boarding and day school for girls. Intermediate Grades. Preparation for Eastern Colleges. CAROLINE SHELY CUMMINS, M.A., Vassar, Headmistress. THE RT. REV. W. BERTRAND STEVENS, President, Board of Trustees. Box 19, La Jolla, CALIFORNIA.

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Accredited college preparatory, general academic, post-graduate courses. Junior high school. Music, dramatics. Italian buildings among orange groves in Sierra foothills, near Los Angeles. Student government. Polo, hockey, tennis. 39th year. Catalog.
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COLLEGE PREPARATORY GENERAL COURSES
Accredited—East and West
Post Graduate department. Lower School
Music, Art, Home Economics.
Outdoor life the year round
Swimming Golf Tennis
Out of door classes in pleasant weather.
Modern equipment. New buildings.
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Major Robert A. Gibbs, Headmaster
1217 Cochran Avenue
Los Angeles California

Schools of Nursing

The announcements of hospital training schools are now grouped in a separate section under the heading "Schools of Nursing."

In this issue this section appears on Page 24.

COLORADO

COLORADO WOMAN'S COLLEGE DENVER

ACCREDITED junior college for girls with preparatory school. Beautiful campus in the mile-high city of Denver. Overlooks the snow-capped Rockies. 349 days of sunshine. Strong departments in Music, Art, Journalism, Home Economics, Secretarial Science, Physical Education. 21st year. New $225,000 residence hall. 40-acre campus. Week-end camp in the mountains. All athletics. *Catalog.*
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An Endowed School

A place where real boys—the natural student, the active outdoor boy, the shy boy, the boy to whom study comes hard—receive the personal attention of an experienced staff of wide-awake masters, with the interest of the boy at heart.
For catalog and booklet "Who Ought to Go to Suffield"
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The Fannie A. Smith Kindergarten Training School

Our graduates in great demand. Intensive courses in theory and practice. Unusual opportunity for practical work. Grounds for athletics and outdoor life. Catalog. FANNIE A. SMITH, 1122 Iranistan Ave., Bridgeport, CONN.

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College Preparatory
Marot Junior College
Two Year College Course
MARY L. MAROT, Principal, Thompson, Conn.

The Larson School

Est. 1911. Excellent residential accommodations. One and two year cultural and secretarial courses affording thorough preparation for the higher type positions. Sports and Club activities. Address THE SECRETARY, 291 Whitney Ave., New Haven, CONN.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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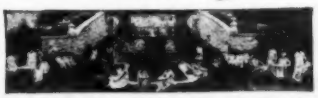

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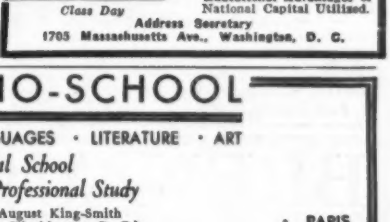
FAIRMONT
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS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Students from 25 States
Educational Advantages of National Capital Utilized.
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A Residential School for Cultural and Professional Study
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In using advertisements see page 6

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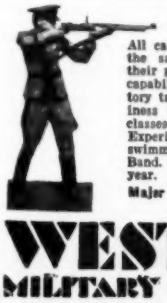

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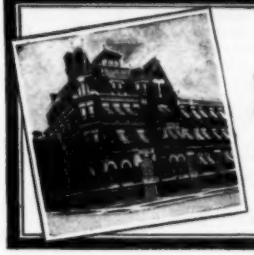

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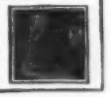

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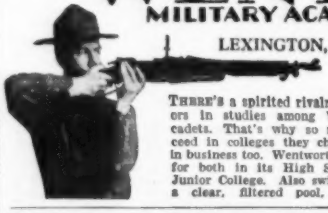

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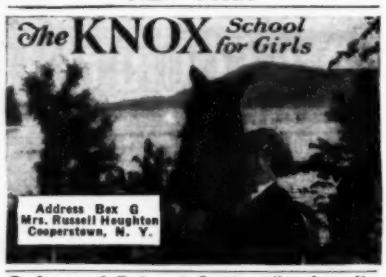

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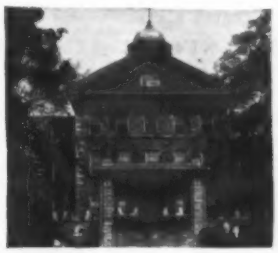

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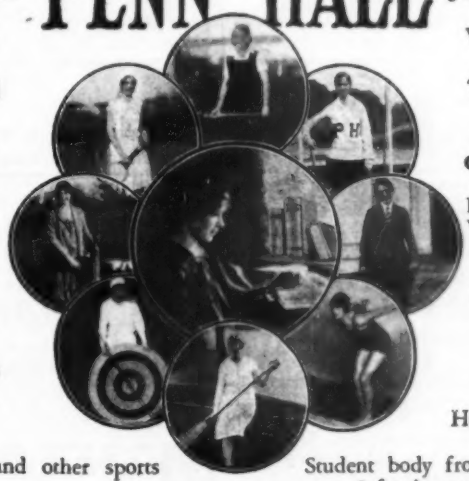

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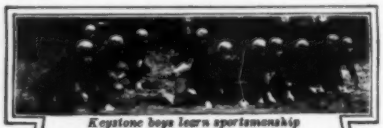

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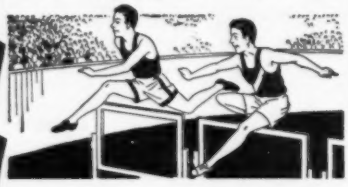

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"VIRGINIA PARK"—overlooking the city of Bristol in the healthful mountain climate of "Old Virginia." College Preparatory and Junior College; Music, Art, Dramatics, Journalism, Secretarial, Domestic Science, Character and Social Training. Students from 40 states and foreign countries. Fully Accredited—both High School and Junior College. 61st Year. Modern new buildings, every room has a bath attached. Health record unexcelled. Fine outdoor life. Horseback riding, Swimming, and Gymnasium. 100-acre campus with beautiful lake and water sports. Washington, D. C. advantages optional. Early application advised.
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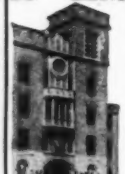
AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY



A SCHOOL of old traditions—new equipment. $150,000 gymnasium just completed, glass enclosed swimming pool attached. Modern teaching aids in all classrooms.
In the beautiful and healthful Shenandoah Valley, free from distracting influences. Intensive application under thoroughly equipped instructors responsible for success of students in many colleges. Accredited. Boys from 27 states. R. O. T. C. Winning teams developed through policy of athletics for all. 64th year. Catalog.
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The Collegiate School for Girls

College Preparatory and General Courses. Art, Music, Home Economics, Athletics.
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On Historic Monument Avenue, Richmond, VIRGINIA.

Good Housekeeping endorses—

all the schools whose announcements appear in its pages as meriting in every way your confidence and patronage.

You will find represented in these pages schools of all types in every section of the country. And any school advertising in Good Housekeeping will be glad to send you a catalog and complete information.

The more complete information you can give when writing to a school, the more helpful they can be to you. They will find it of assistance to know about the educational background of the prospective student.

We hope that you will find in these pages suggestions which will be helpful to you.

Good Housekeeping School Department
International Magazine Building
57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York

SUPERIOR ACADEMIC WORK combined with the discipline of military training has given Staunton a nation-wide distinction among preparatory schools. High standards, traditions and high moral tone have helped immeasurably to fit graduates to succeed — at college, in business and in life. Over 200 graduates now doing successful work in 82 universities and colleges.

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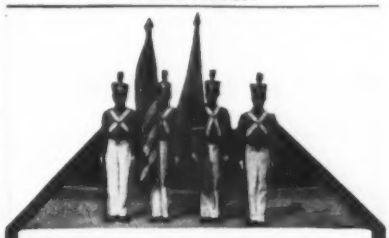
WISCONSIN



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At St. John's a boy must be "on time" a dozen times a day; he learns to take pride in doing what he is told to do, at once and efficiently.

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A new school on the 40 acre campus and occupying the beautiful Gothic buildings of historic Racine College. Directed by experienced, progressive educators.

Boys taught to be self-dependent, to study in the real sense of the word and to develop intellectual interests. Modern techniques of instruction based upon the best present day educational philosophy.

Educational guidance based on individual instruction for every boy. Military physical training and athletic sports to develop sturdy physique and upright character.

College preparatory and courses to prepare for modern business activities. Athletic field. All Athletics. Swimming pool. Horsemanship.

Separately conducted JUNIOR SCHOOL for younger boys, 7 to 12.
Write for New Illustrated Catalog and Full Information
Frank Lee Beals, President, College Road, Racine, Wisconsin

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"PREPARES 40 boys thoroughly for all colleges and universities. Outdoor ranch life. A horse for each boy. Small classes. Individual tutoring. Athletics. Christian influence. *Catalog.*
JULIAN S. BRYAN, *Eastern Director*
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VALLEY RANCH SCHOOL VALLEY WYOMING

In using advertisements see page 6

Summer Camps

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Tall Pines Camp A happy, healthful summer for girls on a beautiful lake in fragrant pine woods. All sports, crafts, riding, overnight trips. Delicious meals. The Club, separate camp for teachers, business women. Catalog. Miss Evelina Reaveley, Box C, Elmwood, N. H.

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On Beautiful Lake Chautauqua, N.Y.
Cultural and Character training Camp. Ideal location, 1500 ft. elevation. All land and water sports. Golf, riding, hiking, boating, canoeing, dramatics, dancing, handicraft. Separate camps grouped into four units, ages 8 to 20.
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Pine Tree Camp For Girls. On beautiful Naomi Lake 2000 feet above sea. In pine-laden air of Pocono Mts. Four hours from New York and Philadelphia. Experienced counselors. Horseback riding, canoeing, all sports. Pine Tree Club for older girls. 19th year. Miss Blanche D. Price, 404 W. School Lane, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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All of the hospital training schools represented in Good Housekeeping are registered schools.

This means that each one is accredited by the Board of Nurse Examiners of the state in which it is located, and that graduates from these schools are eligible to take the State Board examinations for the license of R. N.

All the State Boards of Nurse Examiners specify that the entrance requirement of training schools registered by them must be at least one full year of high school education. In many states this minimum requirement is more than one year.

When writing to any of these schools, it is important to give them an outline of the high school work which you have had. In many schools of nursing, preference is given to applicants for admission who have completed their high school courses.

The Service Bureau of our School Department will always be glad to assist you if you are unable to find among the schools represented here one which meets your needs.

Schools of Nursing

The Los Angeles County General Hospital 1400 Beds. Course in nursing for American Citizens 18 to 35 yrs. old. 4 yrs. high school and good health required. $20 monthly allowance, board, room and laundry. Enter February 3 and September 3. 1100 N. Mission Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Meriden Hospital
Registered School of Nursing offers a three year course to three year High School Students. Next class September. For information and announcement apply
Superintendent of Nurses, Meriden, Conn.

The Children's Hospital
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Jersey City Hospital School of Nursing offers a three year course in nursing to High School Graduates. Hospital bed capacity 700, new residence hall with swimming pool and gymnasium. For full particulars write
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THE MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING
NEW YORK CITY
Largest and finest residential school building in the East, overlooking Central Park. 490 rooms. Educational and clinical facilities unsurpassed. Magnificent hospital buildings. 650 Beds. 3 Year course; school non-sectarian. Classes admitted February and September. School announcement on request.
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Saint Mary's Hospital School of Nursing Oldest Reg. Catholic School of Nursing in U. S., offers 2½ yr. course. Monthly allowance. Nurses' Home, separate fireproof bldg. Sept. 1930 and Feb. 1931 classes now forming. Apply to Sister Superior, St. Marks & Buffalo Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Beth Israel Hospital School of Nursing New building, modern equipment. Overlooking Stuyvesant Park. 2½ year general nursing course; maintenance, uniforms, $25 allowance monthly. Hospital 500 beds. Write:
Supt. of Nurses, 313 East 16th St., New York City.

City Hospital School of Nursing
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Registered School of Nursing. Two and one-half years course. Requirements: Four years High School. An allowance of $25 a month is given to defray expenses of uniforms, text-books, etc. Apply Supt. of Nurses, St. John's Long Island City Hospital, Long Island City, N. Y.

Staten Island Hospital School of Nursing Offers a three year course in Nursing. Graduates eligible for registration in N. Y. and other States. For particulars write to
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MONTEFIORE HOSPITAL

Prepare for woman's noblest profession in one of the country's greatest hospitals. Close affiliation with Long Island College Hospital amplifies our exceptional equipment and instruction, insuring broadest possible experience. 30 months' course. Allowance of $20 a month after probation. Two years of high school required. Ages 18-35. For booklet address Miss Mildred Constantine, Principal, School of Nursing, 100 Gunhill Road, N. Y.

TRAINING IN NEW YORK CITY
St. Mark's Hospital offers a three year course in nursing. Social director supervises extra-curricular activities. Electives in special branches of nursing. Individual instruction in physical development. Address Director School of Nursing, St. Mark's Hospital, 2nd Ave. & 11th St., N. Y. C.
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Westchester School of Nursing
Three year course in all branches of nursing. Classes September and February. Fully accredited. 500 Beds. In beautiful Westchester, twenty-five miles from New York. Particulars on request.
Grasslands Hospital, Valhalla, New York.

The Society of the New York Hospital
at Bloomingdale Hospital, White Plains, New York
In affiliation with the N. Y. Hospital and Manhattan Maternity Hospital offers to high school graduates a three-year course in nursing with specialization in psychiatric nursing. Text-books and uniforms furnished. Monthly allowance and full maintenance. Scholarship available yearly. Time allowed to college graduates. Special recreational facilities. Attractive residence. School registered.
Address: Bloomingdale Hospital, White Plains, N. Y.

Cochran School of Nursing
St. John's Riverside Hospital—overlooking Hudson River. Thirty minutes from central New York City—Registered —200 beds—Thirty months' course—non sectarian. School announcement on request. Cochran School of Nursing, Yonkers, N. Y.

The Niagara Falls Memorial Hospital School of Nursing Offers H. S. Graduates, or equivalent, a 28 month course. School accredited by State Dept. of Education. Classes Feb. and Sept. For full information, write to Dir. of Nurses, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Binghamton City Hospital School of Nursing Offers a thirty months' course to High School Graduates (or equivalent education). Excellent educational and clinical facilities. Allowance $20 monthly. Enrollment Sept. and Jan. Catalog on request. Apply, Principal, Binghamton, N. Y.

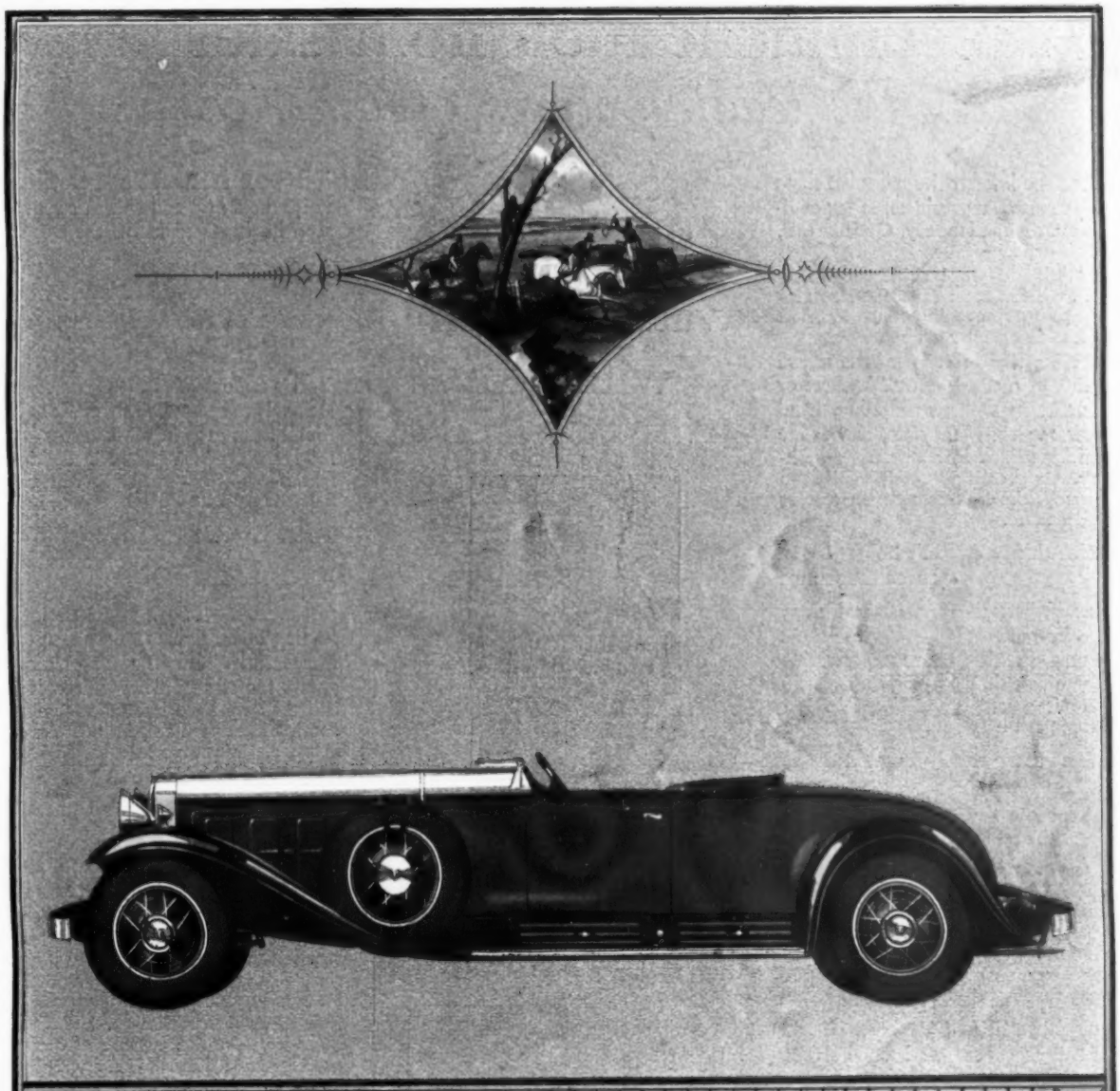
The University of Rochester School of Nursing
offers two courses to graduates of accredited high schools.
(1) 28 month course granting diploma.
(2) 5 year course granting diploma and B. S. degree from the University.
For Full Information Address
Director, School of Nursing, Strong Memorial Hospital, 12 Crittenden Boulevard, Rochester, N. Y.

Strong Memorial Hospital

Graduate Hospital School of Nursing University of Pennsylvania, Phila., Pa. Registered in Penna. and N. Y. 500-bed hospital. Courses at Drexel Institute. Allowance, uniforms and books provided. Address Directress, The Graduate Hospital, 1818 Lombard St., Phila., Pa.

St. Christopher's Hospital for Children Non-sectarian training school. 3-year accredited course, specializing in children's diseases. Preventative medicine. Adult work. 2 years High School or equivalent required. Allowance, uniforms. Catalogue. 2600 N. Lawrence St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOOL OF NURSING MT. SINAI HOSPITAL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Accredited State Board. Non-sectarian school, offers 3 year course in nursing for young women having completed high school. Monthly allowance. New Nurses' Home with individual bedrooms, large living rooms, laboratories and recreation rooms. An active hospital in center of city. New class forming now. Information—illustrated booklet on request. Address Box B, Superintendent of Nurses, Mount Sinai Hospital, 5th & Reed Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.



SIXTEEN CYLINDERS

The Cadillac sixteen-cylinder engine goes far beyond the contemporary conception of brilliant performance. It multiplies power and subdivides it into a continuous flow . . . constantly at full-volume efficiency . . . flexible . . . instantly responsive. This, plus complete individuality in styling, is—in brief—the story of the "V-16"

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

A recommendation from salespeople
in the leading stores of America ---

Even the briefest shopping list these days means a considerable expenditure of time and money. One like this, for instance—

"Silk-and-wool shirts for Bunny . . . Golf sweater for Will . . . Lingerie for new evening dress . . . Sport frock for Country Club . . ."

Why, these things may cost you $100, or more — as well as three or four hours of hard shopping. And how *very* costly they are, if they are quickly ruined by a disastrous washing. Or even if a "nearly-safe" soap destroys the freshness of their color and texture.

Nice things needn't be an extravagance

But *if* these things wear and *wear,* and keep their good looks, their cost is unimportant in the long run even if you've paid a lot for them. And here is where the advice of salespeople can help you.

What these much-traveled shoppers found

Salespeople have very definite ideas about the safe way to wash fine fabrics. When several young women recently traveled all over the country, shopping everywhere in the leading stores, they discovered that an overwhelming majority of salespeople were recommending Ivory — especially for finer things.

For those little silk-and-wool shirts

As the saleswoman in one of Chicago's finest department stores said, "Always use Ivory and tepid water to wash baby woolens. Ivory is so pure that it keeps them nice and soft. A stronger soap hardens and harms the wool."

"To be safe – wash fine things with Ivory"

And your own pastel-tinted underwear

"Ivory is the only soap we advise for fine underwear," said the head of the lingerie department in one of New York's famous stores. "Other soaps are likely to be a little harsh. We have found from experience that Ivory is a mild soap which cleanses delicate fabrics perfectly — and yet will not fade the colors."

To make washing safe for golf sweaters

"Ivory Soap is the best thing to use for sweaters," said a salesman in a leading Philadelphia store to a customer recently. "Other soaps are almost always too strong. They fade colors and then we have lots of customers coming back with complaints. Ivory is pure. We have used it in our household for 27 years for everything —it's always safe."

* * *

The salespeople in the fine stores of your own city will tell you that if you use Ivory, lukewarm water, and reasonable care — your silks will wear longer, woolens will be softer, colors will stay fresher . . . Certainly it's a simple way to make your clothes-budget go farther!

Free—A little book, *"Thistledown Treasures, — their selection and care,"* gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VG-70, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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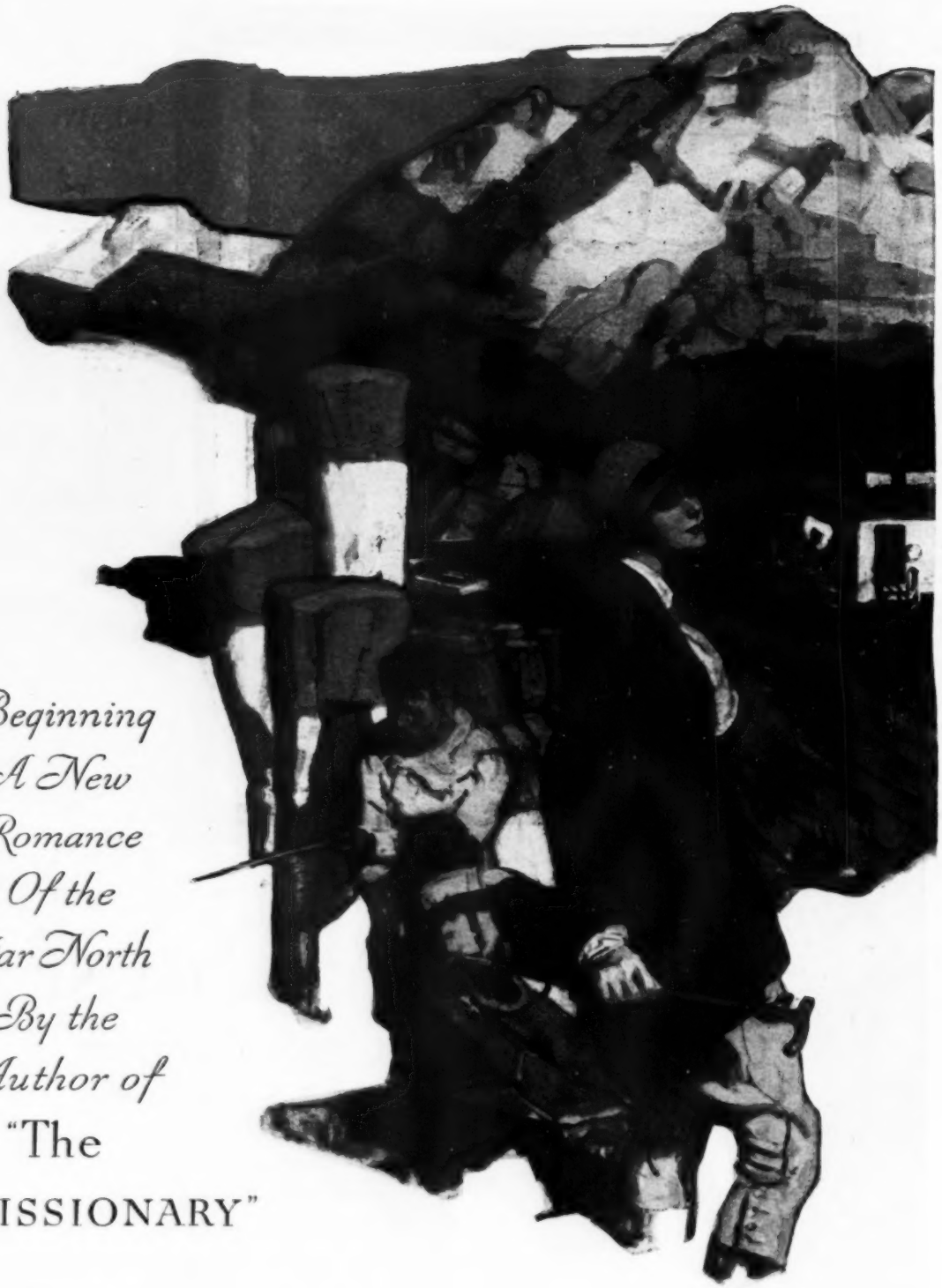
– kind to everything it touches – 99 44/100% *pure*

The Quest

By Grace Coolidge

Decoration by Jules Gotlieb

CROSSING the uplands of time,
Skirting the borders of night,
Scaling the face of the peak of dreams,
We enter the regions of light,
And hastening on, with eager intent,
Arrive at the rainbow's end,
And there uncover the pot of gold
Buried deep in the heart of a friend.



Beginning A New Romance Of the Far North By the Author of

"The MISSIONARY"

CHAPTER I

THE long Alaskan summer day was almost done. The snow peaks glowed strawberry red; against the graying sky the spruce trees on the ridge stood in silhouette—dark, mysterious, and beautiful with that strange, lonesome beauty of the Far North. Out of the deep forest, down the winding trail to the Indian village, a girl rode alone.

There was no one to see her, save the beady-eyed little people of lair and covert, so there was no one to wonder at her presence on this wild trail. Yet a casual visitor would have wondered greatly. She was not an Indian, for all the dusk of her hair and the tan of her cheeks; every drop of blood in her veins was of the conqueror race. Nor did she conform to the usual frontier type of young womanhood—buxom, large-handed, capable-looking, and plain. This girl was as far from plain as the bouquet of exotic bloom that she had gathered on the mountain meadows and now carried in her hand.

Her dark, proud little face was inordinately vivid in the forest shadows—long pointed eyes, black as jet, under severe, straight brows, white forehead, delicate nose, mobile red mouth, and tanned cheeks sloping swiftly to a firm, pointed chin. She looked small and slight in her big saddle, and her little body had an exquisite symmetry foreign to this rough scene.

Copyright, 1930, by Edison Marshall

Their eyes met with a startled look of recognition, as though their fates had been intertwined from the beginning. "Dick?" she asked breathlessly

LONESOME RIVER

Illustrated by Dan Content

By Edison Marshall

It was inconceivable that she had lacked close contact with the finer things of civilization. Plainly she had spent a great part of her life in some wonderful school far from these solitudes. She was dressed simply, as her environment demanded, yet with an unconscious respect for her own type of beauty. Her nut-brown riding suit was smartly cut, her brown boots were trim, and the bright tie at the collar of her blouse and the equally red feather on her soft felt hat perfectly set off her vivid face.

Intelligence was here, alert and fine, and warm humor and gayety—qualities that one might remember in a face glimpsed in a crowd, but hardly to be expected in a rider on this far, lost trail. Yet in spite of all this, she fitted into the picture. Her father, riding to meet her up the mountain side, could see deeper than most, and he knew that she was not an alien, but a true daughter of the forest, a wildflower of the North. In her face was something shy, rare, and mysterious—a beauty that did not belong to cities, but to growing things, snow, starlight, running water, and soft shadows. No doubt she had grown up in the greenwood, close to the breast of earth. She had lived with rain, mist, and wind; she had walked alone in the tree aisles under the moon.

No small part of the girl's grace and

good looks came from the man coming to meet her from the village. In his youth he must have been handsome; even in sickness and old age he was still distinguished. His white head towered nearly a foot above hers, and advanced years had not bowed his lean form. His clean-shaven face was gray and heavily-lined, but a splendid intelligence lighted it still.

He swayed in his saddle and kissed his daughter's cheek. "You're a joy to my eyes, Molly," he told her. "I was particularly worried about you today. I've been cursing myself for letting you go alone."

"Nonsense." Molly Foster's voice was deep and full-toned. "What were you afraid of? You knew I had my pistol."

"And I knew you could shoot it, too, if worse came to worst. Well, I suppose it was foolish, but I was afraid you'd meet some of that pack of ruffians on the pass, and they'd make trouble for you. Times have changed in Alaska, Molly. In the old days a girl could ride from Nome to Fairbanks without a moment's fear of any one, but now the country's getting too civilized to be safe. Men who will go to the lengths these are going aren't to be trusted anywhere."

"They're probably not so bad as we think, really. Few people are, when you come down to it. There's only one really bad one—the man who is behind the whole thing, and sooner or later we'll find out who he is, and find a way to beat him . . . But we've got to do it all ourselves."

Foster glanced up quickly. "You talked to the deputy marshal?"

"Yes, and he can't help us. He has an enormous territory to look over, and the best he can do is to keep some semblance of order in the gold camp, let alone in a remote reservation like ours. He is with us in spirit, but he says that you are the accredited Indian agent and must protect your own people."

"Did he explain what means I could use to enforce my authority?" the old man asked bitterly. "Molly, we'll keep on fighting, but the odds are increasing against us every day, and it looks as though my whole life's work will go to waste. I don't refer to the money I've made. That's for you and for Dick, if ever he comes to claim his share. You know what I mean—my life's dream of saving our people from extermination and keeping them from going to the dogs like all the rest of the Alaskan tribes."

"Surely we can protect them a few months longer. Then the new reservation will be ready, and the people will be safe."

"Yes, but think what can happen in a few months! There was a white man in the village last night, with Bear Claw's daughter—Bear Claw let him have her for a bottle of whiskey. When the curse of the white man comes upon an Indian tribe, it sweeps through it like wildfire, and there is nothing under heaven that can save it. I've seen the same thing happen before."

"Why should you care so much?" Molly smiled tenderly. "Well, I know why. You've given your life to them."

"Yes, and I owe them a tremendous debt—don't forget that. Molly, if it were an old cathedral, or a painting, or any other work of art that was in danger of being destroyed, thousands of big-hearted men all over the world would rush to its defense. But when it is a wonderful tribe of people that is going down to extinction and ruin—a work of God that can never be restored to this earth—nobody cares a hang! That is—nobody but you and Stephen and me, and a few officials in Washington too busy or too far away to give us any help."

Molly did not answer at once. She drew up her horse on an eminence, and looked down into the green river valley below. In the cool heart of the valley, at the three forks of Lonesome River, an Indian encampment lay half-hidden in the spruce trees.

Smoke curled up from many fires, and a blue haze lay over the thickets; otherwise she might have thought that this was a village of the dead. There was no sound, only the peace and beauty of the wild. Indians left in the whole world. Perhaps in the jungles of the Amazon there was a lost tribe to compare with them, but nowhere in the white man's kingdom.

They hardly seemed the same race as the dull-eyed cannery hands of Southern Alaska. The men were proud-looking, with nobly aquiline faces; each brave was over six feet in height, straight as an arrow, lean as a wolf. Their skins were not the unwholesome yellow of the inbred salmon-eaters, but a golden bronze pleasant to see. If they were subject to the white man, they did not acknowledge him publicly. Scorning to imitate his ways, they wore their hair in black braids, in the old eastern skies. They greeted their white father with a dignity in keeping with their ancient sovereignty of the forest, their immemorial mastery of woodland trails.

This was the last lost village of what was once a considerable Alaskan nation. The rest had gone the way of all flesh, the same as the coast tribes—bred yellow, or more mercifully slain by the white man's whiskey, disease, and lust. Because of the faith and courage, the tireless vigil of one white idealist, this single branch of the tribe still kept its pristine glory.

Foster and Molly turned out their horses and walked arm in arm to their house.

Dead Men's Lips Tell No Tales— But a Dead Man's Shoes Led the Thief Down a Straight and Narrow Path—Home

There were few such Indians left in the world—yet unless help came soon, Molly knew that all her father's work would be wasted

"There is home," she said quietly.

A look of great content came into Foster's gray, worn face. "Yes, it's home."

As the flare of the afterglow died on the peaks, the riders forded the river and rode into the village. At once they were surrounded by a pack of yelling malemutes, gray narrow-eyed beasts, savage as wolves. Hearing the uproar, the entire population of the village came running out of their log wickiups. What was before an enchanted woodland scene was now a pandemonium of barking dogs, yelling men, cracking whips, and shrieking children.

When peace was restored and the dogs were silenced, many of the Indians came up to greet the riders. Beholding them, Molly could well understand her father's zeal in their defense. There were few such Indian custom, and their richly beaded and fringed mooseskin clothes were of native pattern.

The squaws, waiting behind their men, were strong, fine-looking women, in no way comparable to the ungainly basket-sellers on Skagway's wharves. The young girls were striking—their blue-black hair braided and worn in front of their shoulders, their eyes dusky and sparkling under heavy, black brows.

It was a remarkable fact that there was not a single half-breed among them, and that not one of them wore the brand of the white man's plagues. Although most all of the interior Alaskan tribes were originally of high caste, these Lonesome River people seemed to be the equal of the old Senecas, whose tribal fires once lighted the Judging from the exterior, this was no more than a large log cabin two stories in height; but once they had passed the threshold, they found a comfort and refinement rare in these wilds. The walls were paneled with the beautifully-grained wood of the jackpine, rubbed down by hand and polished. There were big chairs and divans upholstered in tawny buckskin, hand-made tables on which stood native pottery and flower-boxes, and luxurious rugs of bear and wolf.

Foster had made use of the resources of the country. He had not only piped in running water from a spring up the hill, but had installed a small dynamo under the falls to furnish electric light.

Exiled in the wilderness, the Fosters still lived well. (*Continued on page 139*)

A High Time in RED RUSSIA

Adelaide Hooker went into Russia with her younger sister "out of curiosity and cussedness"

MY SISTER Helen came crashing into our hotel bedroom, her fur cap and hair white with frozen breath. Tears solidified in a sheet on her cheeks began to thaw, thus releasing a captive smile.

"It's fifty below zero outside and dark at three. How can I paint under such conditions? The water-can freezes as soon as I step out of the door, and the only way I can moisten my brushes is to suck them."

She dropped her easel and rucksack on the floor and stepped on first one toe then the other, to loosen her great felt snow boots. She failed and flopped on the bed in a discouraged heap. The snow and ice which were caked about her thawed and sank gently into the bed.

"Well, what do you expect in Moscow in January?" I comforted. "Let's go to the country on a spree. I'm sick to death of the political conversation here. A murder is inevitable the next time I hear the words 'Ideology' or 'Proletariat.' And then, if a cable comes from home, we'll miss it."

Wanting to miss a cable sounds unusual, but we certainly wanted to miss this one. After three months in Leningrad and Moscow our life was bounded by two hazards—first, that our father would find out that we were in Russia; second, that the G.P.U., or secret police, would find out that Father was president of the American Defense Society. Discovery of the former would make life in the future rather tense at home. Discovery of the latter would make life, in the event of its being allowed to continue, rather tense in Russia. Our reasons for being there at all were curiosity and cussedness. We didn't know much about Marx and Lenin, but from Father's description they were bad enough to be interesting.

"Well, where shall we go?" came in a tired voice from the bed.

I pawed some papers on the desk which was piled high with histories of Russian art and architecture. "Logically and chronologically, we should go to Kiev after Novgorod, but geographically that's too difficult. Let's go to Vladimir. I've done the 'home-work.'"

The "home-work" was important. We knew as little about old Russia as we did about new. We had precipitated ourselves over the Finnish border as empty-handed of books as we were empty-headed of facts. But the dingy second-hand book shops of Leningrad secrete a wealth of pre-war Russian culture. From these sources we did our home-work—or rather I did it. While Helen painted the old monasteries, I read who was murdered in them.

The Pokrov Bogoroditsa, or Church of the Intercession—"the most beautiful in Russia, hidden away on a distant plain far from the prying eyes of tourists"

Where to go, and what to see, we learned chiefly from the pictures in Igor Grabar's five-volume "History of Russian Art." We could not read the text, but the photographs of little, white Novgorod churches and their twelfth-century frescoes, the swirling, blistered, scaly, burnished cupolas of Yaroslavl, and the Russian baroque of Kiev spoke for themselves and became our Baedeker. We had picked up just enough of the Russian letters to be able to read the names under the pictures.

"Vladimir it is! Let's go tonight!"

Packing in our household was simple. A wardrobe is not required in Soviet Russia—is perhaps inadvisable. With extra sweaters stuffed in the rucksack, we started. The concierge politely inquired where we were going. We misinformed him, hoping in that way to travel without a "suite." A "suite" is the term given to the people who shadow you in Russia. It is one of the Soviet's ways of solving its unemployment problem. Every one has some one to follow and feels awfully busy.

We were warned of this before and after crossing the border, but never actually

The Adventures Of Two New York Society Girls Who Saw Things From the Inside – Including The Secret Police

The famous ikon of Our Lady of Vladimir. The Misses Hooker saw it in Moscow the day before the Soviet was to seal it indefinitely from the public

By Adelaide Hooker

With Some Drawings and Snapshots by Helen Hooker

When Helen Hooker asked this peasant to sign her sketch of him, he said he was so old that he had forgotten his last name. A boy of the village supplied it

saw it happening. But it was fun to pretend, and every time we saw any one behind us for more than a block, we'd whisper,

"There's our big black spy."

It made us feel important and dangerous.

We inquired of the Travel Bureau for the necessary misinformation about trains. You can get it there as well as anywhere else, and it is interesting to have something to aim at, even though you know that the train will go when it jolly well pleases, regardless of timetables. A train should leave in twenty minutes, we were told.

We hailed a sleigh. "To the Kazansky Station! Two rubles if we make the train!" we encouraged our big, blue-coated *izvoschik*.

His tall hat was snow-covered, and the icicles crackled on his red beard. "*Davai!*" he shouted, cracking his whip. "*Kharoshi Loshad!* (Fine horse!)"

We scrambled in and were barely seated when the horse started off at a gallop. We clutched each other and the belt of the driver. It is the only way to stay on a Russian sleigh, which is a narrow box with no sides. Only I fell off. But I picked myself up out of the snow-drift and clambered back. Got a death-grip on the belt and shouted,

"*Skarye! Skarye!* (Faster! Faster!)"

We raced by the walls of the Tartar or Chinese town, through the Loubyanka, seeing practically nothing as we crouched with squinting eyes behind the huge bulk of the *izvoschik*. The wind whipped our faces mercilessly. With a swerve on one runner we drew up at the station. Tossing two rubles in the air behind us, we jostled our way through a crowd of peasants to the train gate.

"Vladimir! Vladimir!" I gasped.

"*Spaquoityes, Grazhdanka, cherez chetyre chassa!* (Be calm, Citizeness, you've another four hours to wait!)"

We had forgotten to allow for the misinformation.

The air in a Russian station is just naturally putrid. At first you

(*Continued on page 174*)

A snapshot of Helen near the church of Rostrov. Its grouped cupolas are typical

The Story Of an

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

A little girl came down the front steps with her nurse. She had on some fancy kind of dress under her cloak, and she was carrying a tambourine

I THINK I was the first person in San Francisco to know that Marcella Delmont, "the incomparable Marcella," as she was known to the public, intended to give up dancing and marry Chet Salisbury. I protested, of course, when she told me. I said,

"But you're at the height of your career!"

I knew immediately, once this bromide had escaped me, what her reply would be.

"But, don't you see, that's just it!"

I pretended not to see, out of sheer gallantry, and she went on:

"A great actress can keep going . . . if worse comes to worst, she can play her own age. Even if a singer loses a top note, she usually finds a compensating depth in her lower register. But a dancer!"

She let her lovely hands rise and fall in a gesture of exquisite rhythm that unlocked the secret of her artistry, and I thought, as I watched her,

"But you—you would only have to stand still and move your arms!"

"How old are you now, Marcella?" I asked shamelessly, remembering our childhood together.

"Not quite forty!" she said. "Not quite forty and tired. You can't know, Monty, how devilishly tired! Climbing up to the heights isn't a circumstance to keeping on the thin ledge of success. It means watching, watching, watching—the number of slices of toast I eat at breakfast, whether a chocolate cream will thicken my hips, or a diet of chops and pineapple will give me haggard lines under the eyes. Don't laugh, Monty dear, it's just these little things that make up life. It isn't the applause from a thousand people—or seeing my picture in the magazines—or having every soap manufacturer in the country besieging me for an indorsement."

"That's what you say now," I answered. "But when these things are all gone and over, I wonder if you won't find an extra piece of toast at breakfast dry and tasteless. Will your husband be any less exacting than the public about that extra pound on the hips or those haggard lines under the eyes? I'm a physician, remember, and I hear the other side of it. Reducing an audience from a thousand transient people to a single partner for life won't solve *your* problem. I mean, you're not the type that lets down."

"Meaning," she said, "that you don't approve of Chet Salisbury."

"If you're determined to marry, I can think of nobody better. He can give you every luxury, and he'll adore you, of course. He always did. Chet has a *flair* for capturing the thing just out of other people's reach. It's a commendable vanity. *The incomparable Marcella!* Why, he'll positively burst with pride!"

She winced a little at my last words, and I saw that she caught their implication.

"But who else is there?" she laughed. "You're married, and the rest are all gunshy. A woman with a career frightens them half to death."

"You forget Schwartz!" I said.

I was ready to echo the peal of laughter which I expected to fall from her lips, but to my surprise she said:

"Forget Schwartz?—I wish I could. I wish, really, I could get rid of him. But what can one do with a faithful hound who cowers when you beat him?"

ILLUSION

That Became the Supreme Reality Of a Man's Whole Life

"Wherever did he come from?" I queried.

She shrugged. "Heavens knows! He's a type, really. Probably owns stock in every theatre in town. I've even forgotten who brought him round."

At that moment Marcella's maid came in. "Mr. Schwartz is outside, Madame," she said.

"Oh, Monty," she begged, "be a good, sweet Christian brother and take him away. I'd simply go mad, this afternoon, if I had to sit here and watch him shrink into a corner and devour me with those mournful eyes of his."

I reached for my hat and walking stick. "What excuse shall I make?"

"You're my physician, aren't you? Try an infectious disease. That may frighten him off."

"I'll paint a desperate picture," I warned.

"As desperate as you like—but don't make it ugly. I want to be lovely to the end."

"I'll have to tell him you're in love, then. That's the only malady I know that preserves beauty."

"I don't care. Tell him anything that will scare him off. He gets on my nerves. I can't stand a man who licks my hand. It's—it's too revolting!"

"Poor Schwartz!" I said.

"Poor Schwartz!" she echoed. "I hate people who make me pity them!"

I WENT out into the austere corridor that served as a preparation for the chaste modernity of Marcella Delmont's apartment. Sammy Schwartz was sitting high up on an uncompromising chair of Siberian oak. His legs were dangling in a pathetic effort to reach the ground, and his bald head shone through a veritable thicket of pale yellow roses. At least, I thought, he was discriminating enough not to bring Marcella a box of terrible candy from one of his "sweetmeat shoppes."

"I'm awfully sorry," I began tritely, "but Miss Delmont is quite done up. She asked me to make her excuses. She hoped you'd understand."

He slid off the chair like an embarrassed schoolboy. I took the roses from him and laid them on the seat he had just quitted.

"The maid will attend to these," I said, touching the buzzer that started the automatic elevator.

When it finally reached us, I opened the door and bowed him in. His docility was amazing. I have never seen anybody so crushed. I felt an enormous pity for him.

"Have you your car with you?" I asked,

She was so pretty I thought she was some kind of a fairy. But my father said, "She's just a little girl going to dancing school"

more to relieve the embarrassment of his silence than anything else. "Good! Then perhaps you'll give me a lift downtown?"

He brightened a little under my obvious patronage. But he said nothing until we had gained the curb and stood waiting for his chauffeur to bring up his limousine.

"Where can I take you?" he asked.

I mentioned my club. He told his man. We got into the car. The silence fell again. But I could see that he was struggling for courage to talk to me, not just on any topic, but about something close to his heart.

His wish died, strangled by shyness—in ten minutes the machine had drawn up to my club, and Sammy Schwartz had lost the chance to become articulate.

A wave of compassion that I could not quite explain swept over me. I said: "If you've nothing better to do, will you drop off with me? . . . I've nothing to do for an hour."

He scrambled out, and we went at once to the smoking room. It was deserted at this hour. We sat down, and Sammy looked about with the air of a man unaccustomed to the atmosphere.

"What do you think of it?" I inquired.

"I'm no judge," said Sammy candidly. "I never was in a swell club before."

I liked his straightforwardness. It told me that pretense was not one of Sammy's shortcomings.

He took the cigar I offered, gave two or three puffs, then laid it down upon the table and said with almost violent suddenness,

"About Miss Delmont, now—I mean she ain't got anything serious the matter with her?"

"What made you think that?"

"Oh, I dunno. You're a doctor, ain't you?—I kinda got a feeling today that something was wrong. When I was waiting out there it came over me like that—You see, I can't just describe it. It wasn't a feeling like there was anything wrong that minute. It—it was kinda in the future."

"You mean a presentiment."

"A what?"

"A presentiment—you felt uneasy."

"Sure—that's it."

"Well, there's nothing to be worried about. Miss Delmont is just tired. She's planning her farewell to San Francisco, and naturally there are rehearsals and a certain amount of strain. This is her hometown, you know, and she wants to leave it in a blaze of glory. She's working up a new ballet with some novel features. She's going to fly through the air, for one thing. She was trying out the paraphernalia this morning and all day yesterday. It's physically very tiring."

"Fly through the air, eh? What's the idea?"

I was silent for a moment, shaping a reply that would be intelligible to Sammy Schwartz.

"Well, she's a bird in this ballet, I understand. It's an old Russian story. A Prince captures a magical bird in the forest. The bird begs him to let her go. He does, and as she flies away, she lets a magic feather flutter down to him."

"Oh, yes, I know—the Fire Bird! Stravinsky wrote some music about it!"

I covered my embarrassment by coughing in my hand. "You know it then?"

"Sure. I saw the Russian ballet do it once. When I went to New York on business. *They* didn't have any flying through the air. It sounds dangerous to me."

I discarded my cigar and began another. "Oh, those things are safe enough. They're done every day. It's just a matter of proper weights and manipulation."

"But they're dangerous, just the same!" insisted Sammy Schwartz with sudden warmth. "Somebody ought to talk her out of it."

"As if one could! If you had known Marcella Delmont all your life, as I have, you'd realize that when she makes up her mind there is no stopping her. That's what has brought her where she is."

"I *have* known her all my life," Sammy Schwartz said. "Oh, not as a friend, of course. She wasn't in my class, when she was young."

"What made you think she was in your class now?" I felt like asking him.

"This time," he went on, "when she came back from Paris, I had money, and things were different. I used to wonder, before, if I really got to know her, would I be disappointed? You know how it is—you see a girl in a show, and you think she's grand. You date her up, and she's terrible."

"Where did you first run across Miss Delmont?" I asked with a feeling between annoyance and amusement.

"You mean the very first time?—I was about five years old, I think. My father was a junk man. He drove a cart through the streets, and he called 'Rags! Bottles! Sacks!' They don't do that any more. But you remember . . . He used to take me in the cart with him once in a while. One day, a servant came out of a big house on California Street and beckoned to my father. She had some wine bottles for sale. My father and I got down from our seat and took some burlap sacks into the basement of the house. But when we saw the pile of bottles, we knew we couldn't begin to cart them away in one load. I have never seen so many bottles—champagne—liqueur—whiskey—burgundy . . . They covered the floor of the basement."

"That must have been old Judge Delmont's place," I broke in, remembering the tradition of Delmont hospitality that still flourished in San Francisco.

"Yes, it was. We worked all that afternoon, and on Saturday morning we went back and got the rest. Just as we were putting the last few bottles in the cart, the front door of the house opened, and a little girl came down the front steps with her nurse. She had on a fancy kind of a dress under her cloak, and she was carrying a tambourine.

She was so pretty I thought she was some kind of a fairy. But when I said something like that to my father, he just laughed at me and said, (*Continued on page 224*)

Illustrated By W.E.Heitland

As she translated terror into physical rhythm the audience sat breathless. Suddenly the Prince released her. For an instant her figure poised motionless in midair. Then she gave a darting movement, mounting up—up—up

As soon as you leave town behind you and reach the open country, there is a turning of the road—that turning was meant for you

Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

If You Want a Real Vacation,

TRAVEL WISELY

And Not too Well, Advises

HENDRIK VAN LOON

DOES work ever kill a man?

There are many who claim that it does. Just a casual remark you overhear in the subway or on the top of a bus:

"Too bad about Joe. He was only fifty-two, but no human being could have stood the strain of the amount of work that fellow did."

Or "Bill should have lived until he was a hundred, and here he goes and dies at forty-seven. Yes, sir, he should not have spent such endless hours at his desk."

All of which sounds very sad in a day and age when science has most generously presented us with about seventeen extra years (per man, woman, and child) as compared to our grandfathers.

And then we blame the mad hurry of modern life, the strain of the modern city, the irregular hours for food and sleep that are a result of the mad struggle for success and the terrific pace we have to follow if we wish to keep up with our neighbors the Joneses. And we sadly shake our heads and say, "All that used to be much better arranged in the olden days." And we rack our brains for the names of those marvelous men who, single-handed, did as much work as seven or eight normal persons could hope to perform during a life-time-and-a-half.

We quickly go over that roll of honor, enumerating such artists and writers and sculptors as Bach and Lope de Vega, and Titian and Rembrandt and Rodin, who with a weak physique yet worked with the steady devotion of inspired coal-heavers; who never, as far as we know, took a vacation in our sense of the word; and who died with their boots on and their goose-quills in their fingers at the

Photograph by D. Warren Beyer

The first essential of a vacation is that it must be nothing at all like home

ripe old age of sixty or seventy or eighty or what-have-you.

If they could survive a burden of labor that would have driven a camel to drink, then, so we ponder with a sigh, the race must have deteriorated horribly during the last two or three hundred years. Which, like most of the conclusions about the good old days, is all wrong. For the race as a whole, instead of deteriorating, has greatly improved since the Middle Ages, and the chances for survival of the average citizen today are infinitely higher and better than they were a hundred or even forty years ago.

But those ancient Giants of Work who all alone seemed able to remove entire mountain loads of effort knew a secret which many of us seem to have forgotten. They understood the value of constant change. They turned from painting to etching and from etching to drawing. They ceased for a while to compose symphonies for orchestra to devote themselves to trios and quartets for stringed instruments. They worked in clay or bronze or silver or copper and then varied their statuary diet by doing a little something in marble. And because their mind was forever kept in a changing mood, they could stick to the fourteen-hour day for years at a time without the slightest uncomfortable fear of the undertaker awaiting them around the next corner.

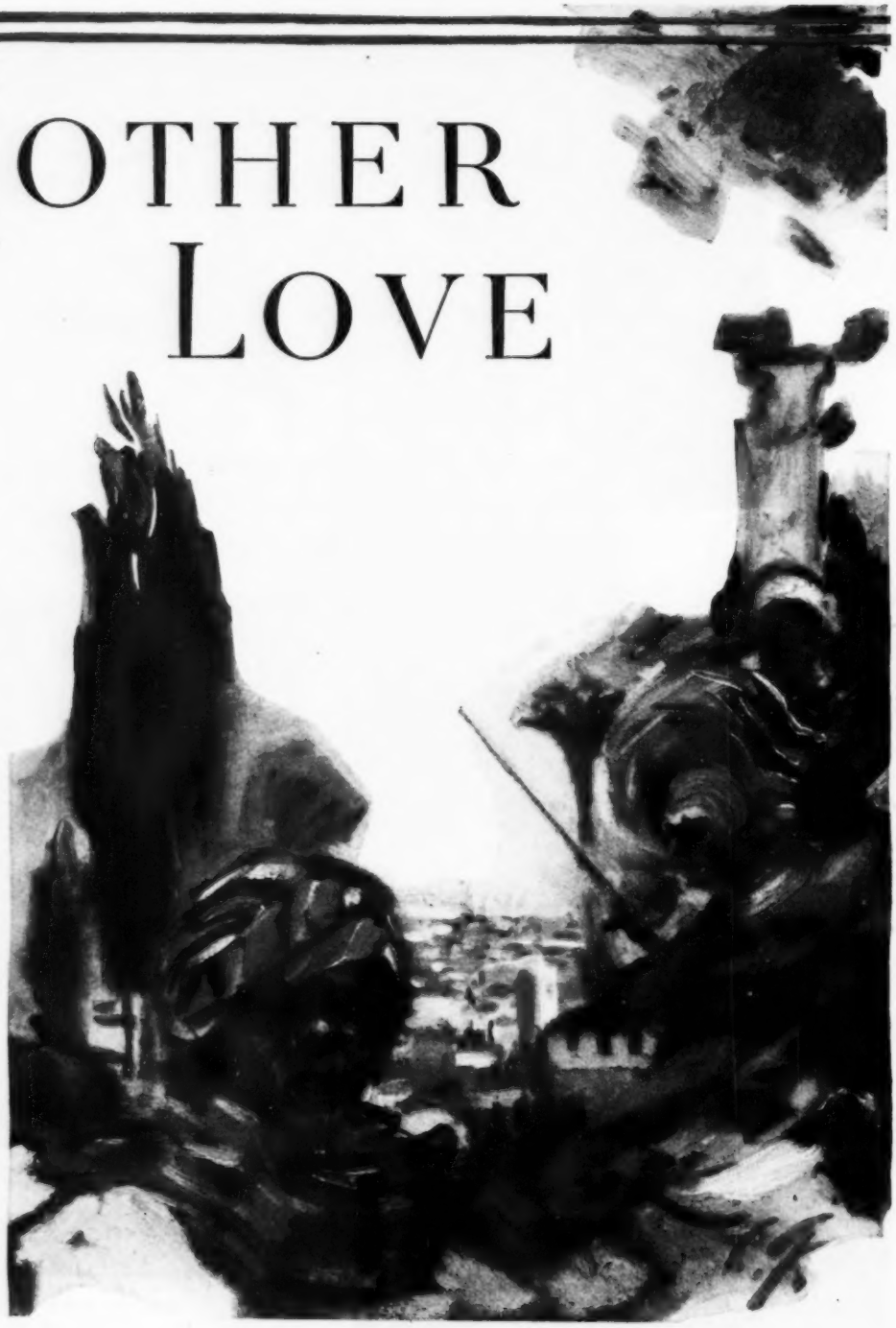
Roberts

Beyer

It is the unexpected that you are after, and sometimes you will catch an unexpected glimpse of something as beautiful as Lake O'Hara in the Canadian Rockies—or Natural Bridge, Virginia

They often led highly irregular lives, eating whatever they could buy in the nearest delicatessen store, and they consumed their ill-assorted meals at the most unholy hours imaginable. They caught a bit of sleep whenever it was catchable, and when they were engaged on a rush job, they would often neglect their hours of rest until they slept where they stood, like tired cabhorses in the days before the gasoline (*Continued on page 168*)

MOTHER LOVE



"WHATEVER we do, let's get away from people, Rupert!"

That was what Mrs. Viner said to General Bradfield when she took the plunge, went off the deep end, left her husband and her small schoolboy son, John, and threw in her life with the youngest general, now retired, of the British army.

And General Bradfield was perfectly willing to fall in with her views. She was beautiful. He wanted to have her all to himself. Confound people! Confound bridge, polo, hunting, dancing, club life, and all the rest of it! The thing was to be alone with Daphne. They had made a bolt of it. The scandal would no doubt be prodigious. Now to get away from all the wagging tongues and staring eyes. The moment of madness had been theirs. And they were going to face a life that was entirely new to both of them.

Of course Alaric Viner would go for a divorce as soon as possible, and eventually they would be married. After that, things being as they were nowadays, they would take up again the usual mode of life led by people of their class in England and elsewhere. But meanwhile the hiatus had to be dealt with.

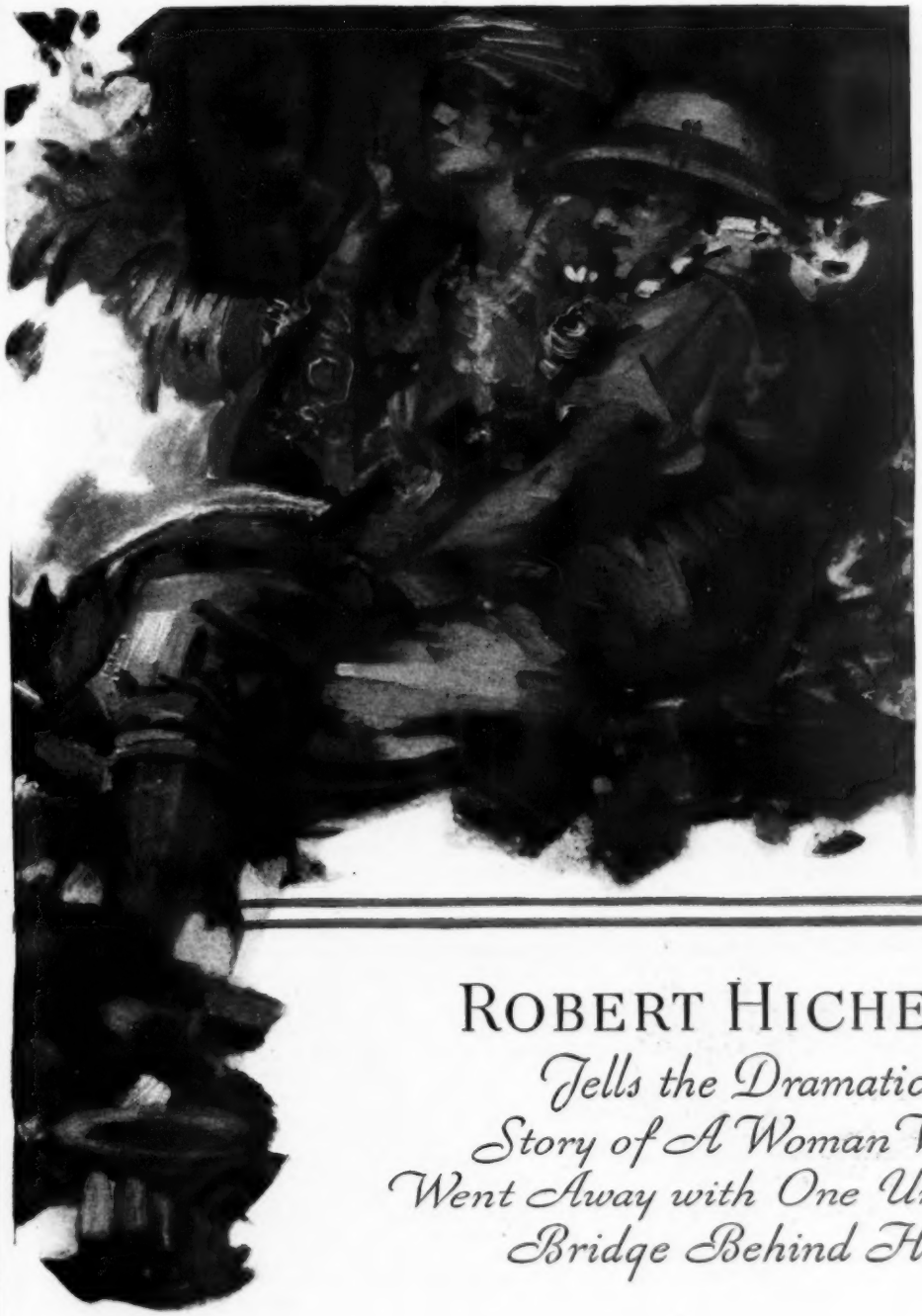
The first stage of getting away from people landed them, with a lot of heavy luggage, in the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix at Marseille. Not that they were bound for the Riviera. That was the last place on earth where they would wish to be seen, now that the season there stretched almost round the year. And just after Easter, too! The tennis players, and the old things who creep South to warm their blood would soon be departing, no doubt. But then would come the sun-bathers. And there were the innumerable writers and film people and sociologists who have driven their claws deep into the Riviera; opera singers, too, and musicians and theatre people of all sorts, to say nothing of the gamblers whose tongues are as sharp after scandal as their eyes are sharp after winnings.

The Riviera, of course, was impossible. Then why had Mrs. Viner and General Bradfield traveled down to Marseille? Simply because as they were running away they had to go somewhere, and when she had said, "Where shall we go?" his somewhat limited knowledge of European geography had suggested the Mediterranean port to him. So now there they were installed, with a sitting room, but under no deception about any possibility of remaining in Marseille.

"We can't stay in Marseille, Rupert darling!" Mrs. Viner had said.

To which General Bradfield had answered in his gritty bass voice, "I should think not! No one ever stays in Marseille for more than a night."

But where to go? The rooms were all right in their way, the large hotel way, but



"What's the matter, Daphne?" asked General Bradford. Mrs. Viner had a sick longing to be frank, but she dared not. Their love wasn't the kind that can resist the assaults of misfortune

ROBERT HICHENS

Tells the Dramatic Story of A Woman Who Went Away with One Unburned Bridge Behind Her

the noise from the Cannebière was infernal. And then thoughts of Valescure, Cannes, Cap Martin, all so near, gnawed at their minds. Must get away—but where to?

They had to do something, so after their first night in the place they walked down to the port, Mrs. Viner in a little frock from Chanel's and a powder-blue hat that she would gladly have shown to Cannes if it hadn't been for her desperate love of the General, which had put Cannes on the list of the forbidden.

It was a blue, blowy morning. They meant presently to drive out and lunch at La Réserve on the road along the sea between the port and the race course. There over—no, not *bouillabaisse*—they would decide where they would go.

Ships—ships—ships! Smells—smells—smells! Picturesque people, no doubt, but what a promiscuity! High houses with incredibly dingy façades, dirty washing, flower pots, singing birds in tiny cages, large-armed women, with black hair showing blue lights in it, staring down on the sailor men seeking their pleasures. The breath of the sea over all, and in and out the whispering voice of the Mediterranean. Dirty motor boats against the oozing quay.

"No, we don't want to go to the Château d'If!"

Actually two or three sailing ships, lurking remnants of romance among the distressed-looking steamers.

"What's that white thing over there?" asked Mrs. Viner presently. "It looks like a swan among crows."

The General's rather piercing steel-gray eyes followed her gesture. He drew down his dense eyebrows. "A yacht! Let's go and have a look at her."

They walked over the cobblestones, dodging the motor cars, and came to the beauty.

"What a line! Daphne, she must be at least an eight-hundred-tonner. Wonder whom she belongs to? Flying the Stars and Stripes. What's her name?"

"*Star of California*," said Mrs. Viner, stretching her long, white neck.

"What a mouthful! I only wish we had her."

A thin-lipped man, with a typically American face, straight, shrewd, trustworthy, who was just about to go aboard the yacht, overheard the remark and stared. "Mean that, sir?" he observed after a pause of perhaps hesitation mingled with consideration.

"What's that?" said the General rather sharply.

"Yacht's to be let, sir, to a safe customer."

"How d'you know I'm safe?"

The American elongated his thin lips in a sketchy smile. "Looks like it, sir."

His bright eyes had gone to Mrs. Viner.

"Would the lady like to go over her?"

"Of course I should! She tempts me."

"And you're not the only one she's tempted, Madam. I'll gladly show you her. I guess she's worth seeing."

"And she's really to be let?" said Mrs. Viner, with a foot on the gang plank.

"For three months to a safe customer."

"I believe we are fairly safe," said Mrs. Viner.

And she walked on to the deck of the *Star of California*.

MRS. VINER was an American brought up mainly in Europe. Her parents were rich, and she had had a big dowry. General Bradfield had some money. He wasn't poor, but he was poor in comparison with her. And he had suddenly become acutely conscious of the fact because of the *Star of California*.

"Of course she's a beauty!" he said, as they sat in the veranda of La Réserve, looking over the bright, blue sea which happened to be calm that day. "But I say, old girl, think of the price! Three hundred and fifty pounds a month!"

"But we have to get away from people, darling, and how can we do that if we don't take the yacht?"

"This lobster's good. Have another drop of Sauterne. We had no idea of taking a yacht when we got to Marseille. Now, had we?"

"I consider the whole thing providential. We didn't know where to go. Now we do. We simply can't show in any of the usual places just now. We should be certain to run up against every one we know. And though, of course, they wouldn't really mind, still it would be awkward for them. They wouldn't quite know what to do. But perhaps—" she gazed at him searchingly with her light blue eyes, eyes that often seemed to have points in them—"perhaps you don't want to be isolated with me?"

He touched her hand which lay on the sunlit tablecloth. "You know better. I was only thinking of the price."

He hesitated for a moment, then added: "You see, Daphne, I'm not a millionaire. I wish I were—especially now."

"What is mine is yours. Let's take the yacht."

And of course they took it. The arrangements were quickly concluded, partly by wire, partly by letter. Still they had to spend a week in Marseille waiting till the matter was settled. And a queer enough week it was, with the Cannebière always roaring outside and nothing special to do.

To kill time they went down several times to the yacht. She really was a beauty, and with each visit Mrs. Viner became more enthusiastic about her.

"How Jack would love her!" she said one day, as they stood on the snow-white deck. "He's always been mad about the sea."

General Bradfield made no reply to this, but his good-looking face became rather grim. Mrs. Viner had spoken with a sort of thoughtless impulsiveness. For the moment she had actually forgotten what she had done, the barrier she had raised up between herself and her little son. (Jack was only eight and was at a preparatory school near Tunbridge Wells.) Now, painfully, she remembered it, and a curious sensation, as of a branding with fire, seemed to slip across her heart.

The man, tall, brown, well-set-up, who stood beside her, had driven her senses wild, had overpowered her long consciousness of life, had shortened it to the conception of the moment. She was, she supposed, what is called "passionate." She was certainly sensual. And because of him, this strong and intense male, she had strangely lost for a time the consciousness of a very real, very, very intimate love which was rooted in her. How had she been able to do that? Or rather how had she been forced to do that? Little Jack had been driven into the background, had somehow been caused to fade, to grow dim. Or was it that she only had been attacked, not Jack, that for the moment the mother part of her had been almost abolished?

These things can't be understood. And Mrs. Viner was aware of it. She would never understand fully her moment of madness. She didn't regret her husband. Not at all. He had not been the man for her, and Rupert Bradfield surely was. But Jack—there was the awful problem of Jack. And now her own impulsive words about him and the sea seemed suddenly to pose it before mind and heart. She had spoken out of the eternal mother—and she quivered with fear. In that moment she was mortally afraid of her motherhood.

THERE seemed to be a shadow walking between her and her lover that day, as they quitted the yacht, and this shadow, a little shadow, went with them across the noisy harbor and up into the roaring mouth of the Cannebière. How persistent it was! But there are loves which are very persistent.

Jack had just gone back to school after the Easter holidays when the moment of madness attacked his mother. She had no idea what had happened at home since then, what her husband had done, what Jack had been told, what he knew, whether he knew anything yet of the crash.

Home! That, to Jack at school near Tunbridge Wells, signified mother, father, the house in which they lived and in which he had been born, the garden about it, the servants he was accustomed to, the livestock in garden and yard and stables, but most particularly—and Mrs. Viner was fully aware of it—it meant mother. She knew that it had never entered into Jack's schoolboy mind as a possibility that he might go home and not find her there to welcome him. He was the only son, the only child. And as she had hitherto been a devoted mother, his feeling for her was not really capable of expression in words. She knew something of it—others, too! But even in a child's soul there are hidden recesses where no one walks, not the most beloved.

The power of a man, of this man now with her in Marseille, had enabled, or had obliged her, to throw over her motherhood. The mother, for the moment, had been obliterated by the lover. There had not even been the violent struggle which most people would have thought inevitable. She had been completely carried away, had run wild. It had been rather like a mare bolting—while it lasted.

But now the bolting mare was stabled in Marseille!

That evening after dinner in the amazingly elaborate restaurant, Mrs. Viner sat down in their sitting-room at the writing table.

"I must do a little letter writing," she said to her lover.

"Of course, darling."

He picked up a newspaper and lit a cigar.

MRS. VINER poised a pen over a sheet of hotel paper. She was going to write to Jack.

When Jack was at school, in term time, she always wrote to him twice a week, and she knew by his letters, and also by what he had said to her in the holidays, how he counted on receiving the letters. There was a matron at Holmlea, Jack's school on Tunbridge Wells Common. Her name was Mrs. Brown. And the custom at the school was that Mrs. Brown distributed all letters come by the post at a certain hour, immediately after morning school. Mrs. Viner had made Mrs. Brown's acquaintance when she had visited Jack now and then on special occasions, to see school theatricals or to assist at an important cricket match, and Mrs. Brown had told her how excited Jack was when the letters from his mother came and how proud he was of his mother's beauty and charm.

"He thinks the world of you, Mrs. Viner!" the matron had said.

Those words were in Mrs. Viner's mind now as she sat before the elaborate writing table while General Bradfield read the paper. She hadn't written to Jack—since. But now she must write to him. She saw his little figure—he had rather short legs, and she loved their shortness ridiculously—going with the other boys to Mrs. Brown for the morning distribution of the post. He must have been disappointed lately. She must send him a letter.

But what was she to write about? How was she to account for her absence from home? And what did Jack know? What had her husband done about her elopement? What had he said to Jack?

She might tell Jack about the yacht. He loved all ships and boats. But then he would want to know why she was going on a ship. It was very difficult to know what—

To make a beginning, she wrote,

"MY DARLING JACK—"

But directly she had traced the words and saw them before her, she was overcome by a (*Continued on page 132*)

Illustrated by Leon Gordon

EVERY day the sun seemed hotter, as if the African summer were coming very close with its burning beauty. The lovers coasted lazily along in the blue weather, stopping here and there and taking little trips inland

Settling Down in CHILE

Photographs by J. P. Keyes

The Christ of the Andes faces north, that it may overlook both the countries which it blesses. The sight of it was worth our perilous motor journey

DEAR LUCILLE:

The boys and I left Magellanes one day at noon; and since at this season it is not dark before nine in the evening, our progress through the most magnificent part of the Straits of Magellan was made by daylight, and our trim little boat bore us swiftly through the swirling sea from one scene of splendor to another. A bluish haze, of that rich color which seems peculiar to Patagonia, softened the atmosphere; and the variety of form which earth and ocean constantly assumed, found, in its blending shades, a unifying quality. Tierra del Fuego, veiled in mystery still as it seemed when we first saw it, lay on one side of us; on the other, divided from the Land of Fire only by the rushing channels, the extremity of the mainland narrowed to a steep, snowy point high above the turbulent water. In the distance a glacier, partially concealed by twin mountain peaks, sparkled with a cold and brilliant radiance; while immediately before us the converging shores appeared constantly about to close completely in upon us, as we swung round one precipitous promontory only to be instantly confronted with another. At each corner which we turned—successfully if miraculously—it seemed as if the heights and depths of grandeur and solemnity must have been reached; but the next one always revealed some beauty hitherto undivined and undiscovered.

Darkness shut in upon us before we left the Straits and entered the canals, taking the inside passage, nearly a thousand miles in length, which lies between the mainland of Chile and the long line of countless islands strung along the southern part of her coast. This passage is not navigable by large vessels, owing to the narrowness of many parts of it; and it strews difficulties—not to say dangers—in the pathway of any kind of craft that ventures through it, in the form of swift and sudden currents, strong winds, thick fogs, heavy rains and hidden rocks. Also it offers a voyage of unrivaled and unblemished loveliness to the traveler whose serenity is unruffled and whose spirit is undampened by the impediments to progress which I have mentioned. There is the same infinite variety of shifting scene as in the Straits, the same startling spectacle of surprise at every turn; but the almost overwhelming splendor

Santa Lucia, the heart-shaped hill in the very center of Santiago, has been transformed into a terraced public garden

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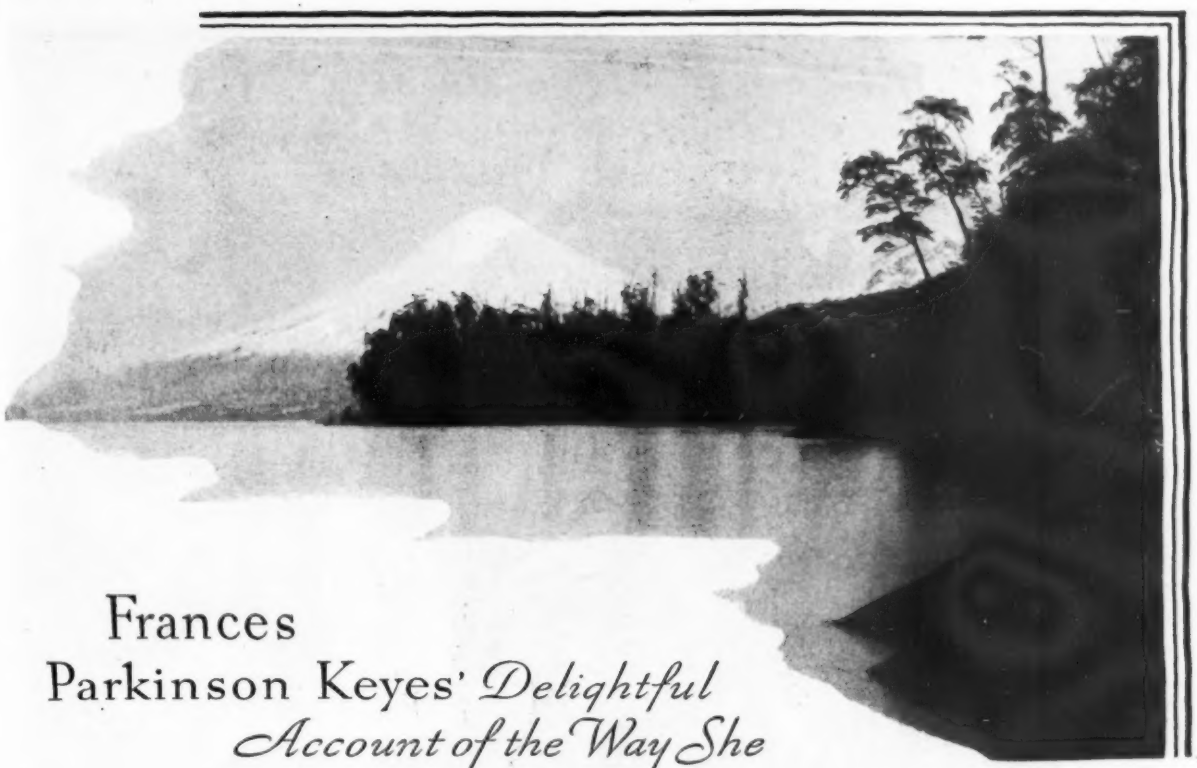


Frances Parkinson Keyes' *Delightful Account of the Way She Saw the Southern Republic —*

The superb white cone of the volcano Orsorno bears an extraordinary resemblance to Fujiyama, and equals it in splendor

of the Straits becomes softened and subdued; the colors are warmer; the outlines are gentler. There are snow-capped mountains; these rise, however, not sheer from the water, but above hills covered with thick and verdant woods; there are glittering glaciers, but these are secluded in deep ravines and winding inlets. Islands, richly green and smaller than those which guard the coastline, stud the inland bays; waterfalls flutter like silver ribbons over shining rocks; and as one land-locked canal leads to another, it leads also to forests which seem even fresher, cataracts which seem even clearer, glens and gulfs which seem even deeper than any seen before.

For three days we wound our way in and out of the canals without seeing any sign of human habitation except one crude thatched hut, or any sign of human life except three Indians in a dug-out canoe. Then, coming into more open waters, we began to toss about on the Golfo de Pena. For sixteen long, miserable hours existence was made wretched for almost every one on board ship; but after that we came into the sheltered fjords again.

The boat which bore us to Puerta Montt, where we had planned to disembark, was one of the best upon which it has ever been my good fortune to travel. And as we approached our destination, our spirits began to sink at the thought of the primitive conditions which we had been assured existed in the Chilean lake district. In fact, they sank so low, as far as one of the boys was concerned, that he decided to stay with the ship as far as she went—and consequently, bidding him a mournful farewell, my more intrepid companion and I went ashore.

The motor trip between Puerta Montt and Puerta Varas consumes about an hour; and the landscape, which must be agreeable at any time of year, was peculiarly pleasing in this season of early spring. Gorse spread its golden glory recklessly in every direction; apple blossoms and lilacs bloomed in unrestrained profusion; the vivid scarlet of wild-plum flowers painted the hillsides with feathery flame. Many of the staunch, weatherbeaten little cottages along the way were so poignantly reminiscent of New England that the dark-skinned *rotos* trudging or riding past, wearing short, striped *ponchos* stained to a beautiful brown with vegetable dye, at first seemed strangely far from their element. But I quickly realized that I was far from home, not they, and adjusted myself to their friendly presence; and both then and later I found that these sturdy peasants, in whose veins flows a strong admixture of Indian blood, present one of the most appealing and interesting aspects of Chilean life.

Puerta Varas, upon which we came rather suddenly, proved to be a small and unpretentious town in a strikingly beautiful situation beside a large, placid blue lake —Llanqúihue—beyond which lay a long range of snow-capped mountains dominated by the superb white cone of the volcano Orsorno, which bears an extraordinary likeness to Fujiyama and equals it in splendor. Alighting at the rambling hotel which faces both lake and mountains, we were met at the entrance by a *patron;* and after an excellent dinner and a comfortable night—for neither here nor anywhere else in the lake district did we encounter the primitive conditions of which we had had such a dire warning—we embarked at eight the next morning on a *vapor especial*, which, though not elegant, was quite adequate to our needs, and which bore the inspiring name of *Santa Rosa!* Silvery clouds shimmered from a silvery sky to a silvery lake; and though the effect was one of liquid radiance almost celestial in character, the green hillsides and snowy summits which we had hoped to see were veiled. However, by the time we had reached Ensenada—which consists of an excellent little German hotel set in the midst of a garden, and a police station!—the clouds had begun to lift, and we were able to judge how superbly it was located. Our lunch—again a delicious one—was enlivened by some excellent part-singing by a group of German fellow-guests; and as we sat enjoying this, a boy came up and informed us that our gondola was waiting.

"Our what?" we gasped in pardonable astonishment.

The blond youth explained; a motor bus, in this part of the world, is known as a gondola, and one was now in readiness to take us to Petrohue. An hour's ride ensued, over a good road (bordered, and overstrewn every now and then, with lava), which wound its way along through bright woods beside a swift-flowing river of deep emerald color; and at Petrohue—where there is one house, one hut, and a wharf!—we found a most attractive (*Continued on page 199*)

"My child — come to me! I love you!" King Richard said— and knelt, stretching his hand to her

Betrothed At 7— Married and Crowned at 8— Widowed at 12

The LITTLE

By E. Barrington

WHEN the good and beautiful Queen Anne of Bohemia died, she was but twenty-seven years old, and the breath had scarcely left her body before the whole land of England was uniting in prayers to her King, Richard the Second, son of the Black Prince, to marry again.

Oddly enough, it was because they loved this Queen so dearly that her death was a sorrow to every man and woman in the country, and they dared not face the stormy times and the King's imperious temper without some mediator for their troubles beside him.

In the words of an ancient chronicler, "She was very precious to the people, continually doing them good."

When the City of London so deeply offended the King that he suspended her charters and moved all his courts to York, their only hope had been in her. She rode into London, nobly attended, and the Lord Mayor and citizens met her and presented her with a gold tablet richly embossed with the Crucifixion in jewels, and made their humble appeal to the great princess, daughter of the Emperor of Rome and Germany.

"O great and generous daughter of Imperial blood, whom God has chosen to wield the sceptre—is it not known that mercy becomes a Queen and that lovely ladies have mighty influence with their loving lords? Therefore have pity on our entreaty for pardon and in mercy present

With a child's fine instinct the little Princess knew he was trustworthy—his eyes did not lie

QUEEN

An Almost Unbelievable Chapter Of English History

Illustrated by Elbert Mc Gran Jackson

it in those hands to which the King can refuse nothing. Your name of Anne signifies 'Grace' and was borne by the mother of the Blessed Virgin. As often as you see this tablet speak for us, plead for us."

The Queen in her crown, glittering with gems, riding in state upon a white horse, received the tablet with reverence, while all stood amazed at her majesty. But none the less, as the Lord Mayor recorded afterward, she looked him full in the face and smiled like a woman who understands her strength, laying one finger on her lip and saying subtly,

"Leave all to me!"

And so rode on softly with downcast eyes, smiling to herself as if inwardly.

Some complained of the briefness of her reply.

The Lord Mayor, however, himself a married man, heaved a great sigh of comfort and said, "Let fly the banners and rejoice!"—and so it was done.

Indeed she knew her business! The speech in which she entreated for her faithful city, even as she spoke it kneeling before the King, has been preserved, and thus it begins:

"Sweet my King, my spouse, my life. Sweet love, without whose life mine would be but death, be pleased to govern your citizens as a gracious lord. Consider what worship, what honor they have paid you, noble King! Like us, they are but mortal and liable to frailty, but far from your memory, my sweet love, be their offences,

and kneeling I entreat that you would be pleased to restore their ancient charters and liberties."

Whereupon he invited the daughter of the Emperor, his wife, to ascend the throne beside him, and with her smiling upon them, he restored to the penitent Lord Mayor and citizens the Keys and Sword which they still present to the King of England when he enters his good City of London. Let all ladies learn a lesson from this Queen!

It was through her influence that in a time of want he entertained every day and nobly fed six thousand poverty-stricken beings who must otherwise have died. And it is little wonder that when she herself died, young and fair, the people, almost desperate, implored the King to give them another mother as beautiful and wise.

BUT he himself was lost in an agony of grief. For a time men feared for his reason. She had died at the woodland palace of Shene, and he commanded that it should be razed to the ground as a place accursed. When London craftsmen received orders to make the bronze image of the Good Queen to repose upon her tomb, by his orders they made his own also that with clasped hands they might lie together until the Trumpet should summon them to render account to the King of Kings.

"And Him," said the King, "she need not fear to meet face to face, and she shall entreat for me unworthy."

And he himself made the inscription telling the world that she had passed away into eternal joy but he was left "bereft of all comfort."

And into the midst of this uncomforted sorrow pressed the people of England, praying, beseeching that he would give them another Queen, reminding him of the danger of civil war since he had no heir, of the need of the people for a queen's merciful motherhood, and much more. At first, he would not receive them, repelling them furiously. Then, because he must, clothed in black and stern and dark as his own effigy, he received their speakers and bade them mind their own business and leave him to his. And at last when he saw the danger—for indeed it was danger to break all their hope and risk the turning of their hearts to Henry of Lancaster, his treacherous first cousin, he consented to marry, being at that time in his thirtieth year and a most noble-looking man, as might be expected from his mighty ancestors.

"I will marry," said he, "but I will choose my own wife as freely as any man of low estate in England, and none shall withstand my choice."

And to this all men eagerly agreed, confident that he would choose no lady of low degree but one worthy to succeed Anne the Good, daughter of the Emperor.

So then began the hunt for a royal bride, and King Richard was hard to please. He rejected the daughters and sisters of the King of Navarre, giving excellent reasons against choosing them. He rejected the daughter of the Duke of Gloucester, his kinsman, for "He would not mix kindred blood." He rejected every princess named and at last in Council his lords declared that they were at their wits' ends, and one bolder than the rest growled in his beard that it might be believed that his Majesty had been playing with their hopes all along and had no intention of giving them a queen. But a queen they must have.

Then the King rose, tall and pale, still with his black robes hanging about him, more like a monk than a King, in such sad caves of thought was set the forlorn brightness of his eyes and so sharpened his bones with midnight watching and grief. But at his side there hung a great sword gold-hafted and twinkling like a frosty firmament with stars, and he set his hand on it as he spoke.

"My lords, you speak too soon. I have chosen my bride for myself as I promised, and none can complain of her beauty, for she is fair as the dawn, nor of her gentleness, for she is tender and obedient to those who guide her, nor of her royal blood, for she is of great ancestry, being the eldest daughter of the King of France—the Princess Isabel."

And a roar of applause and gladness followed his words, for all foresaw a great queen and a noble dowry, but through this tumult a voice was heard crying aloud:

"Sire, you cheat us—you cheat us! I am new come from France, and the Princess Isabel is a little child. She is not eight years old."

For a moment there was dead silence, all staring up at the King who stood above them looking darkly down upon their angry faces.

"My lords, you cared little for my grief, but drove in upon it that the country needs alliances and friendships to be made through my marriage. This is true, and I considered your advice. Here is a great alliance, a great friendship with our sweet enemy France. And for one item of her dowry the Princess brings a truce of forty years as her gift—and this is to be changed later for a peace. She brings also a noble portion of eight hundred thousand golden francs and royal magnificence of jewels and royal garments. Is there any more that you can rightly demand?"

Dead silence, for indeed these things were of mighty consequence to England both as regards the peace and the money, and men looked at each other confusedly, dissatisfied and scarcely knowing what to say.

AT LAST the Duke of Gloucester, his cousin, rose, a grim, jealous man who hated Richard because he himself was a subject and no king, and said sharply:

"Well indeed, Sire, so far as money and peace go. None better! But the country desires an heir, and this child— Why, in five or six years she will still be too young for your wife, and you will then be thirty-six. The country has much reason to complain that this is slipping out of your promise unlike a King and—"

The King tightened his clasp on the sword-hilt. "My Lord of Gloucester, I have chosen as noble a queen for England as can be found in the universe. In return I choose my companion for myself and all debts are thus washed clean. There is no more to say than this—I choose to take this royal child and educate her here in England and train her to my own liking that she may be English of the English—and in caring for the bud I am still young enough to wait for the blossom."

There was not one there but knew that the man's heart was still bleeding for his Anne, and some were much moved at the simple fidelity with which he clung to her memory and would give her no rival. But not all, and the Duke of Gloucester rose again, dull and menacing.

"Sire, in a private man fidelity to a dead wife may be well enough, but a King has no right—"

The King cut across him and the murmur that followed with a voice keen as the steel of his sword.

"My lord, a King has no right to break fidelity either to his country or—another. I impose no law on you. Be as faithless to your wives dead or living as you please! I have said my say. The matter will be debated in Parliament. The Council is dissolved."

THE men melted away, some on his side, some against him, but none able to object to so mighty a marriage. Still, it did him no good and the Duke of Gloucester never forgave him, for he himself had been openly faithless to his wife and when she died had put his mistress in her place. So he used the French marriage against King Richard like a secret poison, saying he had cheated the nation with his given word. The Parliament, however, made no trouble lest France should be offended, and it was agreed to send a most noble deputation of an Archbishop, lords and knights to France to demand the little Princess formally.

In honor of the marriage Sir John Froissart, the wise historian, waited upon the King and offered him a great book most beautifully made in covers of crimson velvet with ten golden studs and golden roses in the midst of each cover, and heavy clasps of silver gilt worked with roses.

The King asked the subject, opening it to see the beautiful script delicately written by a skilled monk of Ely, and Froissart answered:

"Sire, it treats of love, and here are collected many famous stories, ballads, rondels and lyrics of love, for this love is what distinguishes man from the beasts and the only emotion man shares with God. Therefore it is a gift worthy of a great King."

Richard was silent for a while turning the leaves slowly and reading, here and there, and presently he said:

"Sir John, I do not think with you that this love distinguishes us from the beasts. I have known—yes, more than once, and others have known—a noble dog or a horse die for the love of a lost friend or master. And humbler animals also that refused food and laid them down to die when their mates died because that light was darkened And I think their love more acceptable and akin to God [here he removed his velvet cap] than such verses as these—"

He replaced his cap and read aloud with much beauty of speech a very free and lewd poem descriptive of a lady's beauty, and Sir John, willing to be pleasant, said, smiling:

"You read it, Sire, so well that I cannot but think it finds an echo in your heart very natural at your age, and I pray for England's sake that it may."

The King laid the book down, and said softly as if to himself: "Alas, Lord God, how they leave no peace to the faithful heart, but torment it with its own sorrows nor respect its crucifixion!"—and then aloud to Froissart:

"Sir, you are such a noble knight and historian of (*Continued on page 189*)

THE child won all hearts, but King Richard's most utterly. "Tell me another story of your Anne," she would ask, and that name which no one had heard him utter since they had laid her to rest came easily to his lips

Edouard de Reszke starved to death on his estate in Poland during the war. His death really killed his brother, Jean

Jean de Reszke was so handsome when he came sailing in as *Lohengrin* in the swan boat that all the ladies lost their hearts to him—and I was one!

Photographs © Aimé Dupont *From the Albert Davis Collection*

Geraldine Farrar, as *Butterfly*, was simply adored by the public. Her leaving the Metropolitan was a tragedy

STARS and SCISSORS

AH, MY DEAR, here we are—on the instant! And again we make our compliments and greetings behind the great curtain.

"With all my heart—my compliments to you, my dear Madame, and felicitations, for this, our last *rendezvous*. Our grand finale, and Caruso night, remember!"

Yes, Caruso night! Did you think I would forget Caruso night? A long chapter—and the lion's share shall go to him. But first I put away this precious package. Now, don't ask me what it is! That is a surprise! So now we're off. Up with the curtain!

Caruso, the adored! I knew him well, as client and friend. My memories and stories—endless, my dear. But now we begin at the beginning.

Caruso came to the Metropolitan in 1903, with Conreid at the helm, and his debut was in "Rigoletto" with Sembrich. He made a great success, but it wasn't until some years later he really came into his own—the appreciation and adoration that followed him right on to the day of his death.

Caruso was born in Naples, February 27, 1873. He was the usual bad boy at school, my dear, and spent his time singing at the cafés on the water front. Every child in Italy has a voice, you know, and even then Caruso's voice right away attracted attention. He'd sing in the streets for a few *soldi*, and in the sailors' cafés, and was known as the best boy singer in Naples, also singing a little later in the churches, and at weddings, parties, and such. And so he grew up, always singing. He sang with small traveling companies in the beginning—and finally at the Teatro Lirico in Milan—in "La Bohême"—came his first big recognition, and then, my dear, it was one steady going up, right to the front. But, as I'm always telling you, I'm not a biographer—certainly not Caruso's—except as I knew him—that's what we speak about now—when he came to the Metropolitan, and that's where my story begins.

I made most of Caruso's costumes during his stay at the Metropolitan. Sometimes I went to him at the Knickerbocker Hotel for the fittings, and sometimes he came to me. He was never over-dressed, always in perfect taste, but he was very particular. He knew exactly what he wanted—like all people with brains. For instance, in "Manon," he decided on the blue brocade with the buttons, which were diamonds, by the way. He always insisted when a costume was being fitted that everything must be in place before it was tried on. Even his wigs were put on for the fittings—and also

MARY LAWTON

Concludes The Life Story of Madame Freisinger, *Costumer to the Opera and the Stage*

Caruso was always drawing caricatures—on little scraps of paper, hotel menus, old envelopes. They are priceless today

the sleeves had to be basted in—both of them! He never could get the idea unless he saw everything complete.

He was very fussy, too, about his silk shirts. He always wore a long silk shirt under every stage costume. He hated to have anything that scratched or irritated. That, of course, was true of all opera singers, as I have already told you. The least little thing upset them. Caruso sang so many rôles and had to have so many different costumes—*ach!* half his life was spent fussing with clothes. Don't tell me that opera singers don't work! We did all his costumes, even to the making of his trousers, and hats, too! I had a very fine tailor then, and this man always used to fit Caruso, who was always pleased with him—which meant something, let me tell you!

We had a great success, I remember, with this "Manon" costume. At the last costume, my husband said to Caruso, when he praised it so enthusiastically:

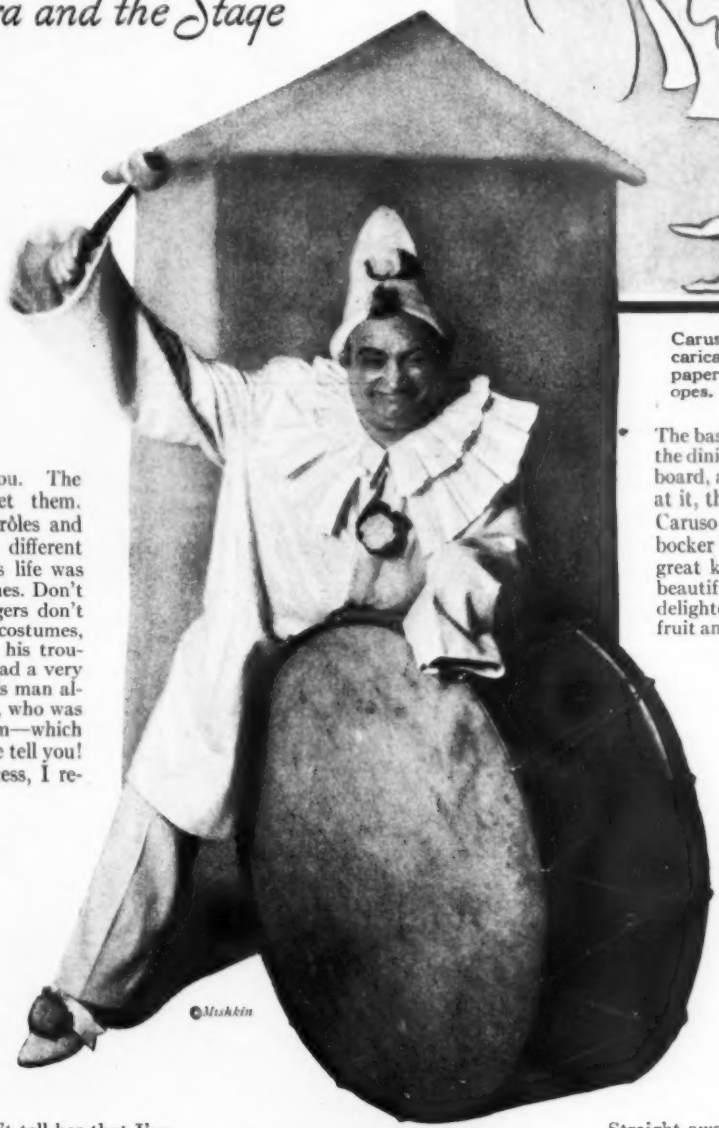
"This makes my wife very happy that you are so pleased, especially today, as this is her birthday, and this is a real present to her that you speak so well of her work. But," said Mr. Freisinger, "you mustn't tell her that I've told you it's her birthday!"

Then Caruso burst out laughing, and called me right into the room, and said:

"Oh, it's your birthday, is it? Now *when* were you born? How old are you, Madame? Tell the *truth!*"

Of course, we had quite a little fun over that.

Now comes the best of the story. A few hours after he left, there came to our house a most gorgeous basket of fruit, and on top of the fruit, tied to the handle, was a wonderful bouquet of splendid roses—a real work of art was this basket, filled with the rarest fruits and candies. Inside was his card with love and congratulations.



There was no one ever like Caruso as *Pagliaccio.* I doubt if there will be any one in the future who will have both his superb clowning and his miraculous voice

The basket was brought upstairs to the dining room and set on the sideboard, and first we enjoyed looking at it, then eating the fruit. I rang Caruso up at once at the Knickerbocker and thanked him for his great kindness in sending me this beautiful present, as I was simply delighted. We ate away at the fruit and were almost at the bottom of the basket when my maid said one morning:

"Oh, look, Madame, but here is something which is *not* to eat! It's a little box."

And sure enough, there was a little box that we hadn't seen, at the very bottom of the basket. Well, my dear, when I opened it—can you imagine it?—inside was a little blue velvet case, and in that case was a lovely diamond pin—a big sapphire in the middle, and all around it little diamonds. It really took my breath away, and to think it had been there all the time and I had never seen it!

Straight away I put on my hat and ran to the Knickerbocker Hotel, so excited I was. I spoke from downstairs and said,

"This is Madame Freisinger, and it is very important that I speak at once to Mr. Caruso!"

At first, they wouldn't even let me speak to him, and then I was desperate! But I said,

"I *must*—it is about his costume that I wish to speak." (I had to tell a little lie, you see.)

(*Continued on page 154*)

The AMERICAN

By
George Weston

Illustrated by
W. Smithson Broadhead

When They Came to England:

NO matter what Archey had expected, he was pleasantly disappointed when he met his American cousins and their father, the new Marquis of Marlebone, at the boat.

At home, at the Towers, his mother, Lady Phoebe Whitmarsh, was awaiting their arrival with a few friends who had dropped in for tea—possibly unmindful of the fact that the American family was expected that afternoon, and then again possibly not.

One joke led to another, until really it was an anti-climax when the new Marquis appeared, in his well-tailored striped trousers and cutaway, Grandma the picture of elderly propriety, and Aunt Josephine and the girls—Coral and Alicia—their most charming selves—though a little preoccupied by wondering just how Mizpah—the old colored cook, who would not be left behind in America—would get along with the other servants.

In all the flurry of introductions and tea, it was some moments before any one thought to mention Miss Athenie to the Marquis; and Mr. Chilthorn, the family solicitor, who had shared with Archey the duty of escort, had barely time to explain in a hurried whisper that she was a Greek cousin who had suddenly arrived with an absurd claim to the title and could not be got rid of—when she appeared in person.

Mr. Chilthorn performed the introductions, unmoved by her dramatic beauty and tragic manner.

"And the Marchioness?" she asked, looking around.

"There is no Marchioness."

As Grandma said later to Aunt Jo, "You could just see the thought go through her mind."

The car came for Mr. Chilthorn then, and Lady Phoebe followed him to the door to give him—after a quick glance to make sure that no one was near—a low-voiced instruction:

"Remember, please, it isn't safe to let him have any more money—or even any more hope of money—until you have seen me again."

And then, casually, idly—much too idly—"I suppose there's no doubt of his being a widower. . . ."

"Now you can't stay here," said the Marquis uneasily. "This is no time—Miss Athenie, "until you tell me why you avoid me last night the way you do.

MARQUIS

this is no place—to make a call." "I shall not come away from this door," said And even turn your eyes away from my smile as though you do not see me"

A Widower—With Two Charming Daughters—Can't Get Away From Love

CHAPTER XVI

THE next morning Sowersby, the butler, and Barslow, the second man, were in the pantry getting the silver ready for breakfast. Above the top shelf a line of numbered bells hung from the wall, each suspended from a coiled spring. These springs were attached to bell-wires, the wires disappearing through the wall to various rooms in the Towers. Bell Number One, for instance, could be rung only from the drawing-room. Bell Number Two had its pull in the Marquis's room upstairs.

"Well?" said Sowersby. "Are you glad you stayed now?"

"Ah!" said Barslow, industriously polishing a massive silver platter. "It's something like a place now. Mind you, it was all right for you, Mr. Sowersby, the way it was before. You 'ad plenty of excitement 'ere when the old Marquis was young. Everybody in Suffolk knows what a newker *he* was—what with the time he tied the Earl of Talbot's top 'at on a donkey, and that other time he filled 'er Ladyship's barth full of fish, she being sweet, they say, on a Colonel of that same name. But me, I'm young yet, and I want to see a bit of life, too, as I go along."

"Ah, you'll get older," said the butler with a fondly reminiscent glance among the pages of the past.

"But not until the right time comes," said the other shrewdly.

Glancing at the door as though to make sure that no one could hear, he dropped his voice to that low key in which confidences are exchanged. "Not a bad-looking chap, this American Marquis," he continued. "and the young ladies—mmm!—fair knock-outs!"

"Master Archey seems to think so at any rate," said Mr. Sowersby, counting the spoons.

"Ah," said Barslow. "And so does Master Romney. But the Rawley girls, if you were to arsk them, I rather think you'd get a different opinion."

"I know," said Mr. Sowersby shortly. "I'm not blind."

"Not that I blame Master Archey," continued Barslow briskly. "Good looks and money don't often go together, but when they do—!"

"Ah," nodded Mr. Sowersby. "I never

knew an American yet who wasn't rolling in it."

"Funny 'ow they get it," said Barslow, reflectively polishing away. "Sometimes seems like a trick to me—done with deep breathing or some mechanical aid such as magnets in their pockets or looking glarsses and a black curtain that covers the whole back of the stage."

They were both quiet then for a few moments—Sowersby waiting for Barslow to continue, and the latter polishing the silver with a reflective eye, as though still wondering how the trick was done.

"I s'pose you've 'eard that all bets are off on Lady Phoebe and Major Middlemass?" he suddenly resumed. "'Er Ladyship's set her cap for the Marquis now. Such a confidential little chat as they were 'aving larst night in the study! I was carrying coal in, but she was telling 'im something so soft and gentle I 'ardly 'ad the 'eart to barge in."

"But you went in, I'll warrant," said Mr. Sowersby, counting out the spoons.

"Ah, that I did. You'd 'ardly expect me to carry those two 'ods of coal all the way back to the scullery. So in I went, looking down my nose private-like as though there was a fly on the end of it and I wasn't noticing nothing else. And sure enough, there she was, sitting at the corner of his desk and showing 'im a paper which they both seemed to be reading together—like a couple of elderly turtle-doves, I couldn't 'elp thinking, looking at the price of cuttlefish and bird-seed—only the Marquis, 'e was a bit nervous, it seemed to me, and she was the one who was doing the cooing."

"Barslow! Barslow! That wagging tongue of yours will get you in trouble yet. You mark my words."

But instead of worrying over the wag of his tongue, the second man gently laughed to himself—gently laughed and polished away harder than ever.

"Now what?" demanded Mr. Sowersby, after he had restrained his curiosity as long as he could.

"I was thinking of Miss Athenie," chuckled Barslow. "As soon as the Marquis could break away from Lady Phoebe, 'e found 'is way to the library and 'ad 'ardly been there 'arf a minute when Miss Athenie cornered him . . . But Lady Phoebe soon 'ad 'im away again. A funny thing, though, Mr. Sowersby, if 'e should fall for Miss Athenie, and she should be the next Marchioness of Marlebone, after all."

Mr. Sowersby was about to respond to this when one of the bells began to ring over the top shelf.

"Number Two," said Barslow. "That's the Old Boy's room." And eagerly doffing his apron, he added: "I'll go, Mr. Sowersby. I'll go! . . ."

CHAPTER XVI

THE Marquis had just finished dressing. "My first full day at Marlebone Towers," he thought, glancing out of the window which commanded the best view of his broad acres. "A sleepy-looking place. I wonder if anything ever happens here."

And indeed he was already beginning to feel that he would miss the excitement which had been his daily life in Belleview

—the stream of cars along Oak Street, the maelstrom of traffic at Shannon's Corner with its double trolley crossing—Franklin Square where two of the main highways of the State intersected—his office over Bert Barber's Pet Shop, where the morning mail was always a gamble from the gods—

"I may have to get an office somewhere before I'm through," he told himself. "It's going to be mighty slow to stay around home all day."

He opened the door and was about to walk out into the corridor when a swiftly moving figure crossed the hall. He stepped back, and a moment later Athenie was in the room with him and the door had closed behind her. He could see that she had been crying—that she needed only slight provocation to resume her grief.

"Please do not think I like to call like this," she tremulously began, "but all last evening I try to see you again, and that woman, that Lady Phoebe, she keep us apart forever if she could. So I say to myself this morning: 'She shall not conquer! I will open the door of my bedroom a little inch to see; and when my cousin shall open his door to go downstairs, I will make him a call in his apartment where even she, that Lady Phoebe, won't dare to interrupt!' "

If the Marquis of Marlebone had been a close observer of such details, she might have seen that Athenie had spent no little time upon her appearance that morning. Her hair, so black that it shaded almost into dark blue, was arranged in a Psyche knot, with a fringe in front which looked as though it had but lately felt the warm pressure of the curling iron. Her lips were touched with added color, her dressing-gown was adorned with clusters of modernistic fruit—fruit which had attracted two birds made of gorgeous feathers, sewn upon the silk.

"Now, you can't stay here," said the Marquis, uneasily wondering if Grandma or Josephine had already heard her. "This is no time—this is no place—to make a call. You know that as well as I do. Suppose somebody came along. Now, you come away from that door. I'm going downstairs."

"But I shall not come away from that door," she told him, her back leaning against it, her hands behind her clasped tightly around the knob. "Once you leave the room, and they will not let you see me again. And why shall I not see you here as well as in another room, or a motor car? You think, perhaps, because I have lived in Greece so long, that I do not know the modern way of life? You think perhaps we do not have the cinema and modern novel?"

"For Heaven's sake!" muttered the Marquis, staring at her. "You don't believe those things, do you?"

"At least, dear cousin, I believe in fair

"Do you know—or do you care—that I'm getting quite mad about you?" said Romney Waring. "He seems to like the saintly type," thought Alicia, smiling

play. And if I can not see you downstairs, I will see you up. Now! Tell me, if you please. What is it that you have heard against me that you let that Lady Phoebe take you away from me last night?"

"Heard against you? Nothing. But look here, Miss Athenie, you open that door—"

"I will open that door when you finish my question. You say you hear nothing against me. Then why you avoid me last night the way you do? And even turn your eye from my smile as though you do not see him?"

"Nonsense. I didn't—"

"But it is not nonsense! And you do not do it once, but many times." She caught a sob—one that threatened to be the first of a crescending series. "From a woman—from Lady Phoebe—I would not mind so much. But you are a man—a great, strong man—and I am a woman—weak—and all alone in the world—"

Whereupon she turned her face to the wall and, leaning her forehead against her arm, dissolved into tears. The Marquis, considering flight, looked at the door. If he could suddenly open it and make his escape— But not only Athenie's foot and elbow were in the way; the drapery of her dressing-gown also covered the knob.

"Now, look here," he began again, almost at his wits' end, "you—you mustn't. It isn't right, coming in my room and—and acting like this—"

"All alone," she sobbed. "I am all—all alone—and—and nobody cares . . ."

"Now, now. Pull yourself together. It's all right. Everything will be all right—"

"No one—no one to care for me when I smile . . . No one—no one to comfort me when I weep . . ."

The Marquis caught the welcome sound of hurried footsteps in the hall. They came to a stop just outside his door, and a moment later some one rapped sharply on the panel.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's I—Josephine! What's the matter in there? May I come in?"

"Yes, yes; come in!" he eagerly exclaimed. And to Athenie, "You'll have to stand away from the door, or you'll be hurt."

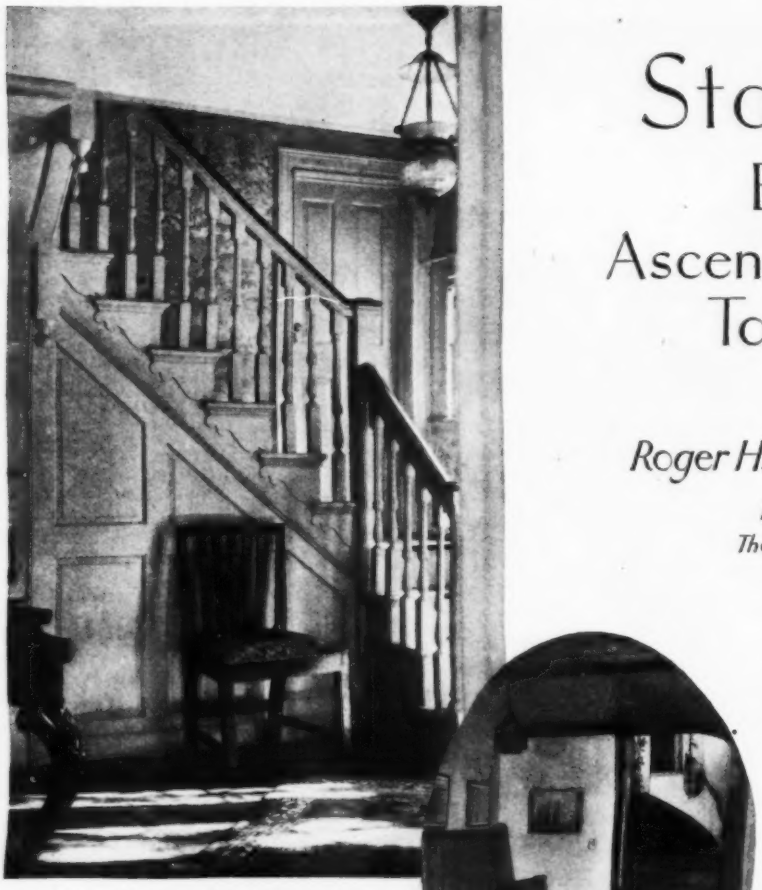
Athenie moved only just in time, so vigorously did Josephine enter the room. The latter took one look at her brother's unexpected visitor, and then she quickly closed the door. (*Continued on page 212*)

Stairways
Easy to Ascend and Good To Look At

By

Roger H. Bullard, Architect

Illustrations from The Work of the Author



(Above) An open string stairway with two balusters to a tread, and graceful, cut-out scrolls on the stair ends. (Right) A winding stair enclosed between walls for economy of space

TRY to pass a superstitious person on the stairs, and he will call upon all his favorite saints to preserve him from whatever calamity might come. Or dare to stumble on your way up a flight, and you will be sentenced to the direful fate of not being married for a year. Where these strange ideas came from I do not know, for surely one of our earliest associations with stairs is a pleasant one. Possibly they go back in history to days when stairs were dark, steep, and enclosed by walls—a dangerous place to meet an enemy—instead of being a decorative feature as they are today. But whether the association is agreeable or otherwise, the psychological importance of stairs is easy to understand, since they lead from the more public rooms of the house to unseen floors and the more intimate and private apartments of the family.

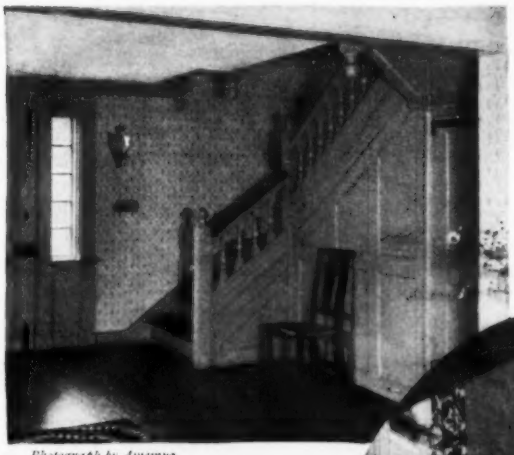
Photographs by George H. Van Anda

Three balusters to a tread, the hand-carved scroll, and mahogany rail, newels, and treads make this stair very decorative

The importance of the stairway in this country is also due to its prominence in the plan, for very often it is the first architectural feature one notices upon entering, and thus determines whether the initial impression will be pleasant or otherwise. A graceful, well-proportioned staircase has an atmosphere of ease and graciousness, while a cramped, ungainly stairway is forbidding, and for this reason the stairway should be one of the beauties of the house. Like the doorway, it had rude beginnings, but developed in convenience and beauty as people attained means and leisure and turned their attention to making their homes more attractive.

The location of the stairway should be thoughtfully planned for the most convenient access on both floors, and for the wisest use of space. In designing the stairs the architect takes into consideration the style of the house, for, of course, the stairway should be in keeping; the space which may be given it, some types being more economical in plan than others; and the materials which may be used—wood, wrought iron, or stone. Wood has always been the most widely used material in America and is best adapted to Colonial and other designs of English tradition. Stone and wrought iron are more characteristic of styles which originated in France, Italy, and Spain.

You may have noticed consciously or subconsciously that some stairs are easy to ascend while others take you in the knee, so to speak. Now, there is a certain ratio between treads and risers

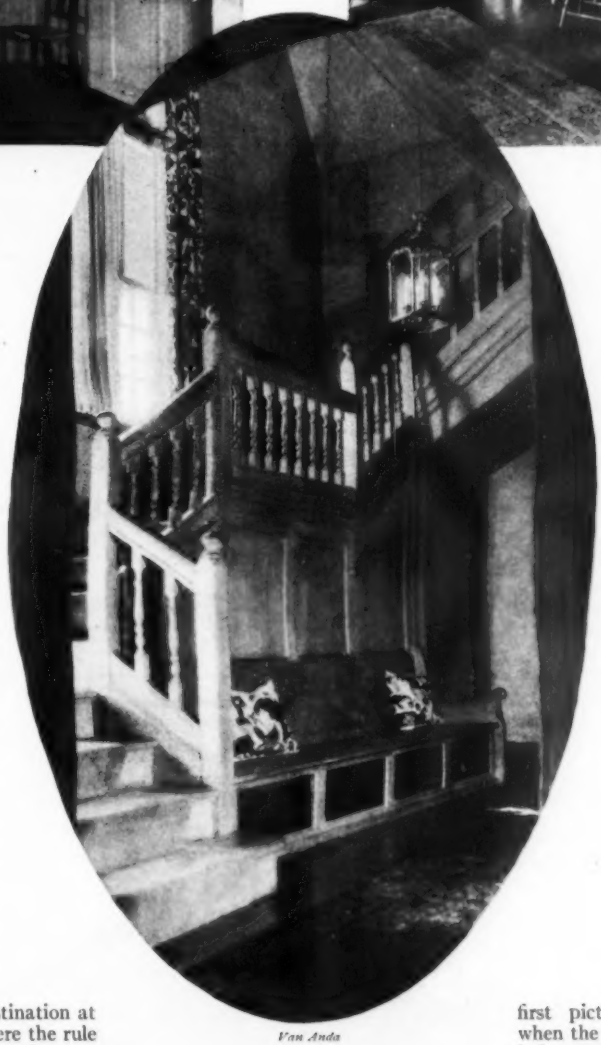


Photograph by Antemyr

An early Colonial stair with a molded box string enclosing the ends of the steps and a simple wainscot of pine below

Van Anda

The high paneled wainscot sufficiently conceals the stair ascending from the living room to give a feeling of solid wall



Van Anda

A pine box string stairway with a window landing to break the run. The bench below encloses the radiator

which should be observed to make an easy ascent, and it is not entirely the height of the risers which accounts for this difference in comfort. To be correct, the sum of the width of the tread and the height of the riser should equal 17½ inches, and as it takes three times the energy to go up stairs as to walk on the level, it is important that this rule should be observed. For example, to be comfortable a 7-inch rise should have a 10½-inch tread, and a 5-inch rise for garden steps should have a 12½-inch tread.

One might think that our great grandparents brought upon themselves much unnecessary discomfort by the use of their steep and narrow stairs, but as a matter of fact they had no choice. The ground plan of the early type of house which had only one room or two rooms to a floor allowed only the width of the chimney for stairs, so they had to be steep and narrow in order to reach their destination at all. Straight flights of stairs were the rule at first, but winders, or diagonal steps, were introduced early for economy of space. So important is the factor of space-saving that winders are used frequently in modern stairways, even though persons using them do not feel quite so safe from tripping as on the straight runs. To make them safe, they should be at least nine inches wide at the distance of fifteen inches from the rail, where one ordinarily walks when descending.

The decoration of stairs in this country had an interesting evolution. The earliest type is characterized by the lack of hand rail and balusters. The flight is enclosed to a height of two or three feet above the treads by a single thickness of paneled wainscot. Later the wainscot above the steps was omitted, and plain, square newels and hand rails without balusters were introduced. The open side of the stair treads away from the wall was covered by a continuous molded member, called the box string, with panels below which concealed the ends of the steps. Balusters were introduced later, but in these early types they bore no relation to the treads, being widely spaced and used simply for supporting the hand rail. Moldings of every kind were used to give interest to the string, and there was a simple wainscot or paneling below. This effect of partially enclosing the stairs is used with great success in the modern treatment of stairs, as it gives the entrance more the feeling of a room than of a stair hall.

Still later the terminal newel posts were turned and crowned with molded finials, and the balusters were spaced closer together on the sloping, heavily-molded box string. Turned balusters were introduced about 1700; the earliest examples were squat and stumpy and of full form in profile, showing clearly a Jacobean influence. These later lengthened out into more slender and simpler lines. A few of the early houses omitted the box string, so that the treads and risers were exposed at the ends, and balusters were set in pairs on each tread, but this was not altogether successful, since it necessitated the crowding of two balusters next to the newel. This objection was obviated by leaving off one baluster next to the newel, as in the first picture on page 56. Sometimes, when the treads were wide enough, three balusters were used on each, with two next the newel.

The early balusters were made of hard pine which could be easily turned, while the rails and newels were of oak.

The hand rails themselves underwent a development. At first they were of a simple rectangular section, slightly beveled at the corners or rounded on top. Then a molding was added to the outer side so that the rail was unsymmetrical. Finally the rail was molded symmetrically and became greatly elaborated. In the first two stages they were sometimes made of oak, but in the latter stage they were made of hard pine, and still later of mahogany.

The newels, too, underwent a similar evolution. With the earliest type of enclosed stairs, (*Continued on page 116*)

Fight the Termite

An Immigrant Insect That Devours Houses

By
Francis E. Newton

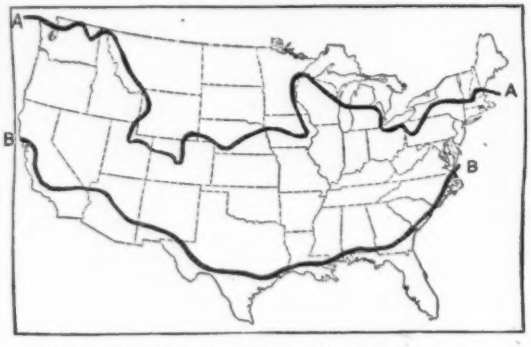
WHEN the average man has built his home and paid for it, or has his finances all lined up for the complete payment of the mortgage on it, he sits back to enjoy the consummation for which he has so diligently labored. He figures that except for keeping up the grounds and providing an occasional coat of paint, he has nothing to worry about. In former years this peace of mind was well grounded, but today, unless one has built with special care, using the latest structural and chemical precautions, he will find to his dismay that his home is being secretly torn asunder by one of the most industrious little insects known to man—the termite.

The termite is a small, dirty-white insect, sometimes erroneously called the "white ant." It is not an ant at all, although it is ant-like and lives in colonies. These colonies are composed of three distinct forms: (1) the egg, which is known as the nymph; (2) the mature members, which include the sterile workers and soldiers; (3) the various reproductive forms.

This harmless-looking insect, working unseen, has caused buildings to collapse

The eggs hatch out forming the mature members of the colony; namely, soldiers and sterile workers. The soldiers guard the colony from its enemies, chief of which is the true ant, which preys upon the termite colonies, eating the eggs as well as the termites themselves.

Many will undoubtedly say that the termite is merely the familiar old wood-louse which has been here for years, doing little harm except in old, rotting wood. Undoubtedly, the sudden turning of this insect upon buildings is due largely to deforestration, which has been rapidly taking place in recent years. This destroys the natural breeding places in dead trees, logs, and decaying stumps; as a result, it is necessary for the insects to find a new source of food and shelter. Therefore they are becoming more and more destructive to the woodwork of buildings, telephone poles, fence posts, and every other bit of wood and vegetation which comes in contact with the ground.



AA marks the northern limit of the soil-nesting type, and BB of the dry-wood, non-subterranean termite

The great danger of the termite lies in the manner in which it works its destruction. It eats and destroys only the inside of the wood, rarely coming to the surface, and as a result of this habit the building may be ruined before the work of the destroyer is discovered. The sills, joists, posts, and other timbers may appear to be perfectly sound and strong, but may be in reality mere shells.

An example of the rapid and damaging work of this never-tiring little worker is evidenced by the necessity of repairing many of the government buildings at Washington not many years ago. Much repairing was done, but as the methods at that time for the eradication of termites were not so far advanced as they are now, the work had to be renewed in a short while due to the termites which escaped notice at the first tear-out. Buildings in many cities of the country are now needing extensive repairs due to the eating away of the structural timbers. In one Southern city the collapse of a large building was said to be due entirely to the invasion of these insects.

Today the termite is better understood, and there are several Government-approved chemicals on the market for killing all forms of termite life in a building. They must be applied by a reliable expert, one who understands the habits of the termite, and who is able to apply the chemicals as directed either by the methods given here, or by other methods sanctioned and recommended by the Government.

The grayish-white, soft-bodied, wingless, sterile workers are really the destructive form. They tunnel out their runs in the timbers and provide the home for the other members of the colony. As the size of the colony increases, these workers extend the runs and shelter tubes, and live either in the wood itself or underground. They do not have the power of sight, and avoid the light. They remain inside the timbers, completely honeycoming them. They are capable of penetrating the hardest wood.

There are about two thousand species of the termite family found scattered throughout the world — some forty of them here in the United States. Although they exist throughout the whole country to a certain extent, the Southern half is by far the worse infested.

The termites found in this country are nearly all species of the subterranean families.

The subterranean termite nests in the earth as well as in trees, wood, and vegetable matter. This species always attacks from the ground. One of its chief necessities is access to moisture. Without moisture life is not possible. Every damp place available around or in the building is, or will be, a veritable (*Continued on page 150*)

Photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

If your "little gray home in the west" is in termite territory, protection from the insect such as is described in the article is necessary

Photograph by George H. Van Anda

That Extra Bath

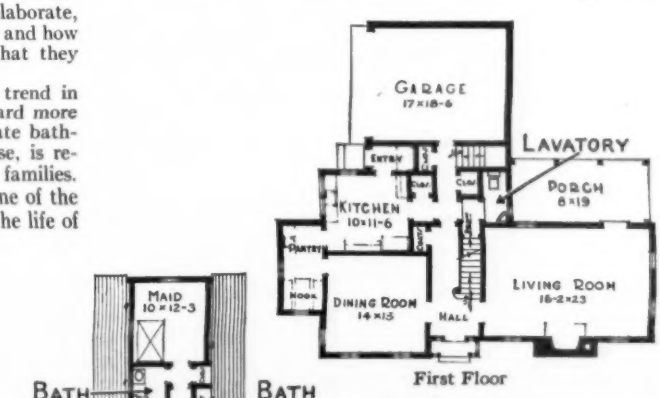
Plan for It When You Build

By George W. Alder

Consulting Engineer
Of Good Housekeeping Institute

WHEN you build a house you do so with one major purpose in view, and that is to have a home that fits the needs and the personality of your own family. Every detail of the house must be planned accordingly, and the bathroom facilities are no exception. Early in your planning you must give very careful thought to the question of bathrooms: How many, what size, how elaborate, or how simple are they to be, and how shall they be arranged so that they will be most convenient?

Without doubt a general trend in house building today is toward more bathrooms and more elaborate bathrooms. This trend, of course, is reflecting the habits of modern families. The bathroom has become one of the most important features in the life of the household. We not only want adequate facilities but we want privacy. Of course, a small family may get along with a minimum of bathrooms, especially if they do not entertain very much, but families have the habit of growing, and the demands on the facilities of any house usually increase as the family grows up. It is well to look ahead in planning your bathroom requirements even to the extent of having only the piping installed in a room that later may be used as an additional bath. However, it is usually cheaper to provide complete plumbing facilities when the house is first built than it is later, especially in the bathroom, where tiling is now so generally used. Even though an extra bath may not be so important today when you are building, try to anticipate what your future needs will be and plan accordingly.



First Floor

Second Floor

The bath facilities in this house are well arranged. The lavatory downstairs is well located, and the maid has her own room and bath in a separate wing. The main bedroom has its own bath, and another bathroom is easily reached from both of the smaller bedrooms

Almost every one building a new house feels that it will be the ultimate in comfort and will meet the requirements of the family for years to come. But conditions change and families change, and frequently it becomes necessary to build another house and to sell the old house. In such cases, the question as to whether or not the house is readily salable is an important one. I know of several houses that are on the market for resale in my own neighborhood. They are good-looking, well built, and quite comfortable, with one exception—they were built just long enough ago to have been ahead of the more-than-one-bathroom period, and it is for this reason and this alone that they are not readily salable. From now on it is going to be increasingly difficult to sell houses that do not have adequate bathroom facilities for the average family and for guests and the additions that every family is called upon to take care of at some time or another.

How will you solve the problem of how many bathrooms to provide and where to place them? Of course the ultimate in convenience contemplates the provision of a bathroom for each bedroom. Many of us, however, can not look forward to this luxury. We can have two baths in a house of three or four bedrooms, and by careful planning it is frequently possible to have one bathroom arranged to accommodate two adjoining bedrooms. Another possible solution to keep (*Continued on page 108*)

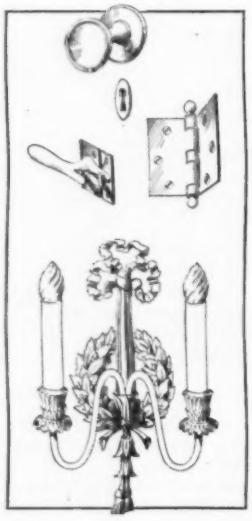
Good Housekeeping Studio

Builds A Paneled Dining Room in the Formal Manner of the French Provincial

Helen Koues, Director

THIS dignified and distinctive little dining room is the third of a series of rooms of the French Provincial type which the Studio has been building and has on exhibition in New York, Chicago, and Minneapolis. In the May GOOD HOUSEKEEPING we illustrated the exterior of the house in which these rooms would be appropriate, as well as the terrace, and the hall which the Studio built. On one side of the hall is the living room, illustrated in June, and on the other, this dining room.

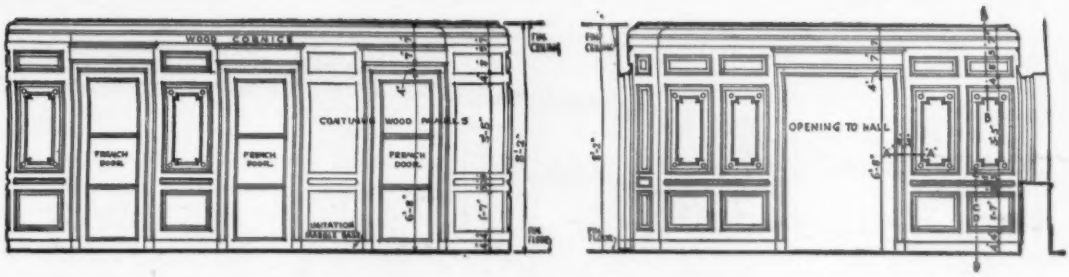
It is a delightful small room of formal character with a background of Pondosa pine finished in tawny brown, effective curtains of blue toile de Jouy on a light ground over gold-colored, rayon glass-curtains, and French Provincial furniture—a commode, a serving table, a dining table, and six armchairs! The chairs play a large part in the decoration, as well as in the comfort of the room, since they have seat and back covers made in true French Provincial style, and bring the color and pattern of the curtains to the center of the room where it is needed.



First, to consider the *type* of the room. It is a little later in period than the other two rooms (for the hall was so arranged that it amounted to an extra room), and distinctly more formal in character. In *scale*, however, it conforms to the moderate size of the other rooms, being 17′8″ x 12′6″ with an 8′2″ ceiling.

Many people think a paneled room involves great expense. It is more expensive than wallpaper or paint, but if you are a house owner, it becomes an investment, as there is no upkeep. Costs are all relative. Perhaps you would spend five hundred dollars for your dining-room furniture and two or three hundred more for curtains and rugs, and yet hesitate to spend eight hundred or a thousand for a permanent paneled background which would really make the room distinctive and show the furniture to advantage. On the other hand, you may spend fifteen hundred for a motor car.

Believing there are many people who would be interested in knowing that a room of this type can be built at moderate cost



The Studio's Work

The Studio offers special help in your decorating problems through the illustrated folios it publishes. These give you ideas for every room—color schemes, furniture, draperies, and floor coverings. At the right are listed a few titles which we hope you will find interesting and helpful:

Colorful Modern Bathrooms.....25c
Porches, Terraces and Sunrooms.....25c
Carpets, Rugs and Floor Finishes.....25c
Making the Most of a Nondescript Room...25c
A Typical Colonial Home (Dr. Shippen's)...25c
Furnishing a House for a Family of Five.....25c

To order address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

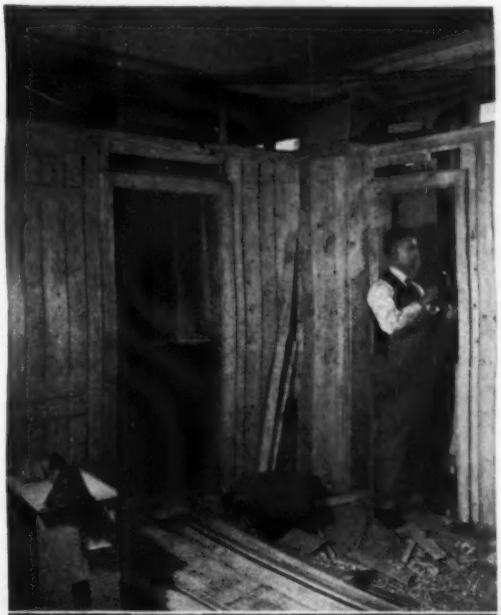
by a competent carpenter if he has the necessary instructions, we are showing this month two views of the operation of building in the Studio, as well as the floor plan, and elevations with measurements and details by the Studio's consultant architect, Henry Ives Cobb, Jr. A list of the specifications for the builder follow at the end of the article.

Pondosa pine was used: planks 8′x5¼″ nailed to 2″x4″ studding, with tongue and groove, lined the entire room instead of veneer panels. To give the paneled effect styles or strips 3½″ wide were then placed over the planks as shown in the upper illustration. These planks were then outlined with 1¾″ moldings. The interesting French feeling of the panels was given by another ¾″ applied molding and rosettes placed in each corner (see Section BB on page 235). Any competent carpenter could build such a room for approximately five to seven hundred dollars. The lumber would cost approximately two hundred, and the finishing one hundred. The Studio will be glad to send detailed directions for obtaining the antique color and finish described.

Having made this delightful Pondosa Pine background, finished in a tawny brown tone with a wax antique finish, a formal, dignified room was ready for furnishing. The floor plan shows the wall spaces broken by long French windows: two at the end opposite the door to the hall, and three opening to a terrace on one long side of the room. The other long side has a door to the pantry and a casement window.

Much of the charm of the room lies in its *color*. The toile de Jouy curtains and chair covers of china blue, with their attractive pattern, are a distinct feature.

As there are a number of windows, it was important that the curtains either be omitted altogether or become an important point in decorating—which they



did. Double curtains looped back in a formal manner were used in each of the French doors, hung on the frame of the door so that the door could stand open. The fact that the material used for the curtains was repeated in the chair covers in the center of the room brought a pleasant unity and also more color than is often found in a dining room.

Another color accent was given by the clear yellow pottery candlesticks and bowl on the serving table, and again in the other pair of candlesticks on the French commode.

The rug, of a much lighter shade of beige taupe than is generally used in this country, was necessary to give the French feeling; darker taupe would have been commonplace, whereas the lighter color gives the feeling of Aubusson and other French rugs.

The hardware used was selected to be in keeping with the cost and the type of the room. It is of cast brass in a dull finish. An illustration of the door-knob, keyhole escutcheon, butt, and casement window fastener is given on the opposite page. Below them is a drawing of one of the sidelights. These are of metal in an antique gold finish which blends with the soft brown tone of the paneled walls. The bowknot and wreath design is one of which the French are very fond.

A last word about the furniture: All the pieces are Louis XV in character; several are actual reproductions. For example, the commode is a copy of one in the Bodart Collection, and the chairs are similar to ones in the Honfleur Museum of Art Normand. The straight lines combined with graceful curves are typical. Beech is used for the commode and tables; the chairs are of maple; all have an antique beech finish.

Lumber list as follows: All material to be pine. Panels made up of 100 pcs. 8′ long, T. G. D4S 25/32″ x 5¼″ face moldings. (*Continued on page 235*)

Good Housekeeping Studio Cordially Invites You To Visit These Rooms Now On Exhibition At The John M. Smyth Store Chicago

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The New England Furniture & Carpet Co. Minneapolis

Cooperating With Us:

Pondosa Pine walls, Western Pine Mfrs. Ass'n, Floor, Oak Flooring Mfrs. Ass'n.; hardware, P.&F. Corbin; sidelights, G. E. Walter; glass curtains, H. B. Lehman-Connor; overdraperies & chair covers, F. Schumacher; rug, Mohawk Carpet Mills; furniture, Charlotte Furniture Co.; candlesticks, bowl, vase, figurines & compote, Carbone, Inc.; ivy stands, Mayhew Shop; bowl, Chas. Hall; screen, N. Y. Art Screen Co.; goblets, Corning Glass Works; china, Haviland Co.; silver, International Silver Co.; linen, Dante Gambinossi

In the picture of the dining room above, the commode, refectory table, and armchairs are seen. All of them are authentic copies of antique pieces from museums and private collections. The woods used are beech and maple with antique finish

The table, appropriately set, is at the left. Heavy Italian lace runners are used. Four figurines and a compote form the centerpiece. Blue and crystal goblets are used with yellow and blue bordered china. The flat silver has a simple pattern

The Formal Mood of the French Provincial

Table Appointments Both Correct and New

Sparkling crystal candelabras, goblets, and a matching compote from Lindemann & Zenishek lend formality to the 18th-century table setting at right. The flat silver is Rogers 1847 Plate in the Argosy pattern. Lace from Grande Maison de Blanc; English Bone dinner plates from Josiah Wedgwood & Sons

A charming Colonial table setting is illustrated below. The flat plated silver from Holmes & Edwards in the Charm pattern is attractive with the Tree of Life plates from Theo. Haviland & Co., and the clear green glass from Fostoria Glass Co. Cream-colored hemstitched linen from Jas. McCutcheon & Co.

CREATING a charming, harmonious table setting is an art in itself, and one which many people never trouble to master. It consists of knowing and selecting table appointments which harmonize with each other and with the room in which they appear.

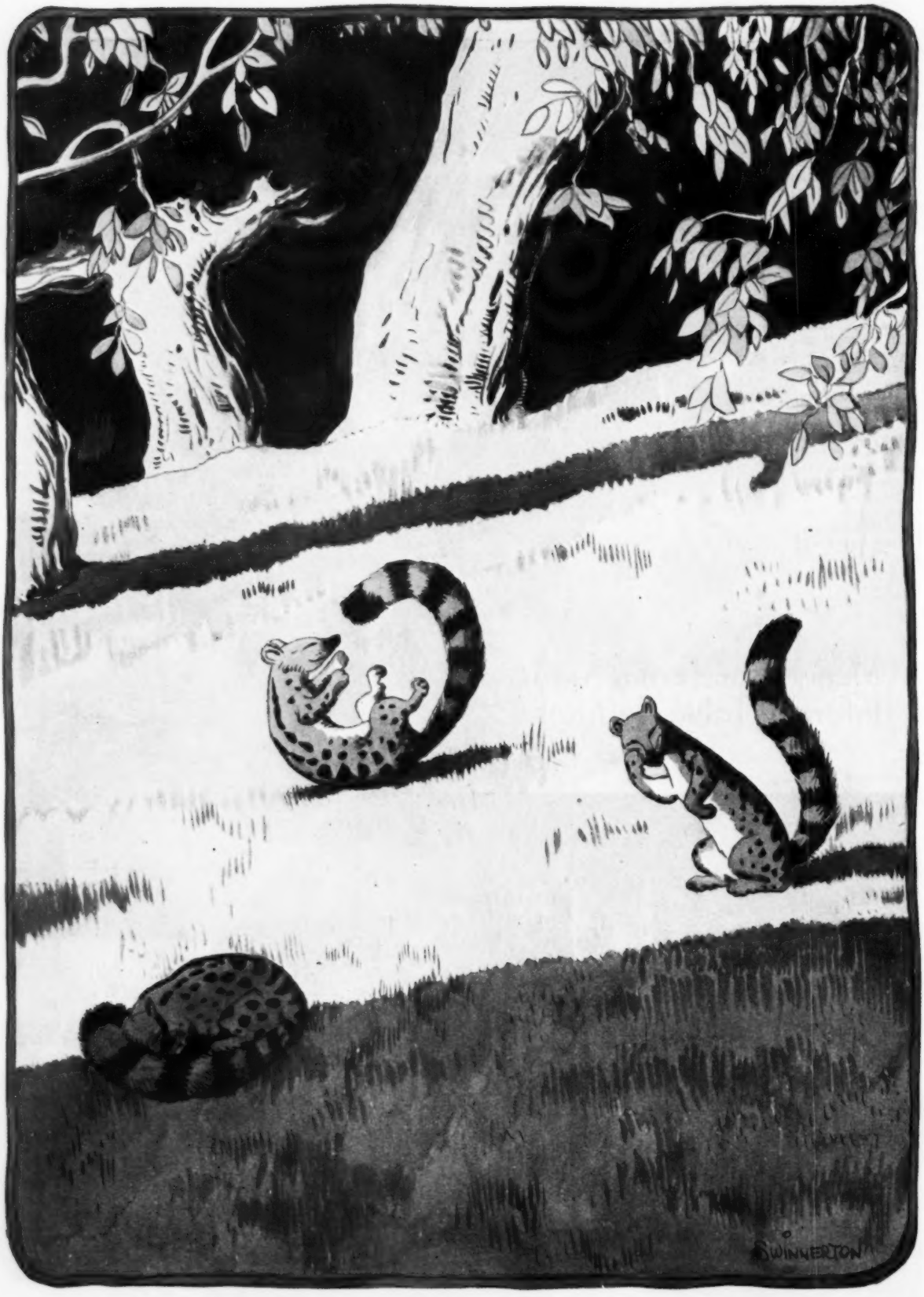
Once you have familiarized yourself with the characteristics of different periods, you are ready to take certain liberties with your knowledge. For example, in the picture above, the crystal candelabra are distinctly eighteenth-century in character. They are used here, however, with lace runners, although in that period damask was universally used. Lace, however, is quite as formal as crystal and is perfectly suitable with it.

At the left is shown a Colonial dining room with a simple type of table arrangement which is in harmony with the furniture and background. At the top of the opposite page a table is set in the modernistic feeling, although both silver and linen would be suitable for the average formal table. The center picture shows the corner of a table in a summer cottage or camp. All the appointments are practical and durable, yet colorful and gay. At the bottom of the opposite page the graceful candlesticks—*copies of old ones*—flank a silver flower bowl; the simplicity and dignity of this table are further enhanced by lovely damask and fine china.

Simplicity and formality are combined in the Lady Diana sterling flat silver and candelabras from Towle Silversmiths, at the right. Mirrors, crystal tree, silver storks, goblets, modernistic ivory plates and damask cloth and napkins from Stern Bros. The plated flat silver in the center picture comes from Oneida Community, Ltd. Yellow pottery plates and candlesticks from Fulper Pottery Co. Glasses from Fostoria Glass Co. Linen from Erskine Beveridge. Pottery bowl from Kay & Ellinger

Modernistic, Formal, and Informal Table Settings

The lovely, sterling silver candlesticks, flower bowl, salts and peppers, and flat silver used in the semi-formal table setting at the left come from The Gorham Co. China with blue and rose border from Haviland Co. Linen damask in small design from Irish & Scottish Linen & Damask Guild. Crystal goblets, Corning Glass Works



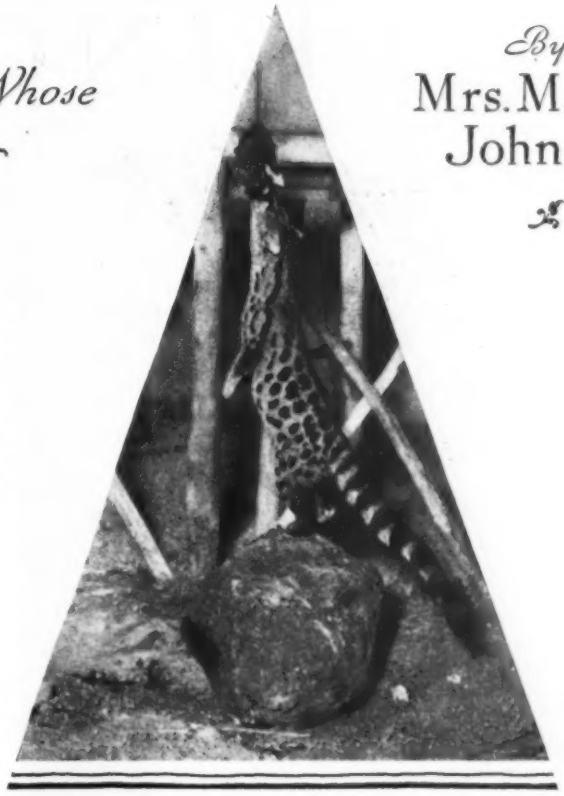
ONE of the little genet cats yawned and began to polish its soft, smooth coat with tongue and fore-paw. Another rolled over on its back and tried to catch its tail. They were mere kittens out for a sun bath

Drawing by
James Swinnerton

CHUA KIDOGO

The Little Spotted Jungle Cat Whose Tail is as Long As Himself

By Mrs. Martin Johnson



CHUA is a Swahili word meaning leopard. Kidogo means small. Because the genet cat is spotted very much like a leopard the natives call it Chua Kidogo.

He is mostly a forest animal and has markings as beautiful as those of the leopard. His tail is bushy and long, and his body is long with short legs. In weight he is about the size of a common house cat. He is very easily tamed, but is a consistent little thief, for no matter how well fed he is, he will steal eggs and kill chickens just for the fun of it.

These little animals sleep curled up in a ball during the day and roam about at night.

WHEN the African sun spreads its white blaze over the land there is no place in the world so kind and sheltering as the forest that surrounds our beautiful Lake Paradise. When we are homeward bound from the parching bush, the age-old trees wave a welcome to us. They send forth a promise of protection in their wide, cool depths that speeds our footsteps along the burning trail.

Martin and I were returning from a trying day on the plains when we found our little pet, Chua Kidogo. We had been out in the terrible blaze for hours, seeking pictures of savage beasts. The sun rode high that day, without a cloud to dull its rays. The sky was clear and blue. A deluge of hot, dry air poured from the heavens.

It had been a weary trek. The sun kept boring down upon us with relentless cruelty. The air was so hot and dry that it absorbed the perspiration from my skin. I could almost see the foliage curling up and dying on the bushes. I dared not touch the barrel of my rifle for fear of getting burned.

The forest sent out a cooling breeze to greet us. As we stepped into its kindly depths, the sensation was that of a mother's hand caressing a fevered brow. Tops of the mighty trees entwined their sturdy limbs about each other, forming a roof that even the mighty sun could not pierce. The air was cool and refreshing, savored with the odor of flowers and leaves and healthy woodland plants.

Martin and I led the black boys to the foot of an ancient tree where the white heat could not find us. There we dropped our gear and sprawled upon the ground, grateful for the relief of the friendly woods.

After a brief rest we continued on our way, enjoying the pleasant stroll through the shade. We were almost home when the sharp eye of Mogo, one of our black boys, caught sight of three young genet cats bathing in the light that filtered through tree leaves in a sparsely sheltered spot.

He directed our attention to them, and we stopped. I saw what first appeared to be three bits of fur, spotted with black and white. The animals were mere kittens out for a sun bath and enjoying it with that calm, sleepy pleasure so characteristic of the cat.

As I looked, one of them yawned, stretching his little head dreamily upward. Then he began to polish his soft, smooth coat with his tongue and forepaw. Another of the kittens rolled over on its back and tried to catch its tail. The third just slept.

I fell in love with the tiny creatures immediately and wanted one of them. We had the black boys surround the glade in which they were loafing so pleasantly. Slowly the boys approached the cats and then made a rush upon them.

Two of them got away, but one of the boys made a lucky grab and caught the smallest one by the scruff of the neck. The poor little fellow was frightened out of his wits. He snarled and stabbed the black boy with a sharp claw. Martin tossed a cloth about him, however, and after a few brief struggles he remained quiet as we carried him home.

Our home at Lake Paradise is a house we built when we became enamoured with that most alluring spot in Africa. After we reached it, we placed our captive in a box covered with slats of wood. I felt sorry for the kitten. He crouched in a corner, arched his back, and made a hissing noise. Such a pathetic and helpless little fighter! The hair on his back and long ringed tail stood out. He possessed the courage of desperation.

We placed meat in the box, but he would not eat it. We gave him water, but he would not drink. The next morning I went out early to see him. Fear still gripped his heart, and he cowered in a corner. I talked to him gently for a long time, but seemingly made no impression.

For two days our Chua Kidogo would not eat or drink water. On the third day thirst overcame his terror. One of the boys placed a tin containing milk in the box. We watched from a distance. Chua could not resist the temptation. He began to lap up the milk hungrily, and soon the pan was empty. Then we gave him a piece of meat, and he ate it.

The following day the little animal permitted me to rub his head and run my fingers behind his ears. Gradually he became friendly and began to watch for my visits. I would put my hand through the slats on the box, and Chua would walk back and forth, smoothing his fur against it. He liked the milk and bits of meat we gave him. Soon his fear disappeared.

After keeping Chua in the box for two weeks, I picked (*Continued on page 185*)

CABBAGES AND KINGS

A Murder Mystery with a Clue That is Safely Hidden Because It is So Obvious

THERE had come a lull in the shooting at our blind, when all at once from behind us there was a silken whistling of swift wings, and a big bull-mallard whizzed by. Thorne grabbed up his automatic and made a quick shot, and that large passer-by came slanting down among the decoys. Thorne waded out and fetched the prize in and dumped him with the rest of our bag.

"We kind of stole that baby, didn't we?" he said as he sat down again alongside me.

"We? You flatter me."

"Anyhow he's ours." He retamped his pipe. "Say, tell me," he said, "did I ever tell you about the Doctor Trout murder case?"

"No," I said, "but you're going to, I can see that. Whatever put the Whatyoumaycallem murder into your mind?"

"Old Mr. Green-head here did—in a way of speaking."

"Was there a dead duck or a load of duckshot or something else duckish mixed up in the thing then?"

"No, it wasn't that way at all. Say, did you ever stop to think how one thing reminds you of another thing, and that thing of something else, and so on until in about a minute you're a million miles away from where you started? And you stop and wonder how the dickens that particular subject came to hop into your mind? But if you'll only look back, you'll see how it's all part of an unbroken chain—one link tied to another and each one suggesting something else that's more or less vaguely related to it. The Walrus in 'Alice in Wonderland' wasn't so daffy when he said the time had come to talk of shoes and ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings. Why wouldn't cabbages bring up kings if there was a connection somewhere? Now you take this fat drake. While he was still falling, I said to myself he ought to make a lovely meal for somebody, but wasn't it a pity that guide's wife of ours didn't know how to cook a duck decently but must always fry him good and hard? And that made me think of the way a good French chef can fix up a duck so he'll just naturally get up off the platter and fly down your throat; and I said to myself wasn't it a pity our country people couldn't handle food the way those French peasants can? And that reminded me of some of the bad cooking I'd run into when I was with the A. E. F.; and that brought up field-kitchens at the front; and that brought up what I saw a shell do once to one of our field-kitchens; and that brought up something that I took, that time, off a dead soldier—or what was left of him; and that brought up the Trout murder case, and there you are!"

"Well," I said, "go on with the tale, because that's where you're heading for. I'm one of those rarely gifted geniuses who can listen with one eye and watch the heavens for stray birds with the other."

"You're darned tooting that's where I'm headed for," he agreed.

I may say right here that this friend of mine, Dan Thorne, is a rare species. He's an educated man who deliberately chose to be a policeman; not that all policemen are uneducated men, because to claim that would be claiming what's untrue. But

Copyright, 1930, by Irvin S. Cobb

It was easy to figure that the shot had been fired from somewhere on a steep little hill which rose on the far side of the street and faced the county square

By

IRVIN S. COBB

Illustrated by
William Meade Prince

here, understand, was a man who, having no need for the money he might earn at the calling, and belonging to a family whose male members were professional men if they weren't business men or planters, elected to join a city police force when he came out of the University of Virginia.

He was an ordinary patrolman at first, but he didn't stay an ordinary patrolman long. His chief discovered he had natural aptitude along certain trends, and took the youngster out of uniform and put plain clothes on him, and pretty soon the boy was making better than a local name for himself as a detective. Before we got into the War he took a leave of absence and entered an officers' training-camp, and when the break came he had his commission and went overseas as a captain. His inclinations were for service in the line, but with his schooling the Military Intelligence section was plainly indicated for him, and, for a wonder, a man especially fitted for a particular job was given that job by those little tin gods on wheels who spent so many congenial hours trying to fit the round peg into the square hole.

After the mess was ended he came home, limping a trifle—a machine-gun bullet bored his knee three days before Armistice—and since then he had been rather at loose ends for regular occupation, with plenty of money to spend, an uncle having died and left him a handsome estate. But in the open season on wild fowl he gunned pretty steadily, for to him no call was so strong as the call of the marshes. This was the second fall for the two of us, shooting together down in the Gulf country; and out of his store of experience I already had heard yarns which were worth listening to and, some of them, useful for fabrication into copy. Now, when he showed signs of getting set to tell a tale, my inner ears twitched, even though I might pretend to be only mildly interested.

He made his pipe draw and was off: "That Trout killing, now," he said, "that was one killing that I managed to untangle and clean up all by my little self, and then just kept my trap closed and let the party that had done the killing get away with it, so that the only credit I got out of it was out of my own conscience. I figure it might not have been exactly ethical for me to do that; that is, it wouldn't if I'd still been a regular cop working for wages and bound by an oath. But as a free lance, which I was—well, anyhow, I'll let you say when I'm through whether I did the right thing.

"It happened about a year and a half after I got back from the other side. By then my leg was as good as it's ever going to be. I'd had a couple of operations and a

lot of treatment, but it was evident the joint would always be stiff. Fussing around with hospitals and specialists had given me occupation for a spell, but now I was restless and inclined to drift with the current.

"I thought of going into the government secret service—they offered me a berth—but I passed that up after going up to Washington and talking it over with the head of the bureau. Then I went on to New York for awhile. On the way back home I stopped over in Chattanooga for a day or so with an old classmate of mine who'd been shot and gassed during the St. Mihiel drive and was in bad shape.

"On my second morning there I was knocking about downtown and ran into a fellow I'd known ever since the old days—Fred Gaither was his name, and he came from Baltimore originally. He had been a Burns operative once. Now, he told me, he'd opened up shop as a private detective here.

"He asked me what I was doing, and I said I wasn't doing anything in particular and found it rather a tiresome job. As I said that, I saw a kind of light come into his eyes, and he asked me if I had ten minutes to spare. I told him yes—ten minutes or ten days or ten months, so far as that went.

" 'Great,' he said. 'Come along with me then. My office is right upstairs here.'

"So when we got up there, he said:

" 'Dan, I've got something that's right down your street—a murder case with some mighty unusual features to it. I've been working on it myself; had a couple of my best men working on it, too, and we've got nowhere. Now,' he says, 'there's a nice juicy reward posted—five hundred offered by the state and a thousand more that the widow of the man who was killed added on. If you care to tackle it and can run down the guilty party, whoever he is, I'll make any sort of deal about the money end that's agreeable to you, except that I'd like to see this agency get the glory. It's the case of a certain Dr. Adrian Trout, who was assassinated up here in the mountains not far from the Kentucky line at Uniondale. Maybe you read something about it?'

"I had—a dispatch in a Washington paper. 'But that was three or four weeks ago,' I said. 'The trail's cold by now.'

" 'No colder than it was from the beginning,' he says. 'This trail was born cold and hasn't warmed up since. I'll be honest with you,' he says; 'this is a tough puzzle, this Trout killing. But I'll stand all expenses, and if you come through with it you can have the whole fifteen hundred, or, if you want to split on any sort of basis, just name the terms, and I'm agreeable to whatever you say.'

" 'I don't require expenses, and I don't need the money,' I said.

" 'Well, I do,' he says. 'I've just started up on my own hook, and expenses have been heavy, and business is still slow, although I've picked up one or two accounts—banks and business houses—that bring in something. But what this concern of mine needs more than anything else to make it go is a reputation. And if somebody on my staff cleared up this killing after the local people and the imported investigators, including myself, have fallen down, why, the free advertising we'd get here would be worth a lot to me personally. Won't you join in with me, Dan,' he says, 'for old times' sake? Besides,' he says, 'you might get a big kick out of it.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'if you put it that way—'

" 'I do put it that way,' he says.

"And with that he began hauling records and reports and newspaper clippings and what-not out of a filing cabinet.

"Well, the upshot was that I got steamed up and spent the morning going over the stuff and discussing the different angles of it with Fred Gaither, and the next day I was on my way with him in his car into the mountains northeast of Chattanooga. Where the decent highway ended I left him, and he turned back—it had been agreed that I should handle the thing by myself—and I hired a buckboard and rode the last eighteen miles into this little town of Uniondale over one of the worst apologies for a road on God's green earth. You couldn't get in there by rail or anywhere near it by rail. It's a county-seat, but it's tucked away there in the knobs miles from anywhere—a typical mountain town, one of the few that are left just as they were before the automobiles came—and it's populated by typical mountain people. You know the type, being from Kentucky yourself.

"I got there about dark and put up at the leading hotel. It had to be the leading hotel because it was the only one. You've guessed it—about eight guest-rooms, and you carry up your own ice-water and towels—if you can find any towels—and they have pink waterproof soap, and they call it the Fifth Avenue or the Grand. They called this one the Grand.

"I didn't pretend to be a canvasser taking orders for crayon portraits or a timber-cruiser or a solicitor getting subscriptions for some farm magazine—that's old stuff and doesn't get you anywhere either. I didn't pretend to be anything but what I was, and so the first thing I did after I'd taken a bath in a wash-basin and eaten supper with everything fried except the coffee—and it might have been improved if they'd fried it—was to go out and hunt up the sheriff and the coroner and the county attorney, and lay my cards on the table and tell them frankly who I represented. In a way, I spoke the same language they spoke, and in another way I didn't—we were all of us native Tennesseans, but they were mountaineers, and I was a lowlander. Anyhow I told 'em what I was there for, and of course inside of fifteen minutes the news must have been all over the place.

"Probably I'd better give you a sort of picture of the case, the way it stood when I got there. This murdered man, Dr. Adrian Trout, had been born and raised in the county on a creek with the interesting name of Stubtoe Creek. His people must have been more prosperous than the run of their neighbors, because they'd been able to send him off to medical college, and after he'd graduated he came back and opened up for practice amongst his own folks. If you stirred up the undercurrents of popular opinion, it didn't take you very long to find out he'd never been exactly popular, either as a young hill-billy growing up or as a citizen. For one thing his general disposition was against him—he was inclined to be dictatorial and overbearing and stuck-up over the fact that he'd had an education—and besides, his reputation for running after women wasn't as good as it might be. Then, in '17 he'd served as medical examiner for the local draft board, and that wasn't calculated to make friends for him—up there in the knobs they didn't look very kindly on the draft. France was an awful long distance off to those people.

"Even so, it didn't appear that he'd had any real outspoken enemies. His family never had been mixed up in any of the old feuds; fact was, this particular county never had a feud in it. There was no record that he'd ever been in a serious fight or been threatened by any one. He just wasn't trusted, that was all, and he never had been liked in the community. But you'd say that not being liked was no reason why anybody should want to bump him off and wait months or years for the chance to do it.

"Well, be that as it may, while the war was still on, or about the time it ended, he up and married a well-to-do widow from near Nashville, a woman considerably older than he was. He must have been about thirty-five then. And he moved down to the town where she lived, and never once came back again until four days before he was killed.

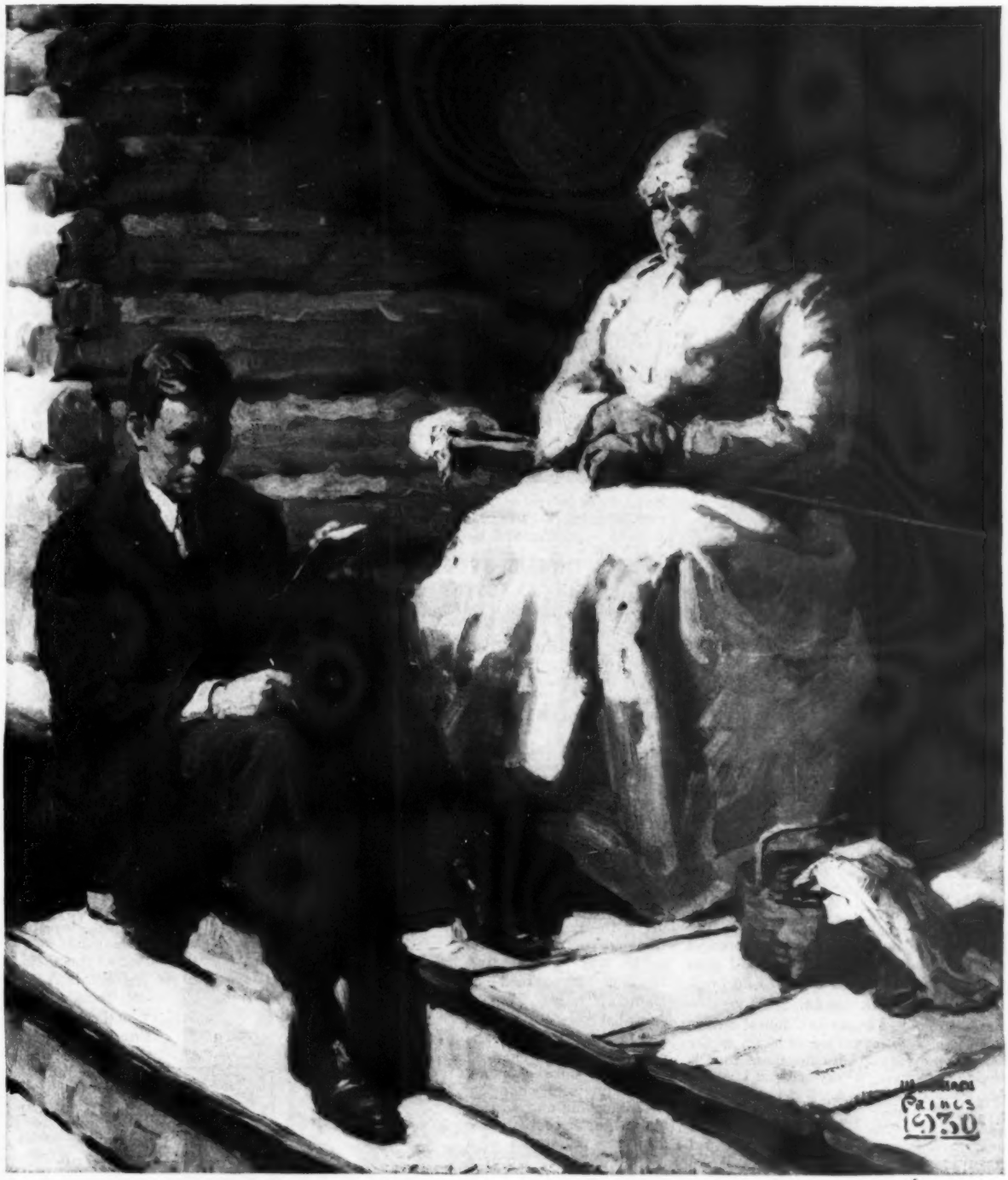
"He came back on account of some legal formalities in connection with the settling up of a little scrap of an estate in which he had an interest. It would seem he did quite a bit of strutting up and down the main street, which was almost the only street worth a name. He was showing

A MOUNTAIN GRAVE

By Archibald Rutledge

I CAME upon a cabin in the hills
Long since deserted, and was passing by
When a rude headstone caught my vagrant eye,
And stilled me as all sudden pathos stills.
A sandstone mountain-boulder marked the grave,
And on it had been painted with red paint,
OUR DARLING . . .
Weather-worn and sprawled and faint,
The letters still their radiant message gave.

THEN over me, the sleeping hills around,
And this child sleeping near me as I stood,
There came a sense of peace and joy profound
To find love's altar in dim solitude . . .
Nor is there a memorial that affords
A tribute deeper than those poignant words.



"My full entitled name is Melissa Remembrance Johnson," she said. I almost fell off that little porch. It was a name that fairly jumped at me out of the back part of my brain

off his city-made clothes and his affluence and his importance. Well, on the fourth day, shortly after dinner-time, which would make it about one-thirty o'clock in the afternoon, he went to the county-clerk's office, which was in the fore part of the little courthouse, to get a copy of a certain transcript. The clerk hadn't quite finished copying it—they kept most of their records in longhand up there—and Trout told him he'd go outside, it being cooler out there than it was inside, and wait until the job was done. He was aiming to leave that same day.

"Well, according to the clerk, it couldn't have been more than two minutes after that when he heard a gun crack somewhere close at hand and heard a thump and a sort of scuffling sound at the front entrance. He dropped what he was doing and ran out. Trout was lying sprawled in the doorway. He'd been shot in front, right through the heart. He was dead by the time the clerk got to him. There was nobody in sight—on a warm day in a little country town people are not apt to stir about much for an hour or so after midday; you know that without my telling you. The clerk looked up and down, and he said that for an appreciable space, before people who'd heard the report began to rush outdoors, the little square and the street in front of it were absolutely deserted. If there was any eyewitness to the killing, nobody ever found him or her.

"Immediately, (*Continued on page 230*)

Rex Beach in 1913, about the time he was writing "The Ne'er-do-Well"

©Harris

Rex Beach today, with the ruggedness of his stories written into his features

©Pirie MacDonald

OUR OWN FOUR WALLS

Gather In for You the Story Behind the Stories That Are Coming

WORKING THE BEACH

The human side of Fifth Avenue's shops is yard-wide fiction fabric for Claudia Cranston

HERE'S a chatty hop-skip-and-jump through the colorful background of Rex Beach, whose unique story, "The Little Man of St. Roch's," will appear in this magazine next month. Rex, as you'll see, has the rare blessing of taking himself not too seriously.

"I was born in 1877. My folks lived on a farm among the chilblains of Michigan . . . Well, we got to Florida, engaged in the business of growing oranges and sending Rex to school . . . So I went to Chicago to study law—all to no avail.

"Next I went to Alaska. Yes, yes—— a-seeking gold. I found two honest men in the whole country. One of them is my partner now in a claim up there that is paying us money every year. I forget who the other man was. But I went broke . . . After I had stevedored freight into Alaska, I mined zinc in Missouri . . . I took a coal-dredge to Nome to see if I could not work the beach. I found that I couldn't . . .

"Finally I came back to Chicago to engage in the brick industry . . . Then a friend of mine put me wise to a perfect mint of money that was going to waste in the author business. It looked easy. So I sat down and manhandled a piece about Alaska. I sent it to one of the big New York magazines, thinking to start it at the top and let it work down by the natural law of gravitation. But the big magazine took it. I rented a blank office in the Chicago Fine Arts Building and wrote 'The Looting of Alaska.' Then I started 'The Spoilers.' Also a nice batch of short stories. In New York I sold the stuff right and left. I pulled in $5,000 to start with . . . But I am not a real author, I know. Therefore, whenever I can't stand it any longer, I go up to Alaska and hunt bear."

INSIDE STUFF

MARGARET SANGSTER, the writer, was talking about this and that with her manicurist.

The manicurist: "There are some swell stories running in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING about the people in a Fifth Avenue shop. They're so *real!* How can an author know the facts like that? You'd think she worked there herself."

Let's ask Claudia Cranston, the author —once a member of our own editorial staff— to tell something of her personal story.

"What small money was in the Cranston family after the Civil War, my grandfather lost running a newspaper. One of my earliest memories is of his telling me that 'printer's ink is the most important thing in the world.' And as he was at that time teaching me to read—on Dante's Divine Comedy and Shakespeare's Plays—I could see that he was right. Nor have I changed my mind since changing my reading somewhat.

"Liking life and writing about life, of course I like my series of stories of a New York shop. For a number of years I wrote advertising in a fashionable shop, and I certainly never was bored there. I lived the ups and downs of it. I know everything about a shop, not only mentally 'by memory,' as I was compelled to learn Bach, but also 'by heart,' as I loved to learn Dixie. And I have found a shop to be a place full of emotion at high tide, full of human hopes and disasters and strengths and weaknesses. A place full of genius and genuineness."

Her story next month is called "Lady's Own Goods." What can that mean?

Wouldn't you like to be the person Nanette Kutner is interviewing? Her own nurse suggested the idea of her coming story

A CAN'T-SIT-STILL GIRL

"AM A hick from Manhattan," Nanette Kutner admits. "Until three years ago was never outside of New York City. At seventeen ran away from school and got myself a job in the editorial department of a confessional magazine. Had to read seventy-five 'true' stories a day. Even wrote one myself. It was titled, 'The Heart of a Wife'!

"From there jumped to stunt assignments for various spectacular periodicals. A typical week's work would consist of an interview with a movie sheik broadcast *via* radio, a series of 'instructive' articles, and the writing of at least one vaudeville act or night-club revue. Wrote lyrics that were used—not paid for.

"Next became press agent for George White's

Two Noted Authors Next Month on a List of More Than 40 Items

RING LARDNER - REX BEACH

productions. At that time I was the only girl handling a revue on Broadway. Took a try at the movies. Did titles for several shorts.

"Was stricken with the measles, and while convalescing wrote my first short story; sold it along with a second to *McClure's*. Then celebrated my twenty-first birthday by having a tale published in *Cosmopolitan*. 'Nanny's Baby,' will be the fourth story to appear in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

"Can not sit still long enough to take writing seriously. Am too busy living. Love advertising, and it usually sidetracks me from doing fiction. Only write when I want the price of a new dress. Am crazy about clothes. That's where all my money goes.

"Women dislike me because I eat all the time and never grow fat. Am not athletic. The only horse I ever rode is on a carousel. Have exactly one hobby—falling in love. Do this three times a year, winter, spring, and fall."

Konrad Bercovici will offer a thrilling tale of gypsy life next month

CORNWELL'S TRIUMPH

FOR the first time in the history of painting, a magazine illustration has been hung in the sacrosanct galleries of the British Royal Academy. It is called "The Washing of His Feet," and it was painted for GOOD HOUSEKEEPING about two years ago by a young American artist whose reputation has spread over two continents—Dean Cornwell.

The London correspondent of Universal Service, in his cable to American newspapers upon the selection of the canvas, said this: "A storm of criticism has been raised, but protest is heard only in the studios of Chelsea and St. John's Wood from artists whose work was rejected."

This now famous Biblical painting from GOOD HOUSEKEEPING hangs in the British Royal Academy. Dean Cornwell, the artist, went to the Holy Land for his sketches

We find it hard to understand why comment should be made about a distinguished picture's lineage unless it be elated comment that the art of illustration has achieved so high a place. We join in the international congratulations to Dean Cornwell. Our readers will recall that more than a score of his full-color paintings of Biblical scenes have decorated these pages. Three of them have been hung in the National Academy of Design.

At present Mr. Cornwell is engaged upon his biggest work, the mural decoration of the Los Angeles Public Library. Sixteen huge panels, covering an area of 15,000 square feet, will dramatize the pageant of California's history. The artist has been at work on the murals for three years, and it will be another year-and-a-half before they are finished. The paintings will include three hundred figures, four times life size. Nothing on so elaborate a scale has been attempted since the days of Michelangelo.

WHAT ABOUT COUNTY JAILS?

LEGISLATORS the land over are worried about conditions in our jails. The big Federal prisons, where riot, fire, and bloodshed shocked the country, have received wide public attention, but there is one important unit in our prison system that passes almost unnoticed—the county jail.

Miss Helen Buckler, specialist in prison reform, brings us next month the result of her investigations into conditions in our county jails.

"I began reporting," Miss Buckler tells us, "on a local newspaper while still in college (the University of Illinois) and then, upon graduation, with the sublime recklessness of the inexperienced, I made myself a new hat out of something or other in my mother's piece box and came to New York City with money enough in my pocket to live two weeks.

"Beginner's luck held true, and I had a job on the *Nation* before the two weeks were up. It was while I was editorial assistant there that I first became interested in prison reform. Then I went to Europe to travel for several months with some friends. But when they were ready to come home, I was not. So I found a job and stayed two years. For a while I went three evenings a week to sit in the cold, damp caverns of the basement of the Louvre where, by dint of listening to three different courses in various periods of the history of art—a scramble that has never untangled in my mind—I turned my college French into a semblance of something useful, so that I was able to run a daily column on the *Paris Times*.

"After I came back to the States I wrote skits for a while for the radio, but printer's ink won out in the end and I shall never backslide again."

We assume that Helen Buckler's smile means the plane has just landed. But she's so air-friendly that maybe she smiles also before taking off

"MAY ROUSE the WOMEN of the COUNTRY"

Next month we print an article on county jails which, when read by one of the country's foremost criminologists, brought this letter: "Your article is as moderate and unsensational as any truthful picture of that medieval institution could be. I hope that the publication of the article in such an influential magazine as GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *may rouse the women of the country to do something to abate the scandal."*

George W. Kirchwey

WHAT Is It The MOM DOES?

Illustrated By Rose O'Neill

"I would so like to be rock'," said Secondina. "The bones inside of me they are so tired." Marigold's hand went out to her forehead

MARIGOLD BROWN took the lacing out of her middy and laced it in the worn-out shoe of little Tony DeAlysio.

"Oh, ain't it classy," he sighed pridefully.

Marigold was teacher of "physical ed" and handicraft here at the Globeville Neighborhood House. But she was more than that. She was washer behind ears, spiritual advisor, sewer on of buttons, and husher of profanity.

The Saturday swimming class was just over, and because one towel to each wet head was scarcely sufficient, they all, Marigold included, shook their heads like water spaniels. At the piano the placid-faced Selma Lingenfelter, whose father was the butcher at the Globe Merc, thumped out Lesson Number XV.

"Don't pound so hard," said Marigold Brown. "You should play a lullaby soft and low."

Little Secondina DeAlysio plucked at her elbow. It seemed to Marigold that those grimy little fingers had been plucking at her elbow all day.

"What is it—a lullaby, Mr. Gold?" (Secondina's hurrying tongue was responsible for the title by which Marigold was known throughout Globeville—"Mr.Gold.")

Unconsciously Marigold's hand went out to Secondina's forehead. Partly to push back the whacked-off black hair, partly to see if it felt as a child's forehead should feel.

"Why, a lullaby"— it did feel hot —"is a song mothers sing to put their babies to sleep. Didn't you ever see a baby when you rock and sing to it? Its eyes get heavier and heavier—"

Again those pleading fingers touched her arm. "I would so like to be rock', Mr. Gold," said Secondina. "The bones inside of me they are so tired."

Marigold scooped her up in her arms. You could no more resist the wilted appeal of Secondina than you could pass a flower bent down by a bullying wind.

"Maybe the Big Doc should give her some pills," said Angelo DeAlysio.

The Big Doc. Underneath Marigold's crumpled blouse her heart swelled like the basketball bladder she blew up—tighter and tighter. Farther down the street, past the Globe Merc, past the shoe repair shop, was the office of the Big Doc. Through the dingy Globeville dust she could see the electric light shining on his sign, "Dr. Fitzhugh Darrow." Oh, Marigold could see it all! The curlicue pattern of the linoleum, the squat bottles on top of the desk, the lop-sided swivel chair. And the man in the swivel chair. That boyish, exasperated grin of his.

"But hell's bells, how could she expect the pills to cure her back when she got up and chopped wood?"

Marigold Brown—Secondina's Mr. Gold—thought of him when she said her morning prayers, watched for him when she dispensed milk at noon, and the evenings—well, he might drop over to ask about Angelo's cut hand or Mickey's spells. But all this she tucked away diligently lest any one suspect. Least of all the doc himself. Didn't all Globeville know about the Big Doc's girl? Rita Meadows drove out to see him in a roadster which cost more than a year's salary of the Neighborhood House teacher.

Secondina often said, "My God, ain't it a keen car, Mr. Gold?"

Rita Meadows was so carelessly sure of herself, of life, of the Big Doc.

"Selma, play that piece softer and slower," reproved Marigold with the nagging weariness the vision of Rita Meadows always left her, "and I'll sing to Secondina while I rock her. Keep on drying your hair, children. Who didn't hang up his swimming suit? Slower yet, Selma—

" 'Sleep, baby, sleep—' " Marigold sang.

Secondina drooped against her Mr. Gold. Yes, a wilted flower, her petal cheeks pale.

"Does your head ache, Secondina?"

"The forehead does hurt."

"It is the *salsizza* she ate," said Rose DeAlysio, "and it was very, very hot with red peppers. Old Felicia," Rosa nodded toward the old woman who swished a mop over the shower rooms, "makes the *salsizza* for us all. That Secondina has such a funny stomach."

"Sing it—the sleep song," smiled up Secondina, "and, Mr. Gold, will you tell Tony he should not chew his sailor tie?"

A Little Lullaby that Ended in Love's Old Sweet Song

By Lenora Mattingly Weber

Since the advent of little Violet in the DeAlysio family six weeks ago, Secondina had taken under her small wing the four-year-old Tony. She often stopped Marigold with a grave request,

"Mr. Gold, I do need a safety pin so very bad or Tony's pants will not stay by the waist."

Mr. Gold set her mind at ease, sang on,

" 'Thy father guards the sheep—' "

"What is it, the sheep?"

"Why, a sheep is a white animal that eats grass."

"You mean a goat," suggested Angelo. "Some goats are white."

"It's something like a goat. Now keep still while I sing:

" 'Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father guards the sheep.
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
That happy dreams may fall on thee.' "

Secondina's drooping eyes opened wide. "What is it the mom does? Say it again."

"She shakes the dreamland tree. It's a tree with soft little dreams like clusters of white flowers."

"Like the tree in Lingenfelter's back yard, and when the wind blows they fall down," filled in Secondina.

"Yes, and they touch your eyes so very softly that you smile. Even when you are asleep, the happy dreams are soft like a blanket about you."

Secondina slept.

It was dusk in the recreation room. "Your melting pot," the Big Doc called it. Wops, Hunks, Specks, Lankys, and the one thrifty family of Lingenfelters with their only child, their primly painted house smirking complacently at the other despairing little houses bleak against the black smelter soil.

A bit of spring whispered through the open window. Yes, the last time Rita Meadows had driven out to see the Big Doc she had worn a cream knitted costume and green sandals, a green cigarette holder. But how long would a cream knitted dress last in the constant black breath of Globeville?

Marigold carried the drowsy Secondina out and crowded her into her second-hand car with the rest of the DeAlysios. A wind blustered about the uphill, downhill streets. Heavily laden it was with an acrid dust, a greasy smell of suppers, a shrieking of mothers for their children, a clink of empty lunch-buckets.

Marigold stopped at the DeAlysios'. Like Tony's pants, there was a question as to whether or not the sagging porch would stay by the house. In the front yard a goat, shortly tethered, stared longingly at Pop's new pepper plants.

In the kitchen Mom DeAlysio, with the ease of long practice, dangled the six-weeks Violet on her hip. She flopped the sputtering *salsizza* in the skillet. Showing through the brown skin of it were chunks of red pepper, black spices. A coffee pot gave forth a strong, stale aroma.

"Secondina is not very well, Mrs. DeAlysio," said Marigold.

"She runs her fool head off—that keed. She will be better when she drinks a little coffee and eats something hot."

"If she just had a little milk," ventured Marigold, "or maybe a soft-boiled egg would be better for her than spaghetti or sausage."

The mom's eyes narrowed; her figure stiffened. Marigold was facing the age-old, maternal resentment against interference.

"Yes," said the mom politely, "and you? How many keeds have you raise to come and tell me how to raise mine? Yeh, how many keeds have you raise?"

Marigold was twenty-one. She had

Secondina stopped Marigold with a grave request, "Mr. Gold, I do need a safety pin so very bad or Tony's pants will not stay by the waist"

The Big Doc bent over the child in Marigold's
Mom was wailing: "She never sleeps sound like

scored 95 in Principles of Psychology, 94 in Ethics of Humanity in the welfare exams. But facing the sagging-breasted mother of the eight DeAlysios, Marigold in her plaited skirt, with her hair tousled and damp, felt ten more than twenty. She made a hurried exit.

Marigold stopped at the Big Doc's office.

"Why, if it isn't our Mr. Gold!" he said. "I was just wishing I'd see you."

Again that heart of hers started its inflation like the basketball bladder, crowded clear up in her throat. The lamp on his desk cast an egg-shaped arc on the linoleum, touched a little of Marigold Brown standing there.

"Your little Secondina isn't so far wrong," he said. "That light on your hair makes a thread or two of it like gold; not new yellow gold, but this old stuff."

Marigold laughed, and the lump in her throat softened, slid down. "At home they always called me 'Goldie.' I was so afraid it would leak out in college, but now—now that I'm so far away from home—sometimes I get sort of homesick to hear it. So I've never corrected my little heathens for calling me 'Mr. Gold'."

"Don't. I've got a dark secret, too. My grandmother used to call me 'Hughie,' and—sometimes I'd like to hear it. Rita calls me 'Fitzhugh,' and that crowd she runs with—you know, I can't cotton to that crowd—calls me 'Fitzie'."

"They would," said something inside Marigold, for she remembered their flippancy, their insolence.

She said, "I like Hughie." She repeated it to herself, "Hughie." She could imagine his grandmother calling to him,

"Hughie, don't forget your prayers."

"You'll always be the Big Doc out here," she said.

The Big Doc's eyes, which had been uneasy when he mentioned Rita and the crowd he couldn't cotton to, lighted.

"My grandad was a doctor. Oh, I guess he wasn't so much as doctors go nowdays. No secretary to take down your life history before you got a look at him. But plenty of heart histories were poured into his ears. He rode around in a buggy, and I used to go with him. Sometimes I'd go into the house with him. Say, have you ever noticed that breathlessness of a house waiting for a doctor? There's something about people needing you that sure gets you, sort of goes to your head. That's why— Well, you know Rita's father, Dr. Aubrey Meadows, wants me to go in with him."

"Oh," said Marigold.

She had heard of Dr. Aubrey Meadows. Once, when she was in college, a wealthy girl had told about her mother consulting Dr. Meadows; the girl told the exorbitant price he charged.

"What for?" Marigold had asked.

"For explaining that her nervous system was too highly keyed for her physical strength," the girl had explained.

"He's a neurologist," said the Big Doc. "He makes more in a day than that grandad of mine did in a year. Say, they scrap to get to him, these rich men's wives, to tell him about their inhibitions. Funny, isn't it?"

"What's funny?"

"Oh—everything. Him being such a

arms. His fingers found her pulse. All the time the that. Honest, she wakes up at the drop of a hat"

big splash and wanting to hand me out a good thing on a platter, you might say, and me such a big boob as not to grab it when a lot would give their eyeteeth for the chance. I guess I'm just—primitive. I want to straighten out the insides of people—to set a broken bone and feel that little crunch and know it's in place. I want to walk into a place where a man's leg is all messy and bleeding—and then leave him bandaged up—and pale and satisfied . . . Shucks, I keep thinking of that feeling that was in the room when my doctor grandad went in. And when he'd turn from the bed, it depended on what he said whether life—you know, regular life, like frying bacon and eggs for breakfast—went on again, or whether it just hung, breathless and—hurting."

"Yes," agreed Marigold . . . "I came to tell you about Secondina. She's been ailing for quite a while. The mom made me feel like a young upstart this evening. But you go up—you're the Big Doc—and explain to her about the muscles of a child's stomach being as weak comparatively as a child's arm."

"I'll go up in the morning. We can't have our little Secondina sick. Who would tell us the Globeville news? Maybe if I get real chummy with Mom I'll find out why she called her Secondina. Let's see, Rose, Angelo, Mike, Mary— Shouldn't it have been Fifdina or even Sixdina?"

"Sevendina," enlightened Marigold.

Dr. Darrow reached for his cap, took her arm. "Pete Escalotti told me to bring the Gold Lady and come over tonight. He's making those green noodles he told us about, the kind he cooked for royalty, with the cheese sauce."

A step back into the old world was old Pete's kitchen. The scrubbed wooden top of the table honey-colored in the lamp light. Pete's withered face like brown crackle glass. His fingers trembled when he served them. High blood pressure, the Big Doc whispered to Marigold. Pete hovered over them anxiously, as if each bite was a favor to him. Green noodles; a cheese sauce smooth as velvet. Ah, Gold Lady, no one else knew how—no one.

Oh, so hurtingly wonderful all this! Rita and the crowd that called him "Fitzie" might dance and swim and golf with the Big Doc—but Marigold would fold this hour away, hoard it . . .

The Big Doc was laughing. "You sure, Pete, your royalty never had nightmares from eating this? Or maybe they weren't the gluttons we are."

The next day Dr. Fitzhugh Darrow stopped Marigold Brown. "Well, I called on Mom DeAlysio. I got quite a welcome from the goat. I think she'd have enjoyed the health pamphlets I took."

"What did the mom say?"

"She said, 'How many keeds have you raise?' And then she banged the door in my face."

"Secondina wasn't at the Neighborhood last night. I missed having to pluck her off the gym floor for sliding in her shoes."

"Secondina looks pretty pindlin' to me. She needs more rest than she gets."

"And less *salsizza*."

"Less of lots of things—being shoved around and scolded and yelled at—"

A big roadster (*Continued on page 206*)

Good Housekeeping INSTITUTE

Katharine A. Fisher, Director

IT'S BRAIN NOT BRAWN

That Runs a Modern Kitchen

By Helen Whitson Kendall

Of the Institute Staff

WHAT a field to explore—this field of modern, mechanical kitchen appliances and equipment! We are beginning to hear the term "mechanized kitchens"—a twentieth-century term—and it implies a reduction of human labor in every phase of work carried on in the kitchen.

How many times have you wished you could push a button and find your meals deliciously prepared and served, and then as easily cleared away by the snap of a switch? And although such a Utopia in kitchens may not be just around the corner, few of us realize the bigness of the work already done in the direction of making kitchen work automatic.

In Good Housekeeping Institute we are conscious of the trend toward automatic equipment, and we had an early appreciation of the convenience and effectiveness of the oven kept at just the right heat by the turn of the wheel. Stainless and rustless oven linings, and insulated ovens, too, are rapidly becoming a part of modern ranges. Some range ovens are completely automatic in their workings and go so far as to turn heat off and on at desired times.

Another great change in kitchens today is the use of what might be called "the mechanical arm" in the way of electric beaters and mixers. We now have on our approved lists small electrically operated beaters designed for beating, mixing, and whipping, and also larger machines for performing many other operations including slicing, grinding, freezing—in fact, all operations that require the use of a strong right arm.

Occupying another important place in the kitchen is the automatic refrigerator. In such a refrigerator food retains its original freshness and attractiveness by means of constant low temperatures kept without thought or effort on the part of the worker in the kitchen.

Doing the dishes has long been a bugbear of household work, but today's kitchen has the dishwashing machine either a unit in itself or, far better still, a part of the kitchen sink—an electrical sink, it might well be called. These machines have brought greater orderliness and a higher degree of cleanliness into the process of dishwashing, making the snap of a switch a reality in bringing forth clean, sparkling dishes.

And when we come to the cleaning of our homes, we find the vacuum cleaner removing dust and dirt from our floor surfaces and floor coverings and an especially designed one of smaller size, perhaps, for the upholstered furniture, the mattresses, and the hangings.

We are all familiar with the heavy, weighted polisher which brought luster and beauty to our waxed floors, but how much energy and strength went into the task! Today our floors are made beautiful by the electric polishing machine which, in some instances, applies wax to the floor in addition to polishing, and this with no effort on the part of the user other than to direct and guide the machine.

But modern kitchens do not depend entirely upon these highly developed mechanical devices. One of the first requisites of a convenient kitchen is an adequate supply of storage units together with an ample amount of counter space or place to do things and put things, either in the preparation and serving of meals or the cleaning up after them. These requirements include ample storage facilities and counter space not only around the work center, but also adjacent to the sink and the range.

We are beginning to think of equipment in the kitchen as made up of various units rather than separate pieces of equipment—as, for example, the sink or dishwashing sink built into a combination of storage cupboards and shelf area as one unit; and also the working unit with extra storage space, and perhaps the refrigerator part of, or adjacent to it.

Earlier working surfaces of wood gave way to more attractive and more sanitary enamel surfaces. The beauty of these was soon marred, however, by the action of natural food acids. Today these have been replaced with stainless enamel, both in white and in color.

There is probably not a kitchen in the country which does not now include in its equipment a supply of stainless steel cutlery, and it is our belief that the unquestioning acceptance of stainless steel for work surfaces, cooking utensils, drainboards, and the like has been due to the pioneering work done by manufacturers of stainless steel cutlery. As a matter of fact, in all our small utensils and tools we find improved designs and finishes making them more convenient to use and easier to clean.

By the same token, chromium finishes are used for plating our electrical appliances, our sink and bathroom fixtures, and the hardware found on our equipment, because of the ease in keeping them bright and clean.

On the list of modern equipment for the kitchen is the ventilating fan. Some of these are designed to fit into a window, and bring fresh air in or take stale air out as the need may arise. Others are built into the kitchen wall and prove a valuable asset in keeping the kitchen comfortable.

As we view the possibilities of up-to-date equipment in our kitchens, we realize that no longer does housework require a brawny arm, reddened hands, and an aching back. Intelligent supervision or directing of work has taken the place of brawn, and we must be willing to learn to use our new equipment intelligently before we can make it work satisfactorily for us. We realize this in our work in the Institute, and we frequently spend as much time and effort in checking up directions for use with devices as we do in finding out the merit of the device itself.

Housekeepers are realizing this need, too, and it is not unusual for us to hear satisfactory equipment condemned because of the lack of proper instructions for its use. Fortunately most manufacturers are doing their share in providing clear, concise directions for the equipment which they have taken such pains to develop.

It is a mistake to feel that we can not reap the benefits of mechanized equipment because we employ household help in our kitchens. Maids who help in the work in the Institute kitchens, although untrained and unfamiliar with new devices, are taught to use satisfactorily all the equipment tested and soon enjoy it to such an extent that they demand it and feel that they could not do without it. And so we find that the automatic touch has spread into all phases of work, whether the preservation, preparation, and cooking of foods, or the final washing up and cleaning of the home.

Photograph by H. I. Williams

1

Today's kitchen has the dish-washing machine, which may be a part of the sink, as shown above, or a separate unit in itself

2

Electrically operated beaters take the place of the strong right arm for mixing, whipping, and beating heavy as well as light batters

3

Large machines perform a variety of operations, including slicing, grinding, freezing, fruit juice extracting, and many others

4

Ventilating fans designed to fit into a window or a kitchen wall bring fresh air in or take stale air out as the need may arise

5

In the automatically controlled refrigerator, food retains its original freshness and attractiveness in constant low temperatures

6

In the baking and roasting of foods we find automatic help in up-to-date ranges which keep our ovens at a constant temperature

7

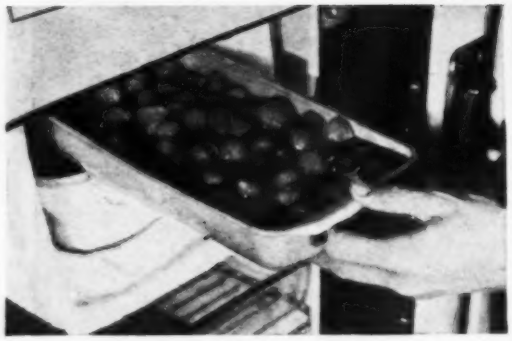
Early working surfaces of wood have given way to more attractive and more sanitary surfaces of stainless steel or stainless enamel

8

Electric vacuum cleaners and polishing machines keep the floors throughout the entire house clean and attractive with ease

FROZEN FROM YOUR

By B. Lawson Miller



The trays of an automatic refrigerator can be used for chilling as well as for freezing

Pack frozen cheese mixture into tray solidly, if it is to be cut into squares for serving

Carbonated Ice Cream, discharged from a siphon bottle, can be frozen without stirring

Even Biscuit Tortoni is possible if you can get low enough temperatures in the freezing compartment of your automatic refrigerator

A THOROUGHLY chilled fruit cup, a crisp, colorful salad, a refreshing frozen dessert—these are the touches that make summer meals appealing no matter how hot the day. They are appreciated equally by the family coming home from business and by the guest who shares your hospitality. Fortunate the hostess who possesses a refrigerator in which these may be prepared, for summer entertaining is thereby simplified and becomes a delightful experience for herself and her guest alike.

The experience of Good Housekeeping Institute with automatic refrigerators extends over a period of years. During this time we have done a great deal of work on the problem of freezing. Our results show that successful freezing of desserts in such refrigerators depends upon the recipe used as well as upon the temperature in the freezing compartment.

Mousses and parfaits are particularly adapted to freezing in automatic refrigerators, but a smooth, non-crystalline ice cream can not be obtained unless the recipe is adapted to this method of freezing. Since milk contains water which crystallizes in the process of freezing, ice creams made with a large percentage of milk will be icy. To overcome this, it is necessary to replace some of the milk with cream; and in general the greater the proportion of cream, the smoother the ice cream. Objections are raised to this because of the cost. It is possible to use less cream, but when this is done, a texture that more nearly resembles a frappé is obtained, so that in cutting down the cost one sacrifices the product. To many, the ease and convenience of this method of freezing and the quality of the product obtained are worth the additional cost. A small amount of gelatine, about one level teaspoonful to each cup of liquid, gives body and helps prevent the formation of ice crystals. Beating the cream stiff and folding it in carefully is a further aid in producing a smooth consistency. If these precautions are observed, and if the ice cream is stirred every thirty minutes during the first part of the freezing period, satisfactory results can be obtained *provided the freezing compartment maintains sufficiently low temperatures.*

This depends on the setting of your unit and may have to be adjusted by the service man. However, some automatic refrigerators are now equipped with a control to be set by the user. If you have such a convenience, you can secure the necessary low temperatures by making the adjustment yourself. Remember to return the control to a warmer setting after the dessert is frozen, for if left too long at the coldest setting, food may freeze in the food compartment. If your refrigerator is one that has a fast freezing tray, this is where desserts should be frozen.

In our work at Good Housekeeping Institute we have found that the time required for freezing desserts in automatic refrigerators depends on the consistency and sweetness of the mixture, the temperature of the room, the temperature of the mixture when put in the trays, the number of times the doors of the refrigerator are opened, the frequency with which the mixtures are stirred, and *the setting of your refrigerator.* This last is extremely important.

A smooth ice cream of light, fluffy texture and pleasing taste can be made by "carbonating" a mixture of egg, sugar, cream, and flavoring. The ingredients are beaten together slightly, poured into a siphon bottle, and charged with carbon dioxide. The secret of success with this method lies in the manner of charging. The siphon should be held in a horizontal position, the bulb containing the carbon dioxide pierced *slowly*, and the bottle *shaken thoroughly* during the charging to carbonate the contents completely. The mixture is then discharged into the freezing trays, holding the bottle in an upright position, and is frozen *without stirring.*

DELICACIES REFRIGERATOR

Of the Institute Staff

The advantages of this method are the ease with which the mixture can be prepared, the elimination of the stirring during the freezing period, and the smooth, creamy texture of the finished product. Because of the consistency of the mixture when discharged, it is possible to freeze several flavors in the same tray. If fruit and nuts are desired, they should be sprinkled into the freezing tray while the mixture is being discharged from the bottle. They should never be put in the siphon. A recipe for carbonated chocolate ice cream made by this method is given in the text.

The following menus illustrate how a mechanical refrigerator simplifies the preparation of summer meals.

*Recipes given in text

Luncheon
Soup
*Frozen Cheese Salad — Hot Biscuits
*Peach Mousse — Hot Beverage

Dinner
*Melon Ball Cocktail
Baked Fish
Green Peas in Casserole — Baked Potatoes
Cucumber & Radish Salad
*Chocolate Ice Cream — Coffee

If the Green Peas are baked in a casserole, the entire main course of this meal may be cooked in the oven.

Bridge
Molded Fruit Salad
Cream Cheese & Watercress Sandwiches
*Biscuit Tortoni — Coffee

MELON BALL COCKTAIL: Cut melon in half and remove seeds. Scoop out the balls, using a French cutter or the ½ teaspoon in your measuring set for this purpose. Cover with canned grapefruit juice to which a few drops of bottled lime juice have been added. Place in freezing tray and chill—do not freeze. At serving time arrange in cocktail glasses and garnish with mint.

FROZEN CHEESE SALAD: Cream 1½ packages cream cheese with a fork until soft. Add ¼ cupful each chopped green pepper and toasted almonds, ⅛ teaspoonful paprika, ⅛ teaspoonful salt, and 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice; then add ¼ cupful cream beaten stiff. Pack solidly in freezing tray and spread until smooth to a thickness of three-fourths inch. *Chill* until firm enough to cut. Cut into small squares and serve on slices of tomato arranged on lettuce; garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 6, if three squares are used for each salad.

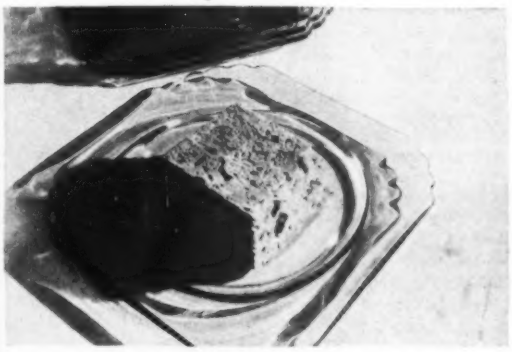
CARBONATED CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM: Mix 4 tablespoonfuls cocoa with 2 tablespoonfuls confectioner's sugar. Add sufficient boiling water to make a smooth paste—about 4 tablespoonfuls. Beat together 1 egg, 6 tablespoonfuls confectioner's sugar, a few grains salt, and the cocoa paste. Add 1 cupful heavy cream. Mix thoroughly, pour through funnel into siphon bottle, and carbonate, following the directions given on page 80. Serves 4.

GOLDEN PARFAIT: Boil 1 cupful sugar and ½ cupful water to 238° F., or to soft-ball stage. Pour slowly over the beaten yolks of 6 eggs; cook in double-boiler until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add ½ teaspoonful gelatine that has been soaked for five minutes in 1 tablespoonful cold water. Cool, and then fold in 2 cupfuls heavy cream, beaten stiff. Add 1 tablespoonful vanilla, pour into freezing trays and freeze without stirring. Serves 6 to 8.

BISCUIT TORTONI: Add to Golden Parfait, when ready to freeze, ¾ cupful finely chopped blanched almonds and ¾ cupful finely-powdered macaroons. Pour into paper charlotte russe cups, sprinkle top with macaroon crumbs, place in freezing trays, and freeze without stirring. Fills 12 cups two and three-quarter inches in diameter and one inch deep. In order to freeze in these cups, it is necessary to (*Continued on page 211*)

Melon Ball Cocktail, thoroughly chilled, makes a delicious and refreshing first course

For the salad course, squares of frozen cheese and slices of tomato on crisp lettuce leaves



Ice Cream frozen in refrigerator trays can be cut into squares for attractive serving

Biscuit Tortoni, made and served in paper charlotte russe cups, is an excellent choice for dessert when serving a number of guests

Photographs by H. J. Williams

Chicken à la King is only one of the many popular and savory main dishes in which evaporated milk can be used with success

MILK IS MILK

Whether Bottled, Evaporated, Condensed, or Powdered

By
Demetria M. Taylor
Of the Institute Staff

LONG before the first recorded history of man, milk was a cherished food. We find it mentioned in the Bible many times, and spoken of as a blessing to mankind, notably when Moses was directed to lead his people into the Promised Land "flowing with milk and honey."

Long before it was known *why* milk is such a valuable food, attempts were made to preserve it. Soured and fermented milks were the first achievements, and butter and cheese were probably an accidental result of this groping to prevent spoilage. Of course, butter and cheese both have some of the important elements of milk, but always the need has been to find a way to preserve milk with all its food constituents intact.

It is a tribute to modern science that the most important discoveries along the line of milk preservation have occurred since 1885. All these discoveries, and the consequent increase in production, have been answers to definite needs, such as keeping armies in good health far away from the base of supplies, or, in our own remembrance, feeding distant nations whose crops and farm animals had been destroyed by the machinery of war.

On the shelves of your grocery you will find three answers to the problem of milk preservation—evaporated, condensed, and powdered milk. Whichever your choice may be, you are buying *milk*, since in each case nothing has been taken away but water. You are buying *safe milk*, too, because of complete sterilization. No milk-borne epidemic has ever been traced to any one of these three forms of milk.

Since 4,000,000 pounds of *evaporated milk* are used daily in the United States, it is easy to see that it is no longer merely a convenience for campers, but an article of daily use for every purpose. More and more people are finding out that evaporated milk is good, rich milk, twice as concentrated as fluid milk since sixty percent of the water has been removed. *Nothing else has been taken away, and nothing added.*

In this country only whole milk is used in the preparation of evaporated milk, never skimmed milk, since the Government sets a definite standard as to the butter-fat content and the content of milk solids. This pure, fresh, whole milk from tested cows is brought to a plant in the center of a dairying community. It is therefore handled without delay. Through the evaporation process the milk is carefully protected from contamination of any sort as it flows through a system of sanitary piping. First it is scalded; then it goes to the vacuum pan where more than half the water content is removed by heating to 130° F. Next it is forced at high pressure through fine perforations. This process breaks up each globule of fat into hundreds of smaller ones, thus making the milk more digestible, and also making it impossible for cream to rise to the surface. Now it is sealed in cans and sterilized at 240° F. for 15 minutes. This sterilization is so complete that the milk is free from any bacteria that might cause it to become less fresh than it was originally.

A sample of this lot is then inspected by a chemist and a bacteriologist, and the milk is ready to be shipped. It will now remain fresh and pure until the can is opened. After that it must be kept in a refrigerator just like fresh milk.

Evaporated milk is economical, costing somewhat less per quart than fresh bottled milk. This is an important consideration in families where the milk bill is a big item or where fresh milk is scarce and expensive. Mothers realize that each child must have a quart of milk every day, but many of them do not know that evaporated milk is being used more and more by child specialists, because of the ease with which it digests. It is surprising how rapidly older children become accustomed to the slightly different flavor of evaporated milk.

The food value of evaporated milk has become known through many experiments in scientific laboratories. The vitamins in evaporated milk are just as effective as those in pasteurized fresh milk. Of course, milk in any form is not a good source of Vitamin C, and whether bottled or canned must always be supplemented by foods rich in this vitamin, such as orange juice or tomato juice. The mineral content of the milk is not harmed by the heat to which the milk is subjected. Because of the method of preparation, the globules of fat in evaporated milk are so finely divided that they are easy to digest, and the protein forms in the stomach a soft curd which is digested more easily than the firmer curd formed by raw milk.

Evaporated milk may be whipped like cream. It differs from cream, however, having more minerals, milk-sugar, and proteins, but less butterfat. To whip it, however, these directions must be carefully followed: *Cover the unopened can with cold water. Bring to a boil and boil five minutes. Place can upright in an ice and salt mixture, using 8 parts of ice to 1 of salt, and chill for half an hour. Pour out the amount needed into a chilled bowl, and beat with a chilled beater until the mixture will form a peak. The remaining heated and chilled milk may be kept in the refrigerator and used again for whipping without further heating and chilling.*

Evaporated milk is adaptable to all general cookery, either diluted or just as it comes from the can. One-half cupful of evaporated milk plus one-half cupful of water is equal to one cupful of whole milk.

Powdered whole milk is pure cow's milk with seven eighths of its water content removed. It is a fluffy powder the color of rich cream, containing all the milk solids, butter fat, minerals, proteins, and vitamins. This form of milk must also be supplemented by foods rich in vitamin C. By adding water you have milk again with all its healthful qualities. Powdered milk is also easy to digest, is of standard quality and purity, is easy to store, and convenient to use in all forms of cookery. If powdered milk is skimmed, or partly skimmed, this fact must be stated on the package.

Powdered milk is prepared by the spray or roller method. In both cases the milk is partially condensed and pasteurized. Then the remaining moisture is almost completely evaporated, leaving a powder. After being packed into containers which are vacuum sealed, the

(*Continued on page 210*)

Powdered milk is convenient to use in all forms of cookery. Four tablespoonfuls of this milk plus one cupful of water are equal to one cupful of whole milk

Evaporated milk may be used in all general cooking. One-half cupful of this milk plus the same amount of water is equal to one cupful of whole milk

COOLING NEWS FOR HOT DAYS!

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As we settled back, the earth became patterned. We climbed high into the blue

The fragrance of consommé and bran muffins drifted through the club cabin

Courtesy Detroit Free Press

LUNCHEON A MILE UP

With Nine Women and No Talking!

By Katharine A. Fisher

Director

ALTITUDE has been voted a good appetizer by mountain climbers and Boy Scouts, but today any of us may whet our appetites by scaling the clouds. We found that out when we went up for our first sky luncheon.

Perhaps the most breath-taking moment on a first sky climb is seeing the propellors begin to whirl. One moment the plane is earthbound. The next, the propellors are whirling, we are climbing on board, the plane is moving across the field, it is mounting, and the earth is dropping behind.

Suddenly conscious that there was nothing but air beneath us, I felt myself trying to sit lightly! But realizing that one hundred and thirty pounds more or less could not make any great difference to six and a half tons, I settled back to look around me. The earth became patterned. We were climbing high into the blue. The roads were gray ribbons tying the country together, the golf courses became lawns, and Lake St. Clair might have been a swimming pool. The skyscrapers of the motor city looked like boxes on end, and the automobiles as purposeless as little black beetles. The other guests, all Detroiters, were exploring their city from a new dimension, and frequently some one would point down at a familiar landmark in miniature.

Passing over the Detroit Airport, we had a fine sky view of the Aircraft show, with big planes and small planes parked in long rows. In brilliant and in somber hues they rested like great butterflies poised for flight. Now and then one would wing up and zoom past us.

Though this was only my second flight, my timidity had already begun to leave me. I could even look out of my window sheer down to the world beneath without any sense of insecurity or dizziness. At times it seemed as if we were viewing the landscape from a mountain top instead of a plane.

But we were up to have luncheon as guests of the Ford Motor Company, with Miss Mary Barber, Director of Home Economics of the Kellogg Company, as our hostess. The fragrance of consommé and hot bran muffins was drifting through the luxurious club cabin, and from the compact little kitchenette came beautifully garnished dishes. Miss Barber was managing her sky kitchen with her usual resourcefulness in preparing and serving this first luncheon in the air.

"How did you get this consommé so hot?" one of the guests asked her.

She laughed as she replied, "Oh, with bottled gas, not lightning flashes."

The tiny kitchenette was an achievement in the use of space, for it was equipped to serve an elaborate luncheon. A combination sink, drain board, and hot plate provided a working unit. A ventilator and an electric fan kept the kitchen cool, while racks and drawers were provided for dishes and cutlery.

The luncheon scene on this air liner was much like that on an ocean liner, with the comfortable chairs attractively upholstered, curtained windows, and a colorful interior. The tables fastened securely to the arms of our chairs were gay with pink rosebuds; the guests had lovely corsage bouquets. And the

(*Continued on page 223*)

STAINS IN SEASON

And How To Remove Them

By
Eva Wilson
Of the Institute Staff

SPOTS and stains occur with unpleasant frequency at any season, but methods of removing them vary, as the texture of our summer garments and fabrics differs from those used during the winter. Our washable summer materials, light in weight and simply made, present few difficulties in the removal of ordinary stains, for the majority of these stains may be removed by the application of water, either cold, lukewarm, or hot. When cleansers other than water must be used to erase a spot from a washable fabric, careful laundering after the stain has disappeared will restore the freshness of the garment.

Prompt attention to a spot makes its successful removal more certain. *All materials should be inspected for stains before laundering.* While many common stains are removed in the laundering process, others may persist and should be removed before laundering. Spots of salad oil, for example, are penetrating and may be unnoticeable when the material is wet. Unless all the grease or oil is removed, it will show as grease spots or brown stains when the fabric is ironed, and will be far more difficult to remove than it was before laundering.

Mildew heads our list of stains more common in summer. This comes literally out of the air, for it is a fungus growth which requires only darkness, dampness, and warmth for its rapid development. To prevent mildew during the warm, humid months, it is important to dry thoroughly all garments and household linens before putting them into the hamper or basket to await laundering. Cotton twill or duck shower curtains in constant use afford favorable conditions for the growth of mildew, and it may be an economy to have two curtains to permit frequent drying or laundering as a prevention of mildew. After use, shower curtains should be spread out as far as possible on their rods for quick drying.

Mildew may be removed in the early stages of its growth by washing in cold water. If that fails, white cottons and linens may be bleached with a chlorine bleach such as Javelle water. Stretch small spots over a bowl of hot water containing a few drops of ammonia, apply the bleach directly to them with a dropper, then quickly rinse the material in the hot water in the bowl. Several applications may be necessary to remove the stains. Larger spots may be more easily removed by soaking them one-half hour or longer in a solution of two tablespoonfuls of Javelle water in one quart of hot water. As this bleach will weaken fabrics if it remains in them, they must be rinsed in several waters to insure its complete removal after the stains have been treated.

In a short time mildew attacks the fiber, so that it is impossible to remove it in its later stages of growth. Only fresh mildew can be removed successfully from most colored goods.

Grass stains, if fresh, may be removed by washing with soap and warm water. Badly stained garments or unwashable fabrics may be sponged with denatured alcohol.

Paint stains, when fresh, are easily removed by sponging with carbon tetrachloride, or washing with strong soap and warm water.

Who has not had the experience of "peeling off" a bench or chair to find a combination of dirt and varnish, paint, or oil across the back of a favorite dress? If the garment is unwashable or badly marked, we advise sending it to a reliable dry cleaner. For home treatment we recommend a careful sponging with carbon tetrachloride to remove oil, grease, or fresh paint. Washing the dress in heavy soapsuds will usually clear up any remaining traces of the stain. To remove varnish from the dress dissolve it by sponging with denatured alcohol; then any remaining stains may be washed or bleached if the garment is white cotton or linen.

Ice Creams and *Frosted Drinks* may annoy instead of please if spilled upon our dainty clothing or choice table linen. These stains usually are a combination of sugar, cream, and frequently color from fruit juices, and therefore need two types of treatment. First, remove the cream with a grease solvent, such as carbon tetrachloride; then the sugar and probably the coloring matter will disappear when washed in warm water. Unlaundered stains from

(*Continued on page 229*)

OUR LATCHSTRING IS OUT!

We often have letters or telephone calls asking if the Institute is open to visitors. It is indeed. We shall be glad to welcome you and to help you personally with your problems. Also we should like you to see our laboratories. Will you not plan to include the Institute on your next visit to New York City?

Katherine A. Fisher
Director

Photograph by H. I. Williams

A few minutes spent in the inspection of clothing and household linens and the removal of stains before laundering may save an hour of work after the garments have been ironed

MAKING MEN PRO-PICNIC

By Byron MacFadyen

I GAZE with profound respect on the man who registers genuine pleasure when a picnic is mentioned. My admiration and wonder grow as I watch him smilingly drive the car along a road amid cries of "Here's a good place". . . . "No, there's a better place ahead". . . . "Let's go back to that big rock."

And when I see that man obey orders to stop at a spot far worse than any other pointed at and yelled about, and unload the car—when I see him—still smiling—carry the seats, rugs, baskets, and a watermelon a hundred yards or more to the shade of a tired tree—I want to congratulate him on his prolonged patience.

But when I hear him say in clear, gay, ringing tones, "This is the life!"—as he takes a paper plate and helps himself to a motley array of too-moist and too-dry sandwiches, the inevitable potato salad, bruised fresh fruit, hard-cooked eggs, and what-is-it in the vacuum bottle—then I want to pin on his manly vest distinguished service medals of the five leading powers.

The preceding would indicate that I don't like picnics. As a matter of fact I don't like the kind I have just described. And I believe there are a few hundred thousand other men who will—at least under assumed names—flock to my banner.

Now, don't get me wrong. My crowd and I like sandwiches, potato salad, fruit, and hard-cooked eggs, served occasionally and separately, for their own individual goodness. But when these foods are *mobilized* and transported to a greensward full of stickers, stones, and bugs, where the view is bounded on the north by a motor highway, on the east by a quarry at work, on the south by a forbidding bramble of woods and poison ivy in which a roaming cow crashes about in her solitary hunt for forage, on the west by your car, and overhead by a hornet's nest—then I long for the domicile on Maple Street as I whistle "Home, Sweet Home."

To be sure there are more inviting places in America than the one I just described. And fortunately cold lunches are often packed in attractive baskets. (We owe a great debt of gratitude to the retail shoe dealers for withholding the boxes they used to give us.) But as for me, I'd rather walk to a bill-boarded vacant lot, carrying some bacon cut in thick slices, a frying pan, four or five raw potatoes, some ground coffee in a tin pot, a bottle of water, and cook and eat my meal there.

Well, there you have my idea of a picnic. Hot food! That's the stuff! Have you ever tried it on a day's outing? Where you make a fireplace of stones. Where you nurse a crackling fire to a bed of glowing cooking coals. Where the aroma of the simmering coffee and the fragrance of sizzling meat shift appetites into high gear. Where you eat hot, juicy food from a rigid, non-porous plate with a real knife and fork and eventually come home without a cold-food indigestion and a badly cloyed roof of the mouth. Just try such a party on your anti-picnic husband and see if he doesn't become a convert to outdoor eating.

Have you ever tried a day's outing where the aroma of simmering coffee and the fragrance of sizzling meat shift your appetite into high gear?

Photograph by Ruth Alexander Nichols

Now if you are willing to continue with me on this subject, I'll make a few suggestions regarding the time, the place, and the food for these hot-meal picnics.

First, let me say that a picnic does not need to be an event that fills the gap between the shrill trill of an alarm clock and the village curfew. In most cases a first-class picnic can be assembled, enjoyed, brought home, and disbanded in three or four hours. This means that you can have such an outing any time—morning, noon, or night—and have the rest of the day to do anagrams or clean the cellar.

Second, if you want to please men who are hostile to picnics, be sure that you know where you are going when you slam the doors of your car and start down the drive. In other words, have your picnic place scouted and decided upon *ahead of time*. Just as sure as you combine a picnic with a place-hunting expedition, your husband is liable to break out in a rash of comments everybody will catch. The first thing you know he'll pull up beside a gravel pit and, figuratively speaking, do as the Indian did—drive his tomahawk into the ground and shout "Alabama!" (Here we rest.) You can avoid this before you start by telling him exactly where you want to go. Then, when the predetermined place is reached, *you* can do this Alabama stunt yourself, triumphantly and dramatically, amid the cheers of the crowd led by your husband.

A breakfast by a pleasant stream about ten in the morning is an event worth getting up and waiting for. Pack a box with pepper, salt, butter, sugar, marmalade or jam, rolls, sliced bacon, eggs, coffee, cream, and fresh fruit. Then get a large frying pan and coffee pot. Next include plates, cups, silver, and cooking forks and spoons. Take along a jug of water if there is none at the picnic place. Finally get your crowd together and start off in your car or cars to a place—again I repeat it—*that has been previously scouted and decided upon.*

Unload your equipment and build a fireplace of stones. This should be a rectangular affair about 20″ by 15″ with the walls about 6″ high. Leave one wide side open. Collect wood and make a fire. You may find it easier and quicker to bring a bundle of firewood along. In some towns you can get a big bag of charcoal for ten cents. That's the ideal fuel—no smoke and lots of concentrated heat quickly.

When you have a good bed of coals, put two or three iron bars across your fireplace on which to set your cooking utensils. There are grills of all sizes sold in kitchen and

Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Breakfast by a pleasant stream about ten in the morning is an event well worth getting up and waiting for

camp equipment stores which are even better for this purpose. Some have steel legs which stick into the ground and save you the job of building a fireplace.

Now start your coffee in cold water—one tablespoonful to a cup of water. Bring to a boil and set aside to settle. Then put your frying pan on and cook the bacon. Remove to a hot plate near the fire. Pour off the excess fat and scramble the eggs as you do at home. Put some eggshells in the coffee to clarify it. All that is left to do is serve the food and enjoy it. Later you can burn the rubbish in your fire and finally go home when you grow weary of the babbling brook and silver glade. But be sure your fire is thoroughly extinguished before you leave.

So much for this breakfast menu. There are others which are just as easy to prepare as in your kitchen. Just be sure to get a good bed of coals, and you can make your frying pan do any trick in the book. Of course, it is necessary to have a chief cook on these occasions, but you are liable to discover a man in the group who would rather stand by the skillet and pot than eat. Just give him free rein, lots of room, and never hand him a plate that's too hot.

The midday meal offers new possibilities. For a simple menu, heat baked beans or chicken stew, which you have prepared at home, on your fire. Make a salad in a kettle—right on the spot—of lettuce, sliced radishes, onions and cucumbers, quartered tomatoes, and French dressing. Top off the meal with a piece of pie or cake, fresh fruit, and cheese and coffee.

For a real experience try a hot, midday meal in the open air on a blowy day in spring or a frosty day in fall. Of course, there are a lot of Spartans who would dash off in the great out-of-doors with a cold lunch. But who wants to be a Spartan? There's too much chill in the thrill of huddling on the sheltered side of an automobile, trying to regulate a set of chattering teeth as they bite into jelly sandwiches, hard-cooked eggs, pickles, and bananas. And there's no comfort in moistening blue lips with soda pop or trying to regain lost circulation with thimblefuls of coffee from a lone vacuum bottle. Such rations could only be tolerated en route to a football game in November or on moving day before the man makes the gas and electric connections.

However, cold won't spoil your day if you build a fire at an interesting place in the woods or on the shore and then broil a steak, toast some rolls, and make a big pot of coffee. If you are in doubt about this, ask that host of San Francisco hikers who cook their meals on the fog-swept beaches and revel in the zestful contrast.

Personally, I like the evening hot-food picnic best of all. First, because the evening is the most pleasant time of a summer day, and second, because it gives the folks who daily go to business an opportunity to enjoy such a meal without waiting for a holiday.

Of course there are many picnic menu combinations which appeal especially to men, but one of the most popular menus I know of is as follows—

Broiled Steak
Hot Tomato Relish
Scalloped Potatoes
Lettuce Salad
Crackers Cheese Coffee

In serving this menu, bake your scalloped potatoes at home in a casserole or covered iron kettle such as the Dutch oven. Plan to have this food done just as you are ready to start. Wrap your casserole or kettle in newspapers, and the potatoes will keep piping hot for long over an hour.

The hot tomato relish can be prepared any time during the day and then heated in the covered kettle in which it was originally cooked. This is the recipe for it: Put a large can of tomatoes on to heat, or the equivalent in quartered fresh tomatoes. Season with salt, pepper, and generously with sugar. Add one large onion, a clove of garlic, and green pepper chopped fine. Put in a pinch of powdered cloves and a bay leaf. When this has cooked down to a thick consistency, add a lump of butter. This can be reheated while the steak is broiling.

Broil your steak as soon as your fire is ready. Have plenty of coals, but no flame. Remove excess suet from a sirloin or porterhouse steak. You'll need a grill to broil the steak, and be sure the steak is at least two inches thick. Such a piece of meat will come from the fire crisp and brown on the outside and juicy pink inside.

When the steak is done, remove it to a tin baking pan and carve it quickly over the low part of your fire. Serve it with your potatoes and tomato relish. While you are eating this, put your coffee on. You can serve this with or after your salad.

ALL The KING'S HORSES

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

PART V

LESTER met her at the station—thin, anxious, bright-eyed little Lester, so carefully groomed that you didn't notice for a minute that his overcoat was a little rubbed at the cuff-edges and seams, and his perfectly polished shoes had been twice resoled.

"Gosh, I'm glad to see you!" he said, shaking hands with her.

His hand was hot through its glove. Helen looked at him with a rush of pity. He was so young and so boyish to be carrying the responsibility of a family. That he was just her own age did not make it seem any better. A man is always younger than a girl. Lester was taking things hard. Money worries, probably.

Helen found herself stepping back into the old attitude of mind. She had been taken care of so long now that it felt like stepping back into a strong wind, unprotected for a moment. She actually shivered; then she smiled back at Lester protectively and said:

"You've been worrying too much over it all, I can see. Jessica's such a baby, you haven't had anybody to talk things over with. After supper we'll put her to bed and have a long talk about everything, and it won't seem bad a bit."

Lester, signaling to a street-car, did not seem to hear her. But once they were out of the dull chilliness of the day, wedged between two workmen on the street-car, he answered her with gratitude, his black, bright eyes intense in his thin face:

"If I can't talk to somebody pretty soon I think I'll go crazy, Helen. I've just been milling round and round."

Confidences were difficult to make through the din of the street-car, so she only nodded and smiled reassuringly. He paid her fare meticulously, out of an expensive, pin-morocco billfold with his initials on it, separate gold letters, Helen noticed; a pathetically thin billfold. A present from Jessica! If accounts were as chaotic as she thought they would be in that childish household, Helen determined to slip in a bill or so surreptitiously.

The little new apartment in a nearly new apartment house was high up. Three flights. When you got there, of course, there was a good deal of Spanishness, not much else. The bronzed, ostentatious simplicities of the jerry-builder who knows how to tempt brides. The living room, with its alcoves that were everything in the world one needed—inadequately—looked spacious till you found it was practically all there was of the apartment. The year-old furniture had been wonderful for the price before its essential shakiness gave the lie to an effect of Colonial mahogany. There was a gorgeous radio, an elaborate phonograph, and a pathetic space where evidently had been a baby-grand. Indeed, its outline in dust was against the rough-cast wall.

Helen had scarcely time to take in this when Jessica heard her and flew out of the ornate door of her box-like bedroom, to throw herself in her sister's arms, crying and laughing hysterically.

"Oh, Nell, I thought you'd never, never come! I thought you'd forgotten all about me!"

Helen lifted Jessica's round, brown face, with its big, liquid eyes, and kissed it, stroking the silky, short, black curls. Jessica was such a little thing!

"My darling! You know Helen would never forget her own only little sister. I'm going to stay with you as long as ever you want me, and take care of things for you. You haven't a thing to worry over. Now, what's the matter especially?"

"Oh, dear, there's Miss Milliken again," time you're teaching me arithmetic,

Margaret Widdemer's

Delightful Story of a Young Girl's Search For Love

said Patricia crossly. "If she'd interrupt you about the there'd be some sense to it." Helen secretly thought so, too

Helen sat down in her hat and coat, just as she was, on the davenport the lines of which were much better than its brocaded covering or its wood, and pulled her sister down by her. Jessica, nestling close, in the gasping, relaxed relief of a lost baby who has stopped crying because its mother comes, dropped her black curls on Helen's breast.

"Oh, everything! I can't manage Sadie. She takes home so much that we don't even have enough to eat. I picked her out because she was just my age, and a bride, too. I never supposed that when colored girls were in love they showed it by stealing other brides' food out of the icebox! And I'm afraid to speak to her for fear she'd be cross. And the horrid instalment men took away the piano, and they won't give us back what we paid on it, and I think that's perfectly beastly of them, because it's a lot more than its rent would have been—and all my clothes and Lester's need mending, and I'm 'way behind, and it makes my head ache, and—"

She began to cry in earnest.

"Why, there's nothing really wrong. Don't worry, now." Helen slipped back completely into her attitude of the old days, half-laughing, half-watchful, wholly motherly.

"And she's impudent because I won't pay her wages, and—and I can't tell Lester, because I spent the money for last month on something we simply had to have, before I thought."

She looked up at her sister expectantly, completely relaxed now. Helen would attend to everything.

Helen tightened her arms round her and said the expected thing, the thing that slid out automatically. "I'll straighten it out. I'll go see her now. And where do I put my things?"

"Oh, Lester ought to have told you. He *will* stay at the office so much, though he knows I need him . . . I suppose he's gone back now."

"Child, you didn't make him leave his work in office hours just to meet me?" Helen looked down, half-amused, half-aghast.

"Half the time there's nobody coming in to rent anything," Jessica said poutingly. "Well, never mind. Why, there's a closet, over there. I'm afraid you'll have to sleep on the davenport. It's the open-out kind. And if you could keep your things part in the bathroom and part in your suitcase? You won't mind, will you?"

"Why, no, darling. Indeed, I don't see where else I *could* keep them," Helen said cheerfully, getting up and beginning to put away her possessions, and emerging from the closet with a clean blue smock over her dress. "Now go back and finish your nap, and get a bath and be dressed when Lester comes in. I'll look after things."

"Would you mind tidying the bedroom just a little?" Jessica begged falteringly. "Sadie

leaves it so dreadfully, and she's out marketing now anyway."

Jessica was panting by now and flushed with the excitement of having Helen to hand things over to. Helen established her on the davenport and went in, flinging open the room's only window to air the beds before she made them. The rest of the room would take a little time. She gave it the time, brushing powder off the stained, rose-colored bureau cover and tidying the inlaid toilet set with a feeling of being back years: collecting collars and dance-sets and stockings and dresses and socks from everywhere they could alight, and putting them in the soiled-clothes bag and the drawers that bulged half-open now. Tomorrow she would sort and tidy and mend. It seemed like old times to be putting Jessica in order! Presently it was done, down to the making of the twin beds.

"Come in, darling," she said, and established her young sister on the bed in the midst of order, and an amazing prettiness which emerged, only a little soiled and chipped about the edges, from the room which had been such a tousled, unattractive place. Jessica had perfect taste. And she was one of those unfortunate people who love the beauty of order and leave a trail of disorder wherever they go.

Jessica sighed with happiness at the sight of her bedroom. "Oh, how adorable!" she said. "Give me my rose negligée, so I'll match it, darling! And the powder."

She sat up among her pillows and began to set herself in order like a storm-tossed kitten. Presently, powdered, brushed, dainty in the rose negligée—Helen might have known there would be one! — Jessica curled back on her pillows and went to sleep contentedly, a warmed and fed little pussy-cat.

Helen left her, and after she had rested a little took stock of the place and the situation.

Of course, on Lester's salary there was little excuse for a maid. But Helen could see just what had happened: a more and more helpless, hurt, and tangled Jessica, a more and more bewildered, uncomfortable, and desperate Lester; who finally got a maid whether or no, unable to see any other way out but cutting the knot. And Jessica wasn't handling the maid any too well, or perhaps she wasn't the type Jessica could handle. Helen eyed the dust and disorder of everything and decided that she could manage the housework of this little place herself till another maid came. This one must be got rid of.

She entered presently, a pretty, plump, slatternly, cream-colored nineteen-year-old, her elaborately bobbed hair in the bob-cover of pink-silk netted cord which Helen found to be her usual headgear even when waiting at table. Her marketing was obviously entirely delicatessen-bought. She greeted Helen with great amiability and an unconsciousness of the state of the house which a duchess might have envied, and rocked off to the kitchen to put away her purchases.

Jessica called Helen from the bedroom.

"Her week's up tomorrow," she whispered. "After you've paid her, let's discharge her and get another one! It will serve her good and right. Why, one night last spring we had fish, and she hid all the roe for her horrid husband, and Lester *loves* roe!"

Helen snatched the opportunity. She went out to Sadie, who was singing blithely over her work of laying out cold cuts on a platter, and had her paid and discharged in ten minutes.

Sadie's amiability was proof against any such small thing as this. "I been thinkin' of goin' anyway," she remarked. "'S a lady two doors down wants me terrible bad. I'll oblige you till tomorrow, though."

"Of course, you will. You're paid till then," said Helen, at which Sadie looked surprised, then grinned politely and said:

"Yas'm. Of course."

Helen had been so deep in thought that she had to
Tommy Delamater wants to speak to you—wake up!"

be spoken to twice she looked up. Doris was bending over her. "Helen, Tommy—as self-consciously debonair as ever; Tommy, the jilting lover come back

It was not till the next evening that Helen found time to talk over things with Lester. They had put Jessica to bed with the new novel Ethan had given Helen to read on the train, and sat down in the living-room, dusted and tidy, with a pile of bills and that builder of self-respect known as a budget.

"I don't know where it goes," said Lester tragically. "We started with a budget—" he hauled out a dusty, pink-silk-bound booklet with "For The Bride" on it and pushed it across to Helen, "but it never seemed to make any difference. Jessica—well, she's such a baby—"

Helen nodded. Jessica was a baby. And she always would be. And—Helen faced the fact, with that clearer attitude toward facts that association with Ethan had given her—Helen's own passion for petting people she loved had contributed to making Jessica a baby. As soon as it was kind, she was going to have to be stern with Jessica—she *must*.

Jessica's management was as inefficient as it could be financially. The going of the piano was what had made her break down and demand Helen.

"She loved that piano so," said Lester, "and as she said, it was only fifteen dollars a month to pay on it. . . "

"You still have the radio and phonograph," Helen pointed out, feeling like a monster of hardness. "Now let's count up what you're paying out in instalments—"

Lester was perfectly clear-headed, once he faced facts. He hadn't been doing it before because he was hopeless. And he was helplessly Jessica's slave and knew no more how to deal with her than she had with Sadie. Less, indeed, because he loved her.

Things were not so bad as Helen had feared, although Lester was living beyond his means, and the maid and the instalments on various things were keeping him from doing anything but get further behind. But a hundred dollars—together with the absence of the baby grand—would pull him out of it for the time being. He would have to borrow on his life insurance to manage the hospital bills. But he had expected to do that anyway, and there were prospects of a raise.

"If you could explain to Jessica," he said, his face flushing, "that I can't come home in office hours,(*Continued on page 236*)

HERMES HERMES MOLYNEUX

Hermes designed this business-like bathing suit in black and white jersey with a touch of red; the coat black linen lined with red, striped in black and white

Hermes sponsors the new divided skirt for golf, worn with a practical, brown suède jacket, trimmed on the collar with the beige tweed that makes the skirt

Molyneux sends this cape costume for the sports onlooker, consisting of a fine, soft, jersey tweed dress with unlined cape, in light beige, the tweed transparent

Smart Summer Clothes And When to Wear Them

Helen Koues, Director

ALONG the Champs Elysées in Paris, or Park Avenue in New York, the smart woman wears the costume to suit the occasion; at Ciro's, the chic night club in Paris, or at night on the St. Regis roof in New York, this same smart woman wears the clothes to suit the time and the place. It is this distinction that awards to the woman of taste the title of smartness—she knows what to wear and when and where to wear it at all times.

And it is about this woman of taste we are writing this month. We have seen her in Paris, in New York, at night clubs, at the races, on the golf course at St. Cloud, on the Avenue du Bois, at the Ritz for luncheon—everywhere smart women gather at this time of the year—and what she wears tells the true fashion story of the summer of 1930.

In the morning, navy-blue and black and green are her favorite colors, and with navy or black there is a contrast of white on the hat or the dress or suit, and sometimes black with pink or blue.

Suits are the most popular costume for street and morning, the tailored ones for cool days, the softer, silk ones for warmer weather. These are worn with feminine blouses, usually in white, but

I WEAR

For Sports. A sleeveless, white piqué, linen, or silk dress, completed by a navy sailor jacket and navy béret

Bathing. The briefest kind of jersey swimming suit, covered by a cape, pajamas, or coat when out of water

In the Morning. A silk suit in navy-blue or black, with a linen, silk, or batiste blouse in pink, white, or blue

HERMES VIONNET VIONNET

Hermes combines white and red wool in this one-piece sports dress with a red-and-white reversible coat, worn with a white sports hat with a narrow band of red

Vionnet stands for simplicity even in tennis clothes, as illustrated in the center frock, of washable crêpe de Chine, worn with a baby blue linen hat from Agnès

Vionnet designs another type of sleeveless sports frock, of pale chartreuse shantung with draped collar, a peplum effect, and trimmed with a row of buttons

WEAR

For Afternoon. A printed silk dress trimmed with lingerie collar and cuffs worn with a brimmed straw hat

To Tea. Printed chiffon, georgette, or lace in a long formal frock, with a large hat, and perhaps a parasol

In the Evening. A white chiffon or lace gown, reaching to the ankles, a short wrap, and long white gloves

some in blue, some in pink, some printed. Separate coats with capes have been seen on many smart young women, also one-piece dresses, especially in light-weight wools with white collars and cuffs. The coats are made of soft tweeds, covert, lustrous broadcloth, or basket weaves. Hats for the street fall into two groups—small, off-the-face types, like bérets, and hats with definite brims. The smaller ones are made to match the suit or dress, often of the identical fabric, in wool, silk, or even linen.

In sports, there are tweed costumes for golf, for looking on, and then, for warm weather, simple, one-piece dresses, sleeveless and often worn with tailored, double-breasted jackets in pastel shades or of navy-blue flannel like those the sailors wear. A smart golf costume, in which a mother and her daughter were seen dressed alike on a course in England recently, consisted of a checked tweed skirt, knitted cardigan, wool béret, plaided triangular scarf, ribbed stockings, oxford shoes, and chamois gloves. Sports clothes should be workmanlike, and these were striking costumes, because they were right. For July and August, piqué, linen, and sometimes silk dresses, worn with cardigans, or skirts worn with polo shirts will be 1930 favorites. The béret is the classic hat for these costumes, in wool, in linen, some plain, some dotted—at any rate the brief béret shape in any material you like. Some smart women who do not care for the béret are wearing straw hats with brims, trimmed with bows of the material of the dress they wear, tied through slits in the crown of the hat. All-white hats will be worn this summer, and they will be extremely important.

Mentioning dotted materials recalls the importance they have had during the spring and suggests the prominence they will have this summer, especially for sports. In black-and-white, blue-and-white, light-red-and-white, or brown-and-cream, they have been worn extensively in flat crêpe, flamenga, or wool or silk *façonné* effects. And dotted accessories have had a

Molyneux and Régny sponsor slim fulness in these evening gowns: Molyneux's, of dull georgette with plaited ruffles; Régny's, a deep golden-yellow chiffon trimmed with ruffles

Chéruit and Lanvin depict the new formality in afternoon clothes in the two below: Chéruit's in light-blue crêpe de Chine; Lanvin's of black crêpe marocain and white crêpe de Chine

MOLYNEUX RÉGNY

CHÉRUIT LANVIN

tremendous vogue; handbags and shoes for sports, as well as scarfs and hats, in silk and woolens, and there have been many dotted trimmings.

The smart colors for summer sports are white, pink, pale blue, and yellow, in flat crêpe, linen, piqué, cotton, or shantung, in sleeveless or short-sleeved dresses with matching jackets. The hats worn with these dresses are not always of straw; many women have them made in the same material and color as the dress. One-piece white sports dresses will be worn with matching hats, slippers, bags, and sometimes parasols. The oxford or pump in white with brown or black trimming continues to be worn by smart women everywhere with these dresses.

Blues and greens have been the colors for country tweeds, with white blouses in piqué, striped silks, or shantung, hats sometimes matching. Blue tweeds seem to have replaced the beige mixtures of other seasons.

The return to femininity in fashions goes hand in hand with the return to more feminine activities and the revival of tea parties, or garden parties, receptions, and other formal late-afternoon festivities. Perfectly lovely frocks and picture hats will be worn this summer during such leisure hours and will recall the days before the war when formal afternoon parties and the clothes to wear to them were in a class all their own, for they are the type to be worn only at these times. Some of the large hats are made of fine lace, others of stiffened transparent fabrics, and of sheer horsehair. The dresses are long, some of them only six or eight inches from the floor, and are made in lovely printed chiffons, georgette, or crêpe de Chine, the sleeves usually three-quarter length. These dresses are often completed by matching jackets or capes, always a soft affair which in no way resembles the straight coat of other years.

PREMET MOLYNEUX

Premet and Molyneux send these two evening gowns: Premet's of ciré chiffon in white brocaded in silver roses; Molyneux's, all-white, entirely beaded with dripping crystal tubes

Lelong and Paquin designed the street suits below; Lelong's, of printed crêpe de Chine, in green with white and mauve; Paquin's, more tailored, of black with beige crêpe satin

LELONG PAQUIN

Truly the present-day evening gown allows for all tastes. For the good figure, the Grecian line is perhaps the loveliest of all, and at the night clubs in Paris and New York these gowns are seen in chiffon, a great deal of lace, net, satin, taffeta, or silk crêpe, worn with short evening wraps of velvet or velveteen. The colors are black, white, pale blue, pale pink, with black and white by far the most popular. In Paris was seen a ruby-red velvet jacket over a white gown, with the slippers and the handkerchief in the same red. In Paris, one smart woman wore a pink chiffon evening gown with turquoise blue evening slippers and beads. Pink is often combined with blue, even for sports. Long white gloves are worn by nearly every one in New York and Paris, and flowers of every description, both real and artificial, lend added femininity.

The smart woman finds the question of hair a troublesome one. A great many women in Paris and New York are letting theirs grow, but the process is so discouraging at certain stages that many have cut it off when it got to the point where it was too long to curl up the ends and too short to tuck into a chignon neatly. But longer hair belongs in this era of feminine clothes, and for the most part bobbed heads do not look smart, especially in the back where the hair is inclined to be stubby. There are so many soft and becoming ways of arranging the short hair, and the process of waving is such a simple one everywhere, it should not seem too much of a problem. Bobbed sleek heads do not seem to go with the becoming hats and the formal air of all the new clothes.

Large chiffon handkerchiefs are carried for both afternoon and evening; some are plain in brilliant or pastel colors, some lace-trimmed, and others have cut-out edges, leaf borders, or appliquéd designs.

KURZMAN

Hats this summer are entirely different in line from last year, being arched in front, dipped at the sides, and worn with a backward tilt, as shown in the Mado model of bakou at left, which is wider at the back, where an under-brim garniture of stitched turquoise faille makes a flattering background for the face; Kurzman

Smart this season is a finely crocheted, pliable straw which crushes into nothing. This very quality gives it a softened appearance which is charming and makes the brim ripple becomingly round the face, as seen in the Marie-Christiane model of red straw below, banded in black; dress and hat, Saks-Fifth Ave.

SAKS-FIFTH AVE.

MIDSUMMER hats are unusually flattering this season and are made of such lovely straws —bakou, panamalac, Milan, fine hair-lace, and crocheted straws. For the street the medium size rules, for it gives enough shade without being too formal, a charming Mado hat being shown above. Panamalac, a new silken straw, makes the hat on the opposite page, below, which is appropriate for sports or street wear with light clothes. Finely crocheted straws are new this summer and have a ripply look that is particularly becoming, as seen in the Marie-Christiane hat at right. Then for weddings and formal afternoon wear the hair-laces, in the sheerest cobweb weaves, are particularly lovely. These are wide of brim, with a ribbon or flower trim, or turned sharply up in front to reveal a bandeau effect. Bandeaux are much used and have a way of tilting up a brim over the forehead.

Midsummer Straws are Sheer Or Silken-Medium or Large

PHOTOS BY TONY VON HORN

BONWIT TELLER

KURZMAN

Hats take to more formality for afternoon or informal dinner wear and are made of the sheerest hair-straws, almost lace-like in weave, as seen in the black Patou model above. Its crown, interlaced with a pink velvet ribbon, ties in a bow at back; hat from Bonwit Teller, dress from Saks-Fifth Ave. The other hat, of black hair-lace, turns its brim up in front; from Kurzman

Descat establishes the return of the cloche for sports in the smart model at right, of natural panamalac, one of the new silken straws so much in favor this season. This cloche, no longer merely a little round affair, dips its brim at the sides and is worn with a decided backward tilt. The crown fits the head snugly, while inverted tucks lend interest; Bergdorf-Goodman

BERGDORF-GOODMAN

So cool and wearable are the sleeveless dress and jacket (1st. below) of beautiful flat crêpe with self-colored satin flower in powder-blue, pink, white, yellow, or pale green, you will surely want them; sizes, 36 to 44; $19.75

Youthful and pretty is the flat crêpe afternoon dress (2nd. below) with short, tied sleeves and hand-fagoted surplice collar in points; plaits in front and back; adjustable belt; pink, yellow, or bluebell; 14 to 40; $16.75

Cool and Charming Frocks From Fifth Avenue Shops

HOW TO ORDER

All you have to do is send check or money-order, with description of size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, and your order will be promptly filled; see page 126 for other frocks

Cut out to your size, with the difficult sewing completed, so that all you have to do is sew up seams and hem, is the smart, one-piece, Normandie dotted voile dress (1st. above); detachable white piqué vest; navy, orchid, green, or black with white dot; all sizes, 14 to 44; only $3.75

Semi-made is the charming, flower-printed, handkerchief-lawn dress (2nd. above) with cap sleeves, organdy collar edged with a ruffle to the belt; the skirt has a circular godet in front; the belt ties in back; green, blue, or rose with white flowers; all sizes from 14 to 40; only $3.95

Eyelet embroidery is very smart for summer dresses, and the charming sleeveless one, above, is semi-made, with the neck, the plaits in front, the streamers and belt all made; comes in white linen with blue, green, or orange eyelet embroidery; a lovely frock; sizes, 14 to 40; only $4.95

Semi-made is the lovely, flower-printed chiffon dress, below, with difficult sewing finished; draped collar, three-quarter sleeves, tiers in skirt, matching crêpe de Chine slip; black, navy, or green on white; 14 to 42; $9.95; slip, $2.50

With a fichu collar crossed in front and with plaited ruffle, the fine organdy afternoon frock, below, is semi-made; it has puff sleeves and two deep, scalloped flounces in skirt; pale green, orchid, maize, or white; 14 to 20; $4.50

Let Us Buy These for You To Wear on Any Occasion

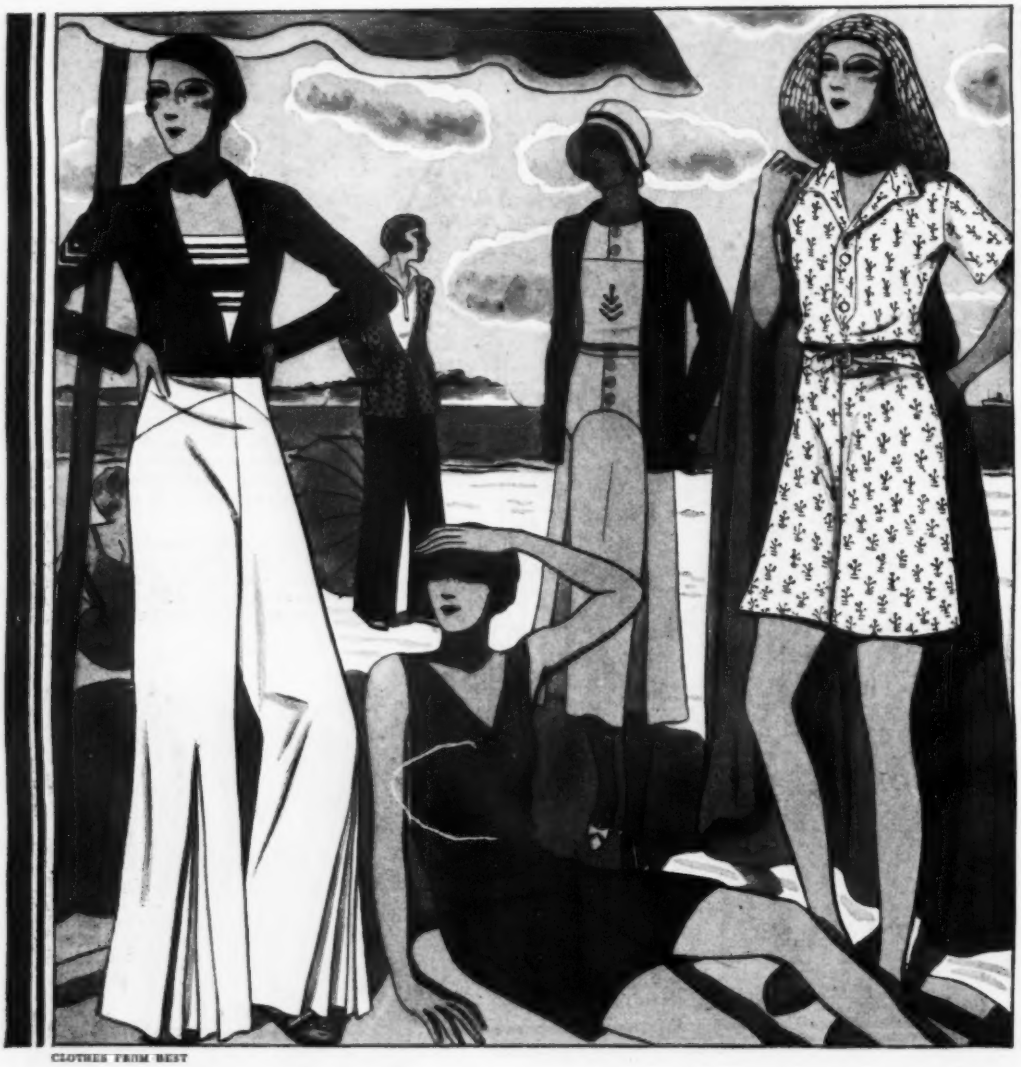
HOW TO ORDER

Let us speed these cool frocks to you so that you may wear them during the coming hot weather—they are so pretty and summery, in lovely colors; just send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

Just the frock to keep cool in is the one-piece, dotted-swiss dress (1st. above) with short sleeves, turned-back cuffs, pearl buckle on the belt, skirt plaited in front, V yoke, tucks at hips; in white only, with little bow of black ribbon at neck; all sizes, 16 to 18 and 36 to 44; only $4

Semi-made is the charming, flower-printed, handkerchief-lawn dress (2nd above), with all difficult sewing finished, all material included; it has organdy vest with organdy bows, circular skirt set on in points; in blue-and-rose, rose-yellow, green-yellow on white; 14 to 44; $4.95

You need only sew up the seams and hem this printed-lawn semi-made dress (3rd above), with white, handkerchief-lawn vest trimmed with Irish crochet and plaited ruffle; plaits in front; comes in black-and-white, green-and-white, or blue-and-white, 14 to 44; only $4.45



CLOTHES FROM BEST

Bright-Colored Beach Clothes Vary from Pajamas to Shorts

FEMININITY may sway the mode in general, but beach fashions are distinctly masculine. A marked change has occurred in beach attire, for smart women are forsaking fancy pajama suits for long, wide, sailor-like trousers of linen, shantung, or jersey. These are slipped over a bathing suit or completed by a polo shirt of matching material. In their smartest version these trousers feature a fulness set in at the knee, as shown in the Marcel Rochas pajama of shantung at left, above. The top and trousers are joined at the waist, the top being trimmed in red while the very short jacket which buttons at the waist is navy. The other pajama, above, combines navy linen trousers with a navy and pink polka-dotted linen coat and béret to match.

Shorts are another form of beach attire much in favor at present, as shown in the model of printed silk at right, above. These would be equally appropriate for tennis on a private court, or—completed by a matching skirt—could be used adequately for golf.

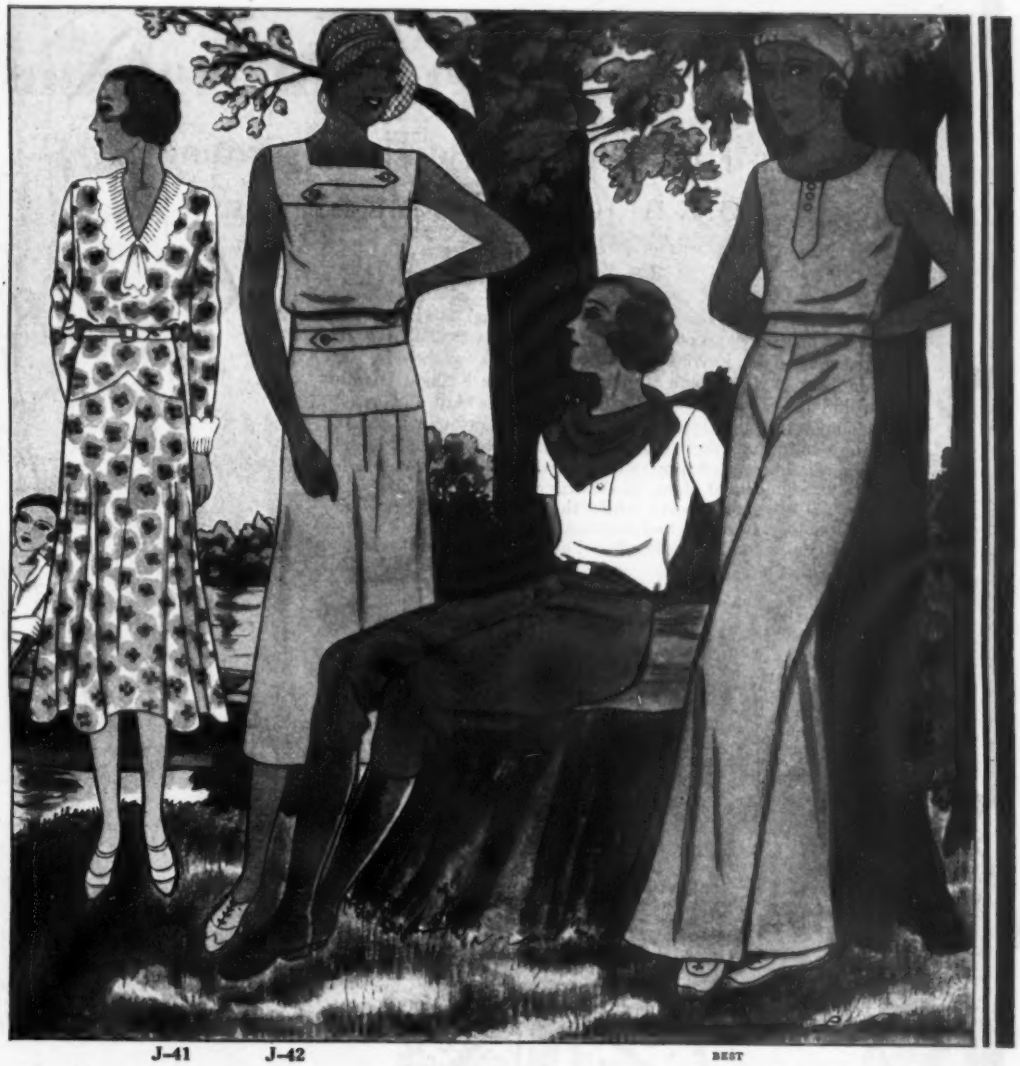
Smartly nautical is the Marcel Rochas pajama of white shantung, at left above, which sponsors wide trousers and a navy jacket. The pajama in back combines navy linen with navy and pink polka-dots

Turquoise takes the blue ribbon in bathing suits, as shown in the two-piece model of jersey above, trimmed with bows, and with a square-cut sun-tan back. The shorts are of imported printed silk with hat to match

For the woman who prefers skirts at all times is the sleeveless dress of white piqué embroidered with nautical insignia and completed by a navy-blue piqué reefer, which is also appropriate for yachting

The stitched, wide-brimmed hat of a matching material, turned up sharply off the face, as illustrated, is a favorite, as are cork shoes or basque linen espadrilles. Rubber jewelry appears for bathing.

The two-piece zephyr-knit bathing suit predominates in all shades of blue, yellow, or green, and of course in black. This type of suit is a little more feminine than a year ago as proved by the model on the seated figure above. There is a slight return to silk suits in dotted or printed silks and in pastel shades, but these are cut low in the back and are feminine in every detail.



J-41 J-42 BEST

Color and Appropriateness Make For Smartness in Camp Clothes

By Caroline Gray

SOME seek the seashore in summer, others the mountains, and then again some prefer the woods and real camp life. This is especially true in this country, where camp life can be just as simple or luxurious as one may wish—but whichever one selects, adequate clothes are required.

To dress appropriately for one's surroundings is essential, and camping calls for workmanlike clothes. Khaki breeches of wool or cotton are particularly useful and may be completed by a man's shirt or, better still, by a chukker shirt, as illustrated above. If the winds are cool, slip on a brown cardigan sweater or a short leather jacket, while a large cotton handkerchief tied at the side may lend color. High laced moccasins or boots are needed for tramping.

Cotton overalls are another form of practical costume and are in particular favor with the younger set, who wear them from morn until dusk with a béret and sneakers.

A charming dress to make in your leisure hours is design J-41, sizes 34 to 42, 50c, which may be of printed chiffon or crêpe with a detachable collar and cuffs. This dress could be worn informally at night

Decidedly smart for sports at a camp or elsewhere is design J-42, sizes 34 to 42, 50c, in shantung, linen, or piqué, with its square yoke motif of crosswise tabs which is repeated again at the waistline

For camping, workmanlike clothes are the rule as shown on the two figures at right, above. Khaki breeches, a chukker shirt, and high laced boots form one costume, and cotton overalls the other—both from Best

Should you need dresses for the more luxurious camps, or to change into in the evening in the simpler ones, two charming models are shown above, patterns for which are obtainable. What could be smarter than J-42, the dress in center, which may be of shantung, linen, or piqué? The square yoke motif with crosswise tabs is repeated again at the normal waistline. To wear informally in the evening is J-41, of printed crêpe or chiffon, which shows an interesting bolero back and a sectional, semi-circular skirt joined to a well-fitting yoke. Tucked georgette makes the detachable collar and cuffs, and the sleeves may be long or elbow length, as preferred.

Ask for These Frocks by Their Trade-Mark in Your Own Shops

SUMMER requires a variety of dresses, and above all they must be smart and cool. The attractive frocks shown on this page are available in your local shops if you ask for them by their trade names. They have been selected by the Fashion Director to fulfill the various activities of a summer's day and can be relied upon for their style, quality, and workmanship. If for any reason you are unable to find them, write GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and we shall be most happy to tell you where they can be bought.

The two models at right, of shantung, can be used for either active or spectator sports while the three frocks below are charming for afternoon and informal evening wear. The first is voile; the second, handkerchief linen; and the third, dimity.

CO-ED

HUBRITE
INFORMAL FROCK

For active or spectator sports are the two shantung models above; the Co-Ed dress with a matching cardigan features a jaunty polka-dot tie—the Hubrite Informal frock, a double collar, bow, and interesting skirt; both are trim of line

NELLY-DON

There are many occasions in the afternoon or evening when the Nelly-Don dress of imported printed voile, at left, would be charming. Its princess line, capelet sleeve, and flaring skirt are important new points of the summer mode

L'AIGLON

QUEEN-MAKE

Cottons are in high favor, and exquisite are the two models at left. The L'Aiglon dress of polka-dot handkerchief linen shows a cap sleeve and white linen frill, while the Queen-Make frock of printed dimity has a duo-tone linen trimming

Summer luncheon

There's nothing like soup to refresh and revive you!

It's a meal! And what a bracing, invigorating meal there is in a plate of hearty soup! Just the kind of luncheon or supper you need these hot summer days when you eat so many cold foods. For good, hot soup arouses a sluggish digestion and stimulates it to better action. The famous Campbell's Soups are already cooked—on your table in next to no time.

Such a help in keeping you out of the hot kitchen. 21 different soups to choose from, including that tremendous favorite—Campbell's Vegetable Soup with its 15 vegetables—"a meal in itself!" 12 cents a can.

Your choice . . .

Look for the Red-and-White Label

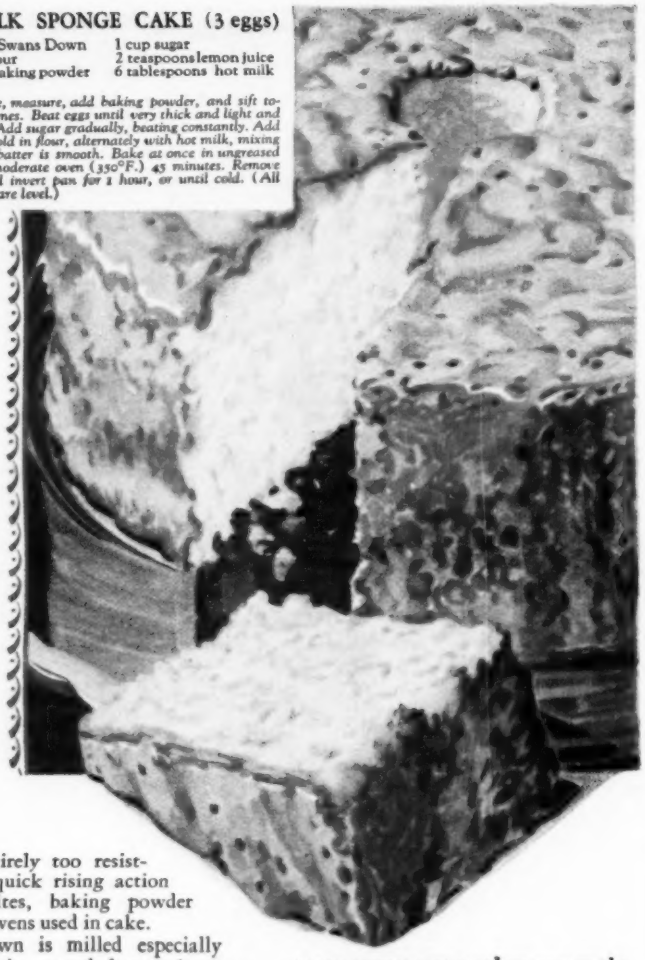
Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea ★
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

HOT MILK SPONGE CAKE (3 eggs)

1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons lemon juice
6 tablespoons hot milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Beat eggs until very thick and light and nearly white. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add lemon juice. Fold in flour, alternately with hot milk, mixing quickly until batter is smooth. Bake at once in ungreased tube pan in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes. Remove from oven and invert pan for 1 hour, or until cold. (All measurements are level.)



Even on your luckiest day,

you can't get cake like this with ordinary flour

EXPERIENCE tells you just what sort of cake you could expect from the recipe we give here, if you used ordinary flour. An "economy" cake, nothing more!

Yet . . make up this recipe, using Swans Down Cake Flour. *We don't hesitate to risk your whole opinion of Swans Down on what this simple recipe can prove.* For out of your cake pan will come . . *sheer perfection in sponge cake!* With a crust so crisp and tender, it is a mere wisp of a crust! And within . . a texture so fine and velvety, you'll want to show this cake proudly to every cake-maker you know!

In order to get a sponge cake anywhere *near* as good as that, using ordinary flour, you'd have to throw economy to the winds. Three eggs wouldn't be near enough!

Flour . . just flour . . makes that much difference in cakes.

Finer cake with fewer eggs—why?

Gluten is an important part of every flour. In ordinary flours which are milled primarily for yeast bread, the gluten is tough, elastic . . excellent for yeast's slow leavening, but entirely too resistant to the quick rising action of egg whites, baking powder and other leavens used in cake.

Swans Down is milled especially for cakes. It is ground from *soft winter wheat* because only in this wheat can you get the most delicate of glutens—gluten which is quickly, perfectly responsive to the leavens used in cake. But more than that, only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used for Swans Down. Sifted and resifted through fine silk, this choice flour becomes 27 times as fine as ordinary flour.

Makes all cakes lighter, finer

Now you can see why Swans Down makes such a difference—not only in sponge cake, but in butter cake, angel food, all sorts of cakes! No wonder you can economize on eggs and still get a lighter, finer cake!

Ask the cake winners at the big county and state fairs. They know the value of using Swans Down. *For in just about every cake contest in the land, it is a foregone conclusion that Swans Down cakes will win more prizes than all the other cakes put together.*

MAKE THESE TESTS *when you make your first Swans Down cake*

LOOK AT THE CRUST! *Touch it! It is ever so crisp and tender . . . daintily thin . . . springy, under your fingers! Swans Down makes an amazing difference, in crust alone!*

NOW CUT YOUR CAKE! *Look at its grain. Did you ever see anything so fine and even? Swans Down cakes are so light and fluffy, that feathery is the only word to describe them!*

NEXT, BREAK OFF A MORSEL. *Press it gently to feel its texture, so tender . . . so delicate! Never tough or "bready" . . Here is one of the most striking characteristics of Swans Down Cake. It feels like velvet.*

AND NOW TASTE IT! *Light . . . fine . . . delicious . . . Here is cake worth the making! Here is . . . cake at its best!*

Send for this Wonderful Recipe Booklet

Send 10c for "Cake Secrets" . . the most complete booklet on cakes you ever saw! It contains 127 recipes for cakes, and all kinds of pies, cookies, and quick breads, as well! Mail the coupon *today!* © 1930, G.F.CORP.

SWANS DOWN

★ CAKE FLOUR

A Product of General Foods Corporation

July 1930 Good Housekeeping

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC.,
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

G.H.7-30

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for a copy of your recipe booklet, "Cake Secrets."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

In Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Faces Like Flowers

By Ruth Murrin

Hat from Best & Co.

IT WOULD be nice if we all had faces like flowers—faces that could smile all day at the sun and still look fresh and sweet and cool. There is nothing that gives a woman an inferiority complex so promptly as the suspicion that distended pores are making a pin-prick pattern on her perspiring nose and cheeks, and likewise there is nothing that makes her feel quite so equal to the occasion as the knowledge that she looks delicately cool and powdered when every one else is red and shining.

The ability to look fresh on the hottest day is not just a gift one is born with, nor is it an accident. The women who have it have worked at it. They experiment until they find make-up that will stand wear and tear. They recognize the charm of a clear, clean skin and bright, fragrant hair. They know that nothing looks so hot as clothes that are wrinkled and a little soiled. They practice all the subtle little arts that make for fastidious appearance.

Probably the most essential factor in looking fresh is cleanliness, and fortunately there is nothing irksome about taking a bath in summer. A shower, a sea dip, a lazy half-hour in a tepid tub—however you take it, a bath in hot weather is sheer bliss. It helps, of course, to have just the accessories you like best—soaps that make a pleasant lather, bath salts that soften and give a spicy fragrance to the water, generous boxes of powder to take up the last drops of moisture and leave the skin smooth and cool. Bath salts that are spicy and not too sweet, such as lavender and pine, and the lighter flower odors, are especially refreshing in summer. The bath powder should have the same fragrance as your perfume, or should have little or no odor.

Until the skin becomes accustomed to the hot sun, it is well to rub a light oil all over the exposed skin before taking a swim. This will encourage an even tan, save you from a hurtful sunburn, and keep the skin from becoming uncomfortably dry. One beauty specialist makes a golden oil especially for this purpose, while another makes a milky liquid designed to absorb the injurious rays and let only the tanning rays reach the skin. If you are careless and get a burn, apply a good ointment immediately.

This summer we are asked to look sunkissed and healthy, but fair and feminine. We shall go back to wearing shade hats and using protective creams. This will be good news for the girls who freckle easily, because no matter what they do, they never get a good tan—only a crop of big, brown freckles. Most of the protective creams are rather heavy and have the disadvantage of caking rather easily, so that on very warm days one must do one's face over frequently. When this is inconvenient, I consider it better policy to use a simple lotion—one of the soothing preparations one uses for the hands—as a powder-base. Of course, if you are making up for a brief time, the special protective powder bases give the skin a lovely finish.

During the summer, it seems to me useless to apply bleaching preparations. Harsh bleaches are always injurious to the skin, and even mild bleaching creams and simple remedies such as lemon juice or hydrogen peroxide merely hasten the natural peeling process and reveal the tender, new skin which is promptly tinted by the sun. A mild tan is becoming in summer. In fall, when dark clothes again demand the contrast of a white skin, you can begin using a bleach. Freckles should be treated in exactly the same way as tan. A strong bleach will make the skin so sensitive that it freckles more easily than ever, and the caustic poisons in such preparations are dangerous. Use a mild whitening agent, don't neglect the daily cleansing and creaming, and let nature do the rest.

Girls with dry skins who hate to use overnight creams in warm weather will cheer at the news that there is a new cream on the market which keeps the skin soft and lubricated, but does not seem oily. It disappears on the skin just as a vanishing cream does, although it is a different type of cream. It is nice for the hands, too.

SO many readers have asked for a complete list of the cosmetics which have been tested and approved by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *that Ruth Murrin has listed all these fine products in the "Powder-Puff." Free, but send a stamped envelope—a long one, please.*

Don't forget that there is a complete booklet on how to be beautiful. It is called "The Primer of Personal Loveliness." Send 25 cents to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, New York City

Are NUTS Food?

A Highly Important Question Is Asked and Answered By

Walter H. Eddy Ph.D.

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau Of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

Lots of baseball energy in a sack of goobers—the whole daily calorie need of a full-grown man at a desk job in a pound of these nuts!

Photograph by H. I. Williams

IN MY boyhood days five cents bought a pint of fresh-roasted peanuts, and when the family bounty reached the ten-cent contribution stage, bliss was complete with a whole quart to munch. Picnics, circus days, every occasion when a little extra spending money was forthcoming, meant to the boys of my vicinity (the hills of Vermont) a feast of peanuts. Later we reveled in hickory and chestnuts we gathered ourselves as summer gave way to fall. And as I grew older I made the acquaintance of English walnuts and pecans.

Age, however, brings caution. I have found, as I have turned from the control of the palate to the science of nutrition, that many of my childhood enthusiasms in the dietary line are matters for correction or modification. Does the liking for nuts fall in this category?

I confess that I hoped to find a strong justification for my liking when I began to look up these edibles. I also confess that I was not only pleased but somewhat surprised when I learned the real values Nature has tucked away into these compact nuggets, each with its own distinctive and pleasing flavor. Take the comparative table of food values above, for example:

Do you see why I make this comparison? First, it is no wonder that my boyish stomach was satisfied on a strenuous play-day, with the nourishment found in a bag of peanuts, for the whole daily calorie need of a full-grown man at a desk job is contained in a pound of these nuts! Lots of baseball energy in that sack of goobers! To most of us protein means meat, eggs, cereals, or beans. Look at the nuts as a protein source compared with steak, eggs, and oatmeal. Meat also means lime, phosphorus, and iron. Do nuts suffer much in that comparison?

Foodstuffs	*Protein*	*Fat*	*Carbohydrate*	*Calcium (lime)*	*Phosphorus*	*Iron*	*Calories per lb.*
Peanuts	25.8%	38.6%	24.4%	.071%	.399%	.002%	2490
Walnuts (English)	18.4	64.4	13.0	.089	.358	.0021	3199
Pecans	9.6	70.5	15.3	.089	.335	.003	3333
Beans (Dried)	22.5	1.8	59.6	.160	.471	.007	1565
Oatmeal	16.1	7.2	67.5	.069	.392	.004	1811
Porterhouse Steak	21.9	20.4	0.0	.012	.216	.003	1230
Boiled Eggs	12.8	11.4	0.0	.067	.180	.003	755

I said age brings caution. Once, mere amount of protein and its cost would have decided my choice. Now I know that there is difference in proteins. Some are not so good as others; they lack quality, the nutrition scientist says. Perhaps I am getting too enthusiastic over my peanuts. Is that 25 percent as good as egg or steak protein, or must it be supplemented by other kinds to rebuild my worn muscles?

I found the United States Government had shown a laudable curiosity about peanut proteins. Down in Washington, D. C., in 1916, some chemists of the Food Bureau started studying the protein fraction of the peanut. They analyzed it and found it remarkably endowed with the essentials of a high-quality protein. They, and others, confirmed this analytical data indicative of quality by feeding it to rats alone, and in combination with wheat flour. It sufficed alone, and when combined with white flour actually supplemented the protein deficiencies of the wheat gluten. I need not enlarge on this data. It has all been printed in scientific reports and is available for him who desires.

I could not find as much data on the proteins of the other nuts, but what I did find indicates that they too provide both quantity and quality. Nut breads begin to appear as a rather interesting and valuable means of correcting cereal protein deficiencies, a sprinkling of walnuts on my ice cream to be a real food contribution and not merely a flavor.

But perhaps those nuts lacked the precious vitamins? Here is what I found:

Food	Vitamin A	Vitamin B_1	Vitamin C
Beefsteak	†	††	† to †
Eggs	†††	††	–
Oatmeal	†	††	–
Beans dried	†	†††	–?
Peanuts	†	††	?
Chestnuts	?	†	?
Walnuts	†	††	?
Pecans	†	†	?

Pretty good comparison with steak and oatmeal! A little (*Continued on page 108*)

Read your washday fortune in your hand...

YOU don't have to be an expert palmist. Just study the hand shown here and see how frankly it reveals its washday story.

The strong, capable palm indicates an energetic, self-reliant woman — the kind who directs her own housework. The shapely fingers show a love of the beautiful—pride in having her clothes a little cleaner than any one else's. The unbroken life line predicts many years of happiness because she gets things done with the least exertion. And the well-defined head line tells that she's thrifty—that she knows a bargain in value when she sees it.

You would expect a woman like this to use Fels-Naptha. And if you could actually see her hand, you would *know* she does!

For her hands haven't that in-the-water look. That's because Fels-Naptha washes clothes clean without hard rubbing, and because it does this so quickly that she doesn't have to keep her hands in hot water so long.

The reason Fels-Naptha works so quickly is that it is good soap and naptha. *Plenty* of naptha—you can smell it. These two cleaners, working hand-in-hand, remove even stubborn dirt, swiftly and easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it works best in hot water—all soaps do. But Fels-Naptha also works beautifully in lukewarm or even cool water. So wash any way you please—you can be sure that Fels-Naptha will give you *extra* help.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Use it for household cleaning, too. Then your hands and home and clothes—and *you*—will all proclaim your good fortune!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make *fresh*, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930, Fels & Co.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. G.H. 7-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In using advertisements see page 6

Private confession of a French maid

"Mais oui, Madame, Amolin
is the safe deodorant.
It can't seal pores."

VOILA! There's safety in this *powder* deodorant. *Soft! Smooth! Luxurious!*

Amolin is a deodorant that is a sheer delight to use! It is a *powder*—fine, soft, snow-white. And the beauty of it is—Amolin is a *safe* deodorant. It can't seal delicate pores.

Amolin *neutralizes* perspiration in a healthful way. Just dust it on without fuss or muss and instantly it takes effect. No fear of irritation. No risk of Amolin's eating away clothing. Safely it prevents body odors and keeps you fresh all day.

Body odors are tricky! We never know when we may have them. Yet there is a safe way to avoid embarrassment now—use Amolin freely. Under the arms. Over the body. Sprinkle it on the sanitary napkin, too. It's a wonderful solution to this distressing problem.

On sale everywhere, 35c—60c. Special offer—send 10c for generous trial container. Write to The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. AC-7, Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Makers of Norwich Unguentine

Amolin ★

The dainty powder deodorant

Are Nuts Food?

(*Continued from page 106*)

lower in A than eggs and in B than beans, but at least I shall not lose the kind of vitamins I get in ordinary protein sources by substituting nuts in the protein part of the menu.

What about digestibility?

Mary Swartz Rose says: "Nuts in their natural state, or salted, are not easy to masticate, and on account of their high fat content are rather slow of digestion. Hence they do not enter into the dietary of little children. When ground to a paste, however, the first objection is removed, and peanut and other nut butters are an acceptable addition as the need for food becomes more pressing."

This opinion stresses two points. Nuts are high in fat content, and fats take longer to digest than do proteins and carbohydrates. Their very insolubility in the digestive fluids means that the action of the juice can at any given amount attack only the surface of the droplet.

Nut oils are not *indigestible*, but they do take time, and obviously the smaller the droplet, the more rapidly the digestive juices will act. Also, if oil films surround the proteins and carbohydrates, they will retard digestion also.

It seems that if we wish to obtain the food values locked in these hard nuggets, we must devote more attention to their mastication than we would to eggs or oatmeal, and at least as much as we would to a tough steak. That in itself might not be bad for our gums and teeth.

Nuts, then, as nature made them, might actually deliver their food values to older children and adults better than the ground forms, if they would teach us to chew slowly and thoroughly. The squirrel with his nibble, instead of a gape-and-swallow method, should be our model in the matter of nut utilization, and if we will not masticate, we must either use the ground products or lose much of the food values they pack.

In any form these products tend to give bulk to feces and thus help elimination. Certainly the above list of findings justifies respect and appreciation of these natural foods. Certain sanitaria are making valued use of them to correct the bulkless, unchewed diets that have led to intestinal stasis and fermentation.

One of the difficulties the nut purveyors have always faced has been the necessity for shelling, and in reducing the cost of this operation many sanitary problems were raised that made us suspicious of the shelled products. Today that danger is largely eliminated. Sanitary inspection of factories and the advent of specialized machinery now safeguard us. In a peanut factory in the south I found all the nuts shelled by machine ingeniously devised to break the shell and discharge the nuts without their being touched by a hand. The peanut sheller is quite as important a factor in peanut handling as Eli Whitney's cotton-gin was for cotton.

I also find another augury for cheaper nuts in the utilization of by-products. The expressed oil is being refined to make a very excellent salad oil, pleasing in taste and other salad dressing properties. The press cake left contains all the proteins and grinds into a flour that has high food value. In my own laboratory I have raised several generations of rats on a diet in which this flour formed the sole source of protein, and these successive generations were perfectly normal. The flour also lent itself admirably to the making of novelty cakes and muffins.

The pecan purveyors have also developed a meal form of product of high digestibility and varied use. Mrs. Rose has shown that almonds may be used as a source of excellent protein.

I look for a day when nuts will supply important parts of our diet and not merely grace the Thanksgiving and Christmas table as garnish. In fact, that very use is in itself rather absurd, considering their high food value. They belong rather in the main part of the meal, and should not be added after we have already eaten to repletion.

The Bathroom and the House Plan

(*Continued from page 59*)

down expense is a combination bathroom having a bath tub and lavatory in one room and a toilet and another lavatory in an adjoining, connecting room. This arrangement is convenient, although, of course, it does not have all the utility of two complete bathrooms.

There is another economical way to provide more than one bath. It is possible now to buy short tubs which take up little space. If the plan provides a limited space, or if in remodeling an old house one wishes to put in an extra bath without cutting down room space too much, it would be well to consider putting in either one of these very small tubs, or a shower, which, with a toilet and a lavatory, will make an adequate bathroom. All this equipment can be put in a space not larger than six feet square, and in fact, by careful planning, is suitable for irregular-shaped spaces of about the same area.

In the house with a servant's room, separate bathroom facilities should be provided. A friend of mine is trying to sell an attractive Colonial house with beautiful trees and shrubs surrounding it, and located in a desirable community. A prospective purchaser called upon him just a few days ago and first asked if there was a room for a maid. Learning that there was, his next question was whether or not there was a separate bathroom for the maid. Unfortunately there was not, and the prospective purchaser was no longer interested. This is not an isolated case, and it emphasizes the importance of facilities for servants, who should be given as much comfort as possible.

Even the small house should have a lavatory room on the first floor. It is invaluable when there are guests, and if there are small children in the family, it will prove a step-saver for mother.

Having decided on how many bathrooms are needed and where they shall be located, the next problem is the selection of fixtures. An unlimited selection is available, all the way from a complete set of fixtures—not installed, of course—for less than $100, to regal rooms at almost unlimited cost. A bathroom that I saw recently had real onyx fixtures and gold-plated hardware, and with the tiling and decorations complete was said to have cost $25,000. In many houses the bathroom is easily the most expensive room in the house, until the family moves in and provides the furnishings for the other rooms. Your pocketbook and your taste must be your guide, but because of the wide latitude of choice you can have adequate equipment at a reasonable cost.

Colors have definitely entered the bathroom, and the harmony or contrast of colored fixtures and tiled walls and floors makes it possible to express your individuality in the bathroom as you do in other rooms in your house. Chromium plating is now frequently used on the faucets and other similar fixtures and hardware. This costs somewhat more than the older finishes, but I do not hesitate to recommend it as a justifiable expense, not alone from the standpoint of appearance, but because of the utility value. Chromium plating, when properly done, resists corrosion and needs no polishing, so that as a labor-saver and because it will last for a long time, it will prove a profitable investment.

Miss Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia

A FAVORITE IN SOCIETY, SHE IS AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN AND A DASHING GENTLEWOMAN JOCKEY

CLASSIC beauty, reflected in a modern mirror . . . a flawless profile, the perfect oval of a face that Phidias might have chiseled in an Athenian frieze . . . the silky chestnut hair is parted in the Grecian manner, the firm young skin is fine and lustrous as Attic marble.

Yet this classic beauty is a debonair young modern, Miss Elizabeth Altemus of an old Philadelphia family prominent since before the Revolution . . . an expert horsewoman and dashing gentlewoman jockey who rides her colors, purple and fuchsia, in many a hard-won race.

To live so actively in the open, yet to keep one's skin so radiantly smooth and fine means taking pains! Like many other lovely society women, Miss Altemus has discovered the most satisfactory complexion care.

"I have found the perfect protection—Pond's," she says. "The Cold Cream cleanses perfectly. I never use any other. The Cleansing Tissues take the cream off easily and completely.

"The Skin Freshener is well named! And the Vanishing Cream makes a wonderful powder base, especially good for evening."

YOU, too, should follow the four steps of Pond's swift, sure Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Wait to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent.

Third—briskly dab with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

POND'S FOUR FAMOUS PRODUCTS

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G
109 Hudson Street . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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In using advertisements see page 6

When You Select BOOKS for MEN

Get a Man to Help You, Advises Emily Newell Blair

Drawing by Stuart Hay

My husband is my taster of detective tales, books of travel and adventure, and books of special interest to business men

"ISN'T it about time that you mentioned us men again?" my husband asked me.

I suspected that his question was motivated by a desire to share with others some of the books in the pile that has been reaching ceilingward, in which he places the books whose enjoyment he wishes to share. And sure enough it was. I may as well confess that he is my taster of detective tales, books of travel and adventure and of special interest to business men which include those dealing with questions of economics, distribution, and the organization of our present commercial system.

Not that I take his word as final! For myself I might be willing to do so. But since mine is the responsibility, I use his tasting merely to eliminate. If he pronounces a book piffle, or tiresome, or poorly done, or untrue, it goes into the discard. But a book that he praises becomes a possibility to be tasted in turn by me.

So when he told me that he had bought six copies of "The Passing of Normalcy" by Charles W. Wood (Forbes, $3.00) to give to his friends, I knew I must read it myself. And now, although I can not buy it for all my GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers, I can at least introduce it to them.

How the book came to be written is interesting. Ralph W. Gwinn of the J. C. Penney-Gwinn Corporation, operating chain stores, wanted a book about chain stores. The author wanted to do a book showing the way chain stores are affecting human life. Mr. B. C. Forbes of *Forbes Magazine* wanted a book interpreting business to business men. The author wanted to do a book interpreting business to non-business folk. So it was arranged that the writer would visit some small town in America where there seemed to be a chain-store problem and discover what was happening there to human life. The results of his study, whether they were favorable to chain stores or not, were to be submitted to Mr. Forbes in a book, which he promised to publish if it was worth publishing.

Mr. Wood, therefore, went to Marion, Ohio, selecting it by a process of elimination because, as he says, something of all America is present in Marion and something of Marion is present in all America. But it is only incidentally about Marion and chain stores. He has written what he thought he discovered about the effect of machinery and business on our modern life. He thinks that both have wrought a change in our life as individuals and as social beings; that we are aware only in spots of what that change is; that it is responsible for the attitude of the young toward parents, the home, marriage, and the old system of morals; and that a new system of ethics and morals will develop to meet the new needs and conditions. Ethics and values, he holds, follow experience. We are now gaining new experiences. What we need to do is to gather together the facts that the experiences yield, take them all together, and work out an ideal of the good life that may be lived under the new conditions.

His book says it all so much more glibly and convincingly than it can be put in these few words of mine that I owe him an apology for attempting it. Yet to lead readers to it, I must give some indication of what the book offers. With his facts no one can quarrel. His conclusions are a different matter. In spite of the speed with which his buoyant phrases carry us from the facts to these conclusions, I, at least, can not stifle a suspicion that there are fallacies could I but stop long enough to put my finger on them. Fortunately that is no part of my duty. So much that he thinks is true, and all of it is so important, that one should read it anyway, no matter how disquieting he may find it, if only to orient himself in the world in which he lives.

The presentation is simple and direct enough to hold one to the end. Its purpose will not, however, be served if the reader does not stop at the end to challenge his findings and to debate his optimism. If he agrees, well and good. If not, he may find his way to something better. Not being an apostle of Business myself, I see in its civilization no millennium. Nor does it hold for me the promise it does for this author. In spite of all his persuasiveness I do not see in the machine a god, nor in its slaves the hope of the super-man. Nevertheless, I recognize that the machine age is here, and so am grateful for the data he has gathered and the stimulation he has given me to look for a solution, or at least a compromise, which will satisfy my own idea of the good life.

What that idea is may be found in Silas Bent's "Machine-Made Man" (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00). The problem dealt with is much the same. Mr. Bent is equally tolerant. But the purpose to which he would put this new age is—to me, at least—more attractive.

Since my husband is a lawyer, naturally he was interested in "The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes" as arranged, with introductory notes, by Alfred Lief and with a foreword by Dr. George W. Kirchwey, former Dean of the Columbia Law School (Vanguard, $4.50). But the fact that he recommended it to me should indicate that its interest is not limited to those who follow (*Continued on page 112*)

This is one of the homes we were telling you about

Let's take a quick camera trip through it and see how Armstrong Floors really look in fine rooms

MUCH OF THE APPEAL *of this living-room can be credited to the floor treatment—a Handmade Marble Inlaid Design, No. 89, with a two-tone border of black and gray. A rich foil for fine Orientals.*

YEARS ago you accepted linoleum for your kitchen and bath—perhaps even introduced it to your sun porch—because it was such a clean, comfortable, long-wearing surface underfoot. Even so, you want to be pretty sure that "it *is* being done" before you decide to accept the suggestion of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for every room in the house.

You wonder what kind of homes... You'd like to see the rooms . . . even talk to the owners if you could. To help you, we offer these camera studies of the home of Carl Kresl, Hinsdale, Ill.

EVEN ON DULL DAYS, *this breakfast room captures sunshine with its brightly colored floor of Armstrong's Embossed Linoleum, Design No. 6062. It's a good-housekeeping floor, too, made spot-proof and easy-to-clean by the Accolac-Processed surface.*

It is well-built, finely appointed homes such as this that demonstrate such statements as, "Good home decoration begins with the floor," "Armstrong Floors are part of each room picture in the country's better homes," "Decorators and architects approve Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for living-rooms, bedrooms, dining-rooms, entrance halls."

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And permit us to send you a whole bookful of different types of rooms, all floored with Armstrong's Linoleum. *"New Ideas in Home Decoration"* is the name of this latest book by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator. This book itself is an inspiration to all those who are a bit puzzled about how to dress up their homes. It brings you, too, a practical offer of Mrs. Brown's personal help in decorating your home. May we send it to you? Just enclose 10¢ with your letter to cover mailing.

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If you would like to know how an Ideal Gas Boiler can solve all your heating troubles—how it can do away with the drudgery of furnace tending—how it furnishes clean, healthful warmth without any attention whatever and at a surprisingly low cost, send for this interesting folder.

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GAS HEATING IS NO LONGER A LUXURY

When You Select Books for Men

(*Continued from page 110*)

the law. On the contrary, every one who wishes to acquaint himself with the liberal viewpoint as regards social legislation, who wishes to learn the direction in which the decisions of the Supreme Court are taking us, who likes to follow argument cogently presented, and who enjoys English that is witty, lucid, and brilliant, will appreciate this book. The Supreme Court is the most powerful factor today in determining the future course of business. For thirty years Justice Holmes has taken issue with the majority of this court on almost every case in which humanitarianism has clashed with property rights. No business man has a right, therefore, it seems to me, to express his opinion on social legislation affecting business, who is not familiar with his reasons for that attitude. It was as a citizen concerned in my country's future that my husband recommended it to me, and as a citizen that I profited from it.

Nor was it only as a lawyer that he was interested in "For the Defence: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall" by Edward Marjoribanks (Macmillan, $5.00), although it is the biography of a great English advocate. As I have once before reported, my husband is an addict of the mystery tale, and, Sir Edward being what we call in this country a criminal lawyer, the book contains an account of the great trials in which he took part. This makes it a compendium of crime stories—stories more absorbing in plot than any fictional detective story, illustrating the old saw that truth is ever stranger than fiction. In addition it is simply, directly written, so that it will entertain the veriest layman so far as the law involved is concerned. To husbands who enjoy thrills I can not recommend it too highly. That they will also come in contact with a most unusual personality, compelling, dramatic, courageous, and charming, ought surely to increase their enjoyment.

A Mystery Story

Mary Roberts Rinehart's reputation as a writer of mystery stories is so well established that I could not register surprise when he handed me her latest, "The Door" (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00), as the best one he had read for ages. My friends who had followed it week by week in serial form had told me they were not able to sleep while they waited for the next number. I read it late one night; and I confess that when I went to bed I turned on the lights in every room through which I had to pass, so that as I turned one of them out another would light me on my way. The sense of reality that Mrs. Rinehart conveys is due, at least in part (for I would not minimize her ability to build climax on climax and to make the reader into the detective striving ever to solve the mystery himself), to our familiarity with her characters. She chooses the kind we know, that we ourselves are, which makes us think, "Why, this might happen to us." Her method also serves to involve us. For here we see no super-detective, no employment of scientific facts with which we are not familiar, no laboratory tests. We are in possession of all the data necessary to detect the criminal. Therefore it is up to us to spot him. And so we strive to do it, eliminating one by one the possibilities, yet never, until the end, hitting on the guilty one. This is superlative mystifying. No wonder Mrs. Rinehart's mystery stories are always among the few that we do not forget the minute we put them down.

They haunt us. So we are fortunate if we have previously read Heywood Broun's introduction to the Modern Library edition of Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw" (95c). As every one knows, this short story is looked upon as the masterpiece of horror. Literally it does to the reader what its title indicates, although this title was chosen by its author, who prefers always the suggestion to the fact, to indicate that horror involving children is just one degree more intense than any other kind. When this is added to supernatural apparitions accepted as realities, the result is to grip every reader in the clutch of terror. But to return to Heywood Broun. He kindly reminds us, in order to still our fear to look at any window lest we see there the sinister, monstrous face of the red-haired butler, that Quint could not possibly appear at every window which is stared at with fearful eyes by all the readers of this story. This message that helped me to bed after reading "The Door" may serve to make the horror story more palatable to the timid.

I promise that they will need it if they attempt A. E. and H. C. Walter's newest tale, "Betrayal" (Dutton, $2.00), another detective story handed me by my husband. For this book, too, stays with one. You actually remember the plot, and this, I think, because it is connected with that most appealing of tragedies, the planting of an obsession in a fine soul. But stop, I must not give the solution away. That is the trouble with recommending detective tales. One can not tell the story, for then the very effect desired by their devotees will be forfeit, that of being hurried breathlessly to a *dénouement* that he did not, to the very end, suspect. Even to outline the crime will spoil the book for the practised reader. What he wants is surprise from start to finish. Besides, there is always the danger that we shall give away some clue carefully hidden by the author in his use of a word or presentation of a scene. So we can only note the effect it produced on us.

"The Ace of Spades" by Henry Holt (Dial Press, $2.00) is another good detective story, a little prosy in its explanations in the end, but exciting and unusual—the test of the good mystery tale.

The Lure of Far Countries

Whether it was the mystery of the plot or the lure far countries have for him that brought "Blue Rum" by Ernest Souza (Cape & Smith, $2.50) into my husband's list I really do not know. Either cause would be sufficient. For it is exciting enough to thrill the most bored. And certainly the background, first, of that little-known town of Lisbon, and then of that even-less-known land of Brazil, carries the stay-at-home far from his moorings. The characters, too, are as unusual, as impossible, as one could wish to meet even in the pages of an adventure book. There are, for example, the naïve American mining engineer who never could have been on land or sea, in spite of the extraordinary adventures he has on both; Senhor Medico of Coutinha in the state of Bahia, a Portuguese-Indian descendant of an African chief who hated the Portuguese, made blue rum out of a weed that ruined all who drank it, terrorized the natives, defied the officers, was a devout son of the Church, and had no respect for human life; and many others equally unbelievable. Surely, then, here is the material for one of those stories which are "different." And different it is.

For his ingredients the author (who, by the way, is said to be a writer of already established reputation hiding under a pseudonym), has taken the political revolution in Portugal, oil prospecting in Brazil, the largest diamond in the world, an international drug ring, political methods in Brazil, a shipwreck, the pathology of the down-trodden, the superstition of the uncivilized, the vanities and weaknesses of human nature, the romance of South America, and mixed them deftly. Young Roy Overton seeks a job in Lisbon. He finds himself in a queer boarding house where two murders take place, followed later by a third. In seeking the murderer he falls into every kind of adventure. This is the tale of what befell him. And since it is written with power, brevity, and not a little wit, it should satisfy almost every one who likes thrills, no matter what his interest or literary taste.

JIMMYS DAD HAS HALITOSIS
Something to it — There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years.
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, 25¢.

Not one out of ten escapes this social fault

Can you be sure that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Are you certain at this very moment, that you are free of it?

The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that you, yourself, never know when you have it; the victim simply cannot detect it.

Remember, also, that anyone is likely to be troubled, since conditions capable of causing halitosis arise frequently in even normal mouths.

Fermenting food particles, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and slight infections in the mouth, nose, and throat—all produce odors. You can get rid of these odors instantly by gargling and rinsing the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation because it is an antiseptic. It checks infection because it is a remarkable germicide.* And it quickly overcomes odors because it is a rapid and powerful deodorant.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it always before meeting others. Then you will *know* that your breath cannot offend. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. ★

LISTERINE *ends halitosis*

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time accurately recorded by science).

In using advertisements see page 6

Do you know *the amazing things* KitchenAid *will do?*

AT THE SNAP OF A SWITCH

Mixing dough, mashing potatoes, beating eggs.

Chopping meats, nuts, fruits.

Shredding cabbage, slicing vegetables.

Freezing desserts, chipping ice.

It's no wonder that KitchenAid, in thousands of homes, is called the "maid with a dozen hands"—for it:

Mixes dough for bread, rolls, gluten bread, etc. *Beats* eggs, icings, frostings, candies, batters, etc.

Cuts shortening into flour.

Whips cream, meringues, oil mayonnaise. *Strains* fruits for butters, jellies, jams, sauces.

Sieves soups, purees, vegetables, oatmeal, etc. *Chops* meats, nuts, figs, dates, etc.

Mashes potatoes, *slices* fruits, vegetables, *shreds* nuts, cabbage, coffee, cereals, *extracts* fruit juices, *freezes* ice cream, sherbets, *chips* ice — all these and many other things — at the snap of a switch.

Whether you do your own work or delegate it to others —whether there are two or ten in your family—you should know the whole story of KitchenAid.

The KitchenAid Mfg. Co.
217 Olive St., Troy, Ohio
Sales Agencies in principal cities—consult telephone directory.

Distributing Agencies: 173 King St., East, Toronto. 38 Charterhouse St. E.C. 1, London, England.

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★ **KitchenAid**
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Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

When You Select Books for Men

"Hot Countries" by Alec Waugh (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.50), on the other hand, undoubtedly appealed to my husband for its presentation of the unfamiliar and distant. This book, to be fully enjoyed, should be read in December, at least in the temperate zone. But I include it here because it is a book, my husband says, that men will like. Mr. Waugh is a novelist, and so he makes out of his wanderings in the tropics a romantic tale. "A love story," he calls it. "In love; but with an island!" That island is Tahiti, "Love's Country." But he wanders elsewhere, too—to Ceylon, to Siam, to Trinidad, to Penang—and always to find glamour and to report it dramatically.

A different presentation of the same countries is to be found in "The Gentleman in the Parlour" by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00). The difference is due, naturally, to the difference in the travelers. This one carries his literary acquaintances along with him. And thus we have illusions and references which to the literary enrich the journey. The title, for instance, he took over bodily from an expression in Hazlitt's Essays, which accompanied him on his travels.

The difference is, however, greater than this. We see these hot countries this time, from Rangoon to Haiphong, through the eyes of a leisurely man of letters to whom incidents become short stories, characters suggest motives, facts become the texts for themes. In addition, there are reported all those reactions to the senses by which the artist apprehends his world. To read these two books one after the other is to learn the difference between two pairs of eyes, two kinds of mind, two types of men.

Cowboys and Indians

The little boy that is inside every man was responsible, I am sure, for my husband's insistence on my inclusion of "The Last Rustler," the autobiography of Lee Sage (Little, Brown, $3.00), in my article on books for men. The popularity of cowboy suits, the membership of the Boy Scouts, the output of Indian and wild west stories are not an accident. They fill some deep longing of the male child not only for adventure, but for the outposts of civilization. And since men, as every woman knows, never really grow up, they seem to have a nostalgia for those lands, those men, and those communities which have escaped domestication. The wise wife, I think, realizes the harmlessness of it—in fact, welcomes it. And therefore I list this book, although I must confess I did not altogether share my big boy's enthusiasm for its unvarnished account of the rough doings of the cattle thieves, the runaway's life with the Indians, the cow-man's revulsion against the tameness of home life and the complex wickedness of cities, his fights with the Mexicans, his exploits as a broncho-buster and rodeo rider, and his eventual metamorphosis into a sheriff after bootleggers, and stunt man in the movies. A man, I am sure, would refer to the book's value as giving us a picture of a life that is gone—we women hope—forever. He would emphasize the love of nature, the ironic humor, too rude and frank for a woman. He would mention the keen observation and praise the picturesque phrase. But as a woman I can only report that a man would think so, even at the cost of my husband's discovering thus late my own limitations.

Now "Cimarron," Edna Ferber's story of Oklahoma (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is the raw community, lawlessness, and social irresponsibility as a woman sees them. I do not refer to the author. If anything, she leans toward the side of the men, even though she expresses her viewpoint solely through the note of irony that runs through the book. This irony is not discovered until the reader has finished, so closely is he held to the story by the speed with which he is carried, in the author's racy style, through the dramatic situations.

The woman through whose eyes we see the raw frontier and the days when men were men is Sabra Venable. An aristocratic daughter of the South, she had married a soldier of fortune and accompanied him to Osage, composite of three Oklahoma towns. She was deserted by him periodically, became the editor of a rich newspaper, the mother-in-law of an Indian girl, and at last a member of Congress. The manly man we see is Yancey Cravat, courageous and adventurous, charming and vain, grandiloquent and reckless, flattering and promiscuous, always seeing fortune around the corner. For him, however, the author has more than a touch of sympathy, which will not be overlooked by the men readers. And this, together with the fantastic events, will make it popular with them. The Run into the Territory for land, the Sunday service held in the gambling tent, the punishment of Isaiah and Arita Red Feather by the Indian tribe, the women's fight on the red ladies, the several shooting affrays, the saving of a town by the lucky catch of a can of nitro-glycerin, and the excitement over oil would seem utterly incredible did I not, as a near neighbor of this state, know them for history.

Many Oklahomans will say that "Cimarron" is not the whole of Oklahoma. Perhaps it is not. No one book could portray that. Yet the book has caught its spirit. And that of itself is a noteworthy achievement.

"The Paris Gun" by Henry W. Miller (Cape & Smith, $3.75) must interest any man who in 1918 lived under the menace of its smaller fellows, even were the bombardment of Paris by the German long-range gun and the great German offensives less well depicted. As it is done by a Lieutenant-Colonel of Ordnance who has a gift for clear statement of fact, not unmixed with the rarer ability to produce scenes in which background, foreground, and participants are in proportion, its readers should include all those who have a palate for history; a mind for the way inventions are made; a curiosity about the German methods; and an appetite for information about war machines and tactics.

India

The next book offered me, "Night Falls on Siva's Hill" by Edward Thompson (Dial Press, $2.50), was what I should have expected of my husband's tastes. Not only because it took him to far India, that mysterious, age-old land which ever exercises on men a mystical fascination. Nor yet because its setting, with jungle Wallahs drumming in the brush, tigers lying in ambush, and reptiles ready to strike, mounds of defense made in bow-and-arrow times, deserted castles, the dangers of the forest, streams that become torrents in an hour, opened new vistas to an imagination jaded by the American scene. But because it is a man's story through and through, and this although the central character is a girl, Nicky, the incomparable she that every man sees in his dreams—mixture of courage and dependence, ideality and practicality, beauty and usefulness. Men pronounce this "an enchanting story." Women should read it, if only to know their own men better. But if my own reaction is an indication, they also will thrill to it. For women, too, live in a man's world and by it, and therefore are not indifferent to what moves men.

As a fisherman my husband would, of course, insist that I include "My Friend, the Black Bass" by Hon. Harry B. Hawes, United States Senator from Missouri (Stokes, $2.00). And by all fishermen it will be welcomed. By others, too, like myself, who like to read of the out-of-doors, who love mountain streams and wooded hills and particularly the Ozarks. A revelation, too, to all wives who wonder why their husbands love that click-click of the reel, potter over colored flies, and disappear into the wilds.

Lest it be thought that men's interests are solely mundane, I record that my husband was fascinated by a book that deals with the most awesome mystery in the entire history of

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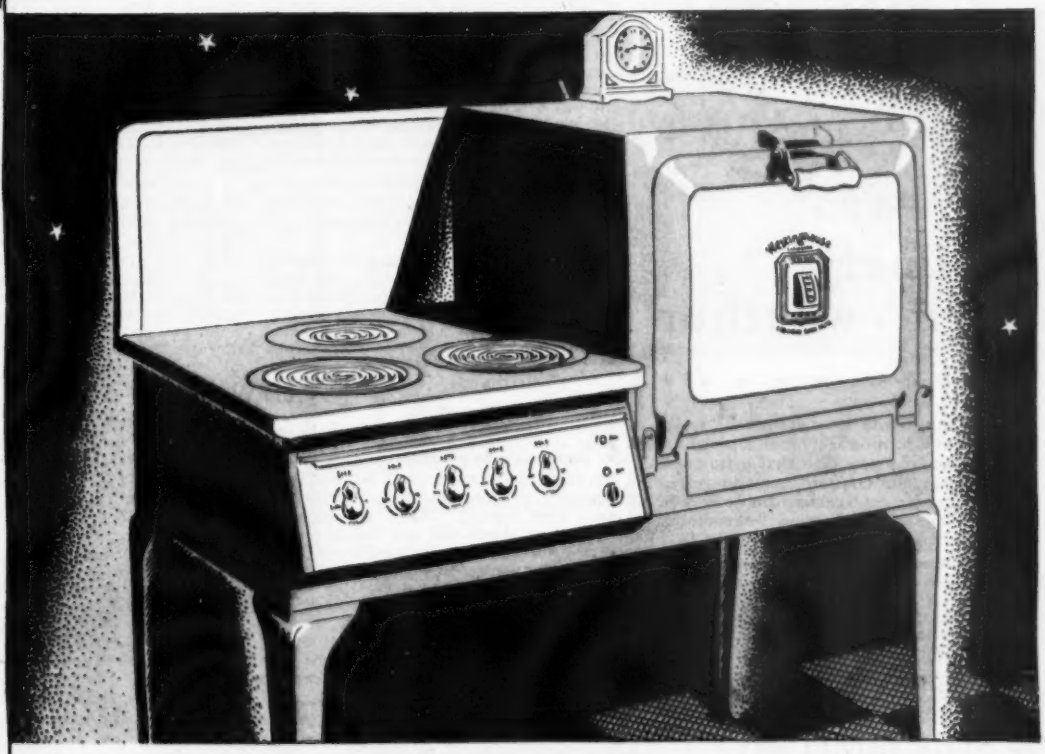

Now you can match in every detail the traditional goodness of Dutch Oven meals. But you can measure your kitchen time in minutes . . . compared with the long hours it took to serve the foods of 200 years ago. The same tempting deliciousness remains . . . but with it comes a new freedom enjoyed only by those who know the speed and automatic convenience of Westinghouse Flavor Zone cooking. This remarkable modern range prepares meals to perfection while you are far from the kitchen. You have merely to place cold foods in the oven and forget them until meal-time. Send the coupon and learn how the distinctive Flavor Zone method has turned old-fashioned Dutch hours into modern cooking minutes.

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A timely warm-weather hint . . . . . .

Here's a suggestion for a delightful, easily prepared and economical menu change for July days—a chicken dish that originated in India, a very hot country. . . . All you need is some Curry Powder and a tin of R & R Boned Chicken—the other ingredients you already have.

R & R Boned Chicken is *all* meat—the sweetest, tenderest pieces of prime, carefully selected, Government inspected (*) chickens. It is cooked and prepared ready for use just as Richardson & Robbins' experience of 75 years has taught them how to do it. . . . Get a tin of R & R today from your Grocer or Delicatessen and try this delightful dish tonight:

CHICKEN CURRY

(4 generous portions)

1 small tin R & R Boned Chicken
2 tablespoonfuls Butter — 1 cupful Milk
1 good-sized Onion (minced) — 2 tablespoonfuls Flour
Salt and pepper to taste
2 teaspoonfuls Curry Powder

Place butter and onion in a pan and cook (without browning) until the onion is done. Add the flour and curry powder and cook two minutes longer. Then stir in the milk, the seasoning and the chicken (cut in small pieces), and cook for ten minutes. Serve with boiled rice.

(*) Every chicken is inspected and certified by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

R&R

Richardson & Robbins

Established since 1855 in Dover, Del.

When You Select Books for Men

Christendom; namely, what happened on that night when the body of Jesus disappeared from the tomb outside the gates of Jerusalem. "Who Moved the Stone?" by Frank Morison (Century, $2.50) is the title. Before he wrote this book, the author was frankly skeptical of the miraculous, but had a deep appreciation of the character of Jesus. He intended merely by employing the methods of a modern psychological detective to discover why Jesus died a cruel death at the hands of the Roman power, how he himself regarded the matter, and especially how he behaved under the test. With the equipment of the scholar he investigated the origins of the literature about Christ as contained in the gospels. With the thoroughness and accuracy of the scientist he sifted the evidence. And with the inductive reasoning of the dialectician he formed his judgment on the problems it presented. The result was a revolution in his thought. The irresistible logic of the meaning of the strange things which had happened came into view. And he landed on the unexpected shore of belief. The book, therefore, is essentially a confession of a man who set out to write one kind of book and was compelled by the facts discovered to write another.

This alone makes it a challenge to unbelief. But it has more to offer than that. For it not only brings out facts little known to the layman, weighs them by a new process, brings their relationship into view, but it presents with marvelous clearness events and characters of tremendous significance to man. Thus it is a book for believers as well as doubters.

These, of course, are but a few of the many books whose enjoyment by my husband indicates them as interesting to men. Some equally good had to be omitted because of space. Others I have not yet had time to read. Nor have I been able to give an example of every kind of book some man would enjoy. Not every man, of course, any more than every woman, likes the same books. Many men will not care for any of these books. Some will reject one and choose another. But in each of these I have mentioned there are qualities that define them as men's books rather than women's, their point of view, their subject matter, their method.

It does not follow that women will not enjoy them. I did, and many others will. Are there not women detective story writers, and women adventurers, and women students of economics, and many more who would be so if they could? I am not sure that men's books do not have a special fascination for women. Certainly it is a wise wife who sympathizes with and understands her husband's point of view and interests. For that reason, if for no other, women may find these books worth while.

I shall be glad to name others for any man for whom the list is not long enough or who has already read these. And also for those wise wives who include in their own reading books they can discuss with their husbands.

Stairways

(Continued from page 57)

squat oak posts 3 to 4 inches thick were used at the angle or corner of stairs farthest from the chimney, and into these posts the diagonal threads were framed. When the enclosed wainscot was abandoned and balusters and hand rails were introduced, the posts were used also, but two more were added, one at the top and one at the bottom of the flight to receive the upper and lower return runs which had now supplanted the winders. These first newels were plain, not more than three or four inches square, with a molded or turned cap. Newels which were turned throughout their length were not common in the earliest houses, but were found in the more spacious central-hall houses. One finds only rarely a rectangular newel paneled on all four sides, and sometimes a newel made by a group of four balusters with the rail mitered over them to form a cap. The newel at the top of the flight was sometimes projected below the finished ceiling of the lower hall and terminated by a molded drop, and this custom is in common use today.

When the box string was abandoned and the outside of the risers and treads were exposed, a new area for the elaboration of design was developed. A scroll or bracket, carved or cut from a thin piece of wood, was applied below the molded edges of the tread returns under the balusters. These scrolls, which are universally used today, vary with almost every stairway. Sometimes the design is complete with each step, and sometimes a running motive is used which interlocks and repeats itself from one step to another. These bracket-like scrolls are about one-half inch thick and offer unlimited opportunity for individuality.

In later development the stairs became more and more elaborate and also more important as a decorative feature of interior design. As more space was allotted to them, the risers were made lower and the treads widened, which permitted three balusters to a tread, and in their elaboration these were sometimes of three distinct designs with a spiral introduced for contrast. The stairway shown at the foot of page 56 is an example of this.

The treatment of the hand rail and balusters at the lower tread is worthy of note because of the infinite variety of terminal motives. The balusters and hand rail are sometimes carried around a central newel in a spiral form following the curve of the lower tread. Again, in another type, the balusters widen out to give a more generous approach to the flight, and have a newel to receive the hand rail which forms the newel cap. Sometimes these newels, as well as the balusters, are elaborately cut in spirals.

Winding or circular stairs, which are apt to be the most elaborate in design and the most intricate to construct, have a grace and charm of their own. For a truly individual type we think of the famous hanging stairs in Charleston.

Broad stairs, broken by a window landing, give many opportunities for varying effects. The landing, if space permits, can be extended into a sitting alcove which may be useful for many purposes, or it may be window-seated and overlook the garden or entrance court according to the orientation of the stairs, as in the large picture on page 57.

The later stairs of Colonial design vary in the method of painting. The most usual combination has white painted trim and balusters with mahogany hand rail and newels. This is varied by having mahogany balusters as well as stair treads.

Where economy of space must be considered in the smaller houses of today, it is possible to make the flight of stairs pass up between walls. This plan eliminates any necessity for a balustrade, but should provide a hand rail carried on brackets. The stairs can be lighted by providing a window and landing at the turn.

For other houses in which the third floor is not developed sufficiently to warrant a stair well or permanent flight of stairs, there is a simple equipment which solves the problem of reaching the attic with trunks, etc. A trap door is installed in the ceiling of the second-story hall, and fastened on the attic side of it is a substantial flight of steps which can with a little effort be pulled down for use and pushed out of sight when it is no longer wanted.

The small spiral stairs of old England's towers and keeps have a decided value in our country houses today. For a small private stair to an owner's back bedroom, or an extra back stair, they are splendid, as they can be worked into a small space and are more interesting than the ordinary back stairs.

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PEACH BAVARIAN

1 package Lemon or Orange Jell-O	1 cup crushed peaches, sweetened and drained
1 cup boiling water	
1 cup peach juice	2 or 3 drops bitter almond extract
½ cup cream, whipped	

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add peach juice. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream, peaches, and flavoring. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 6.

CARROT—CABBAGE SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O	1 teaspoon salt
1 pint boiling water	1 cup raw carrots, grated or finely chopped
2 tablespoons vinegar	1 cup raw cabbage, finely shredded

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in carrots and cabbage. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

• • •

VARY THIS salad by substituting for the carrots and cabbage: ½ cup cabbage, finely shredded; 1 cup celery, finely chopped; ½ cup cucumber pickles, finely chopped; 2 or 3 pimientos.

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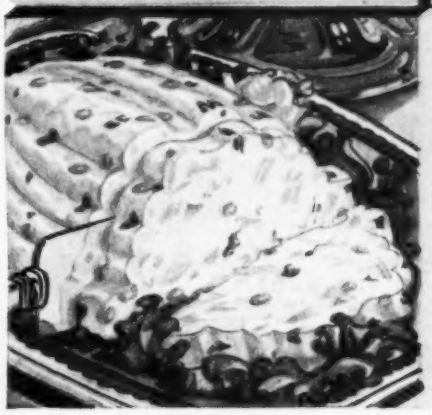
FIVE PURE-FRUIT FLAVORS

MARSHMALLOW WHIP

1 package Strawberry Jell-O	1 cup cold water or fruit juice
1 cup boiling water	6 marshmallows, finely cut

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water or fruit juice. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Add marshmallows. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses or pour into mold. Chill until firm. Serves 6.

(All measurements on this page are level.)



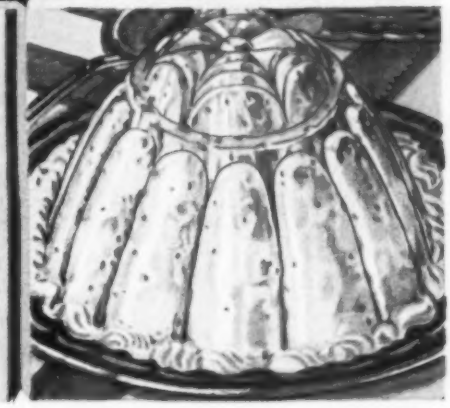
JELLIED TUNA

1 package Lemon Jell-O	1 cup tuna fish, flaked
1 cup boiling water	1 cup peas, fresh-cooked or canned
1 cup cold water	2 tablespoons pimiento, finely chopped
2 tablespoons vinegar	½ cup Hellmann's Mayonnaise
1 teaspoon salt	

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water, vinegar, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Blend. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

• • •

VARY THIS entrée by substituting for tuna fish and peas: 1 cup salmon, flaked; 1 cup celery, diced.



These are just a taste of the good things that the new booklet tells about! Get it!

80 "prize" desserts, 45 wonderful salads, all sorts of tempting entrées, appetizers, relishes—oh, there is no end to the delicious dishes that you can prepare with Jell-O and this new Jell-O booklet to aid you. Send today.

For them all, use genuine Jell-O—none other. Jell-O comes in five pure-fruit flavors, each package sealed to keep the fruity aroma intact. Why not buy Jell-O in assorted flavors, six packages at a time? Jell-O dishes are so economical, so easy to make, so sure to turn out right. And best of all, so easily digested, they never give you the "wish I hadn't" feeling, afterwards. Send for booklet today.

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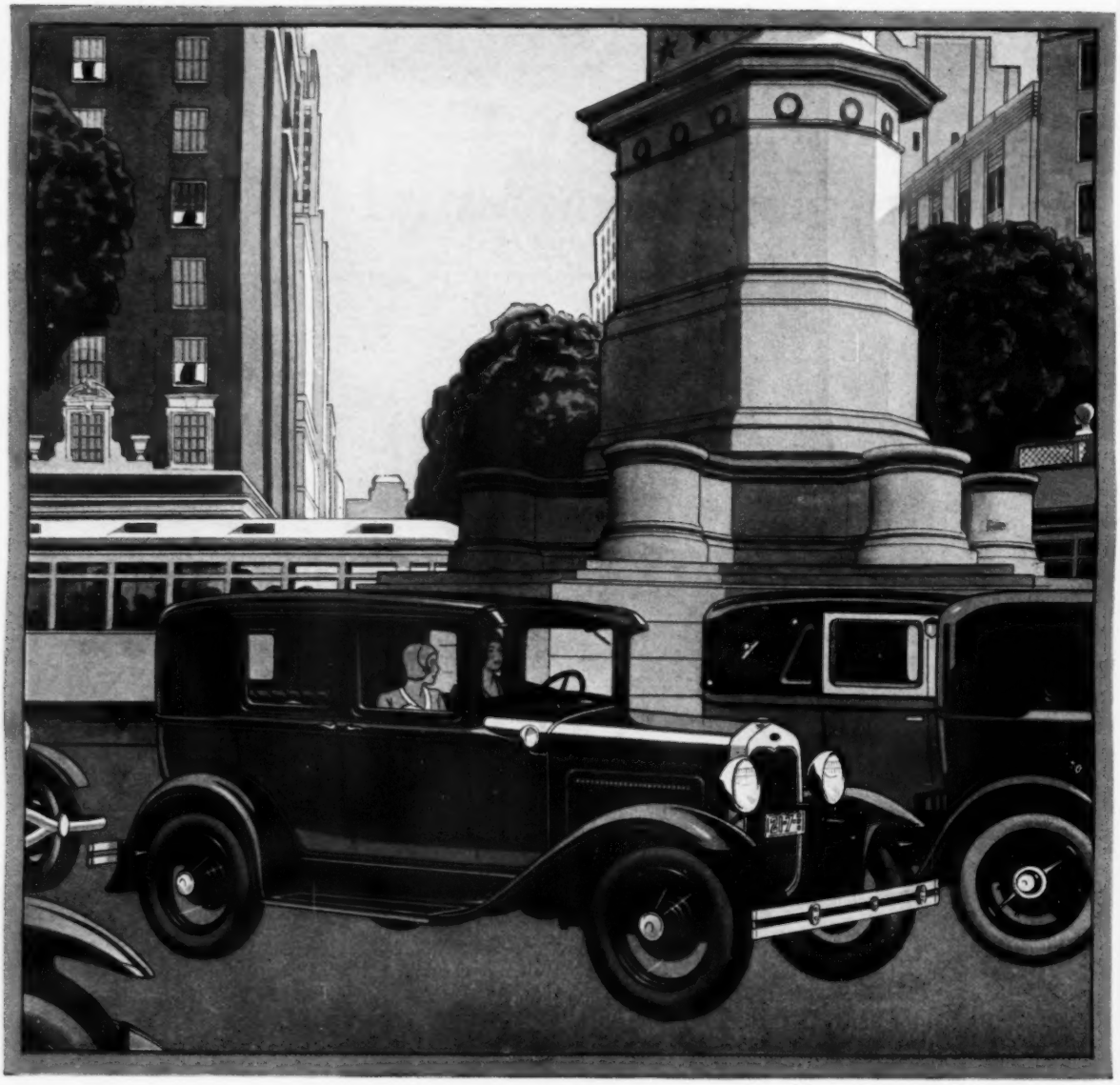

THE NEW FORD DELUXE SEDAN

An easy car for a woman to drive

THE new Ford is a splendid choice for the woman motorist because it is so reliable and easy to handle. Particularly in heavy traffic you will appreciate its quick acceleration, alert speed, effective four-wheel brakes, and ease in steering, shifting gears, turning and parking. « « « « «

Another factor that contributes to your feeling of confidence and security in driving the new Ford is the Triplex shatter-proof windshield. This reduces the danger of flying glass, a frequent cause of injuries in automobile collisions. The Ford Motor Company has provided it for you on the new Ford as a contribution to greater safety on every highway. « « « « « »

Ford

GROWING PAINS

By Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M.D.

Director of The Health and Happiness Club

A Service For Mothers of Young Babies

Photograph By H. Armstrong Roberts

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

We are accustomed to hear mothers call any shifting ache in the legs a "growing pain," especially when it is severe enough to arouse a child at night. For many years physicians agreed with this and firmly believed that the physiological process of growth of bone and muscle, under certain unexplained circumstances, could be painful. We no longer accept that statement.

But children still, on occasion, have aches and pains, and mothers still worry about them! And as the doctor can no longer use the old diagnosis he must be alert to find the real reason. No one can safely assume that such symptoms are of a transitory nature or that the child will necessarily outgrow them.

Perhaps the commonest ache in the lower extremities is found after a child has learned to walk, but walks with the habitual wrong use of the foot muscles. There is a resulting strain which apparently is not felt acutely until after the relaxation of the body at night. The child may walk with the toes turned out instead of with a straight Indian walk; there may be a rolling inward of the ankles which tends to weaken them; or the longitudinal arch may be relaxed or flattened. The transverse arch in children is less often at fault, but trouble may be found there if a child markedly increases in weight. Pain along the calves of the legs, under or above the knees, limping, and a distaste for physical exercise or for long walks may point to trouble with the feet. Ligaments may become relaxed as part of a general low muscle tone, so the entire health problem may need consideration.

Foot exercises, combined with the correct use of the body and foot in walking and standing, and a shoe which really fits and allows for good foot action are essential. Even the best of shoes can not help a foot if the tendency is to strain the ligaments and arches by a wrong mechanical use. Ask your physician to look most carefully at your child's bare foot; to watch him run, stand, and walk, and note the weight-bearing possibilities; then to help strengthen the arches if they are found to be relaxed. *If* the discomfort has come from the feet, you will find that it will tend to lessen.

The next point for consideration is infection, the absorbing of poisons into the general system. The commonest sources in children for such poison are the crypts of tonsils (with or without sore throat), hidden sinuses, or pus formation in any locality of the body. Often the focus responsible for leg aches and pains will be found only after a complete physical examination, with cultures from the throat, x-rays of the sinuses, and tests of the blood and urine. For years the so-called "growing pains" have been thought to be "rheumatic," but we know that even that word is too general. That word is being saved for acute rheumatic fever, a disease accompanied with red, tender, swollen joints and which carries with it the danger of heart complications.

Chronic absorbing of poisons from the intestinal tract, even if there is no obstinate constipation, may cause restlessness at night and soreness in the muscles, but rarely acute pain.

When we come to know more about foods, it is possible that many generalized discomforts may be found to have their cause in either a special sensitiveness to small amounts of protein, or to a lack of something which the body especially needs. Most interesting results are being obtained with high Vitamin B concentrates in adults who have been moderately constipated all their lives or who have stiffness in the joints and the swollen finger "nodes" of what used to be called "chronic rheumatism," and in whom no demonstrable focus infection can be found.

It is true that pain may be referred to the legs, down the thighs, or in the knees when the true cause is in the hip, sacro-iliac joint, or around a kidney. The individual is honest in believing the pain to be in the spot where it is felt, but we know that often this too obvious symptom is only a signpost to point the way to the real trouble.

Children can usually make a marvelously quick recovery from just plain tiredness. Therefore, when the fatigue or pain symptoms are either continuous and disturbing, or localized, remember that something else is almost always responsible.

Josephine H. Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, *57th St. at 8th Ave., New York.*

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DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

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Entirely Unnecessary

Will you please comment on the following diet: For breakfast, fruits only; for luncheon, proteins only; for dinner, starchy foods only? It is claimed that laboratory tests have shown that meat, fruit, and starch don't mix. This would do away with balanced and most approved food combinations. *Mrs. E. G. E., Mass.*

With regard to eating only fruits for breakfast, proteins for lunch, and starchy foods for dinner, I believe that Nature meant all of our food products to be eaten together. It may be as well, perhaps, not to eat too many things at one time, but there is no necessity for separating foods into parts. How would you proceed to separate the elements of a loaf of bread into fats, proteins, and carbohydrates and eat them separately? It couldn't be done. When you eat a piece of bread, you must take your proteins and starches together. This is Nature's way, and I see no reason why we should try to improve upon it. Nature intended all the elements of our foods to be eaten together, or they would not have been combined.

Fruits and Vegetables Not Incompatible

I have been told that fruits and vegetables should not be eaten at the same meal because they require different gastric juices to digest, and thus overwork the stomach. In view of this, the meal carefully planned by dietitians including fruit cup and vegetables, or vegetables and fruit salad, must be incorrect. Can you tell me why?
Miss E. C., Conn.

There is no scientific nor dietetic reason why vegetables and fruits should not be eaten at the same meal. It must be an extreme food faddist who would make such a statement, and one without scientific knowledge of foods. You may continue with your fruit cup and vegetables, or with your vegetables and fruit salad, with the knowledge that there is nothing wrong nor unscientific in your food combination.

The Cause Not Fully Known

What is the cause of arthritis? Would living constantly in a warm climate be of any benefit?
Mrs. J. C., N. Y.

The cause of arthritis is not fully known. The enlargement of the joints is a baffling problem. By some physicians it is believed that chronic arthritis develops not only as a result of long-continued bacterial infection, but also on a basis of metabolic disturbances. The sources of toxins most commonly believed to be the cause of the trouble are diseased tonsils and abscessed roots of teeth, although the pus which infects the blood may come from other localities. If you have not had your tonsils examined and an X-ray of your teeth made, it would be advisable to do so. I do not think climate would have anything to do with its cure. The value of medical treatment lies in the attempt to promote proper digestion and bowel activity, as well as proper circulation, and proper character of the blood.

Identical in Chemical Properties

Will you please advise what you find about the keeping qualities of beet sugar? Is it on a par with cane sugar for home canning? What are the main differences, if any?
Mr. M. S. J., Iowa

The sugar that is separated from the beet and the sugar that is separated from the cane are identical in chemical properties. They have the same keeping qualities. It is doubtful if any except an expert could detect any difference in flavor or odor.

Helpful But Not a Specific

I have been told that a proper diet is very helpful in the treatment of catarrh. Do you agree with this? Will you please send me a list of foods for such a diet?
Miss F. M., Ga.

In the treatment of catarrh the body should be kept in good condition by means of a wholesome diet, thus assisting Nature in her efforts to effect a cure. A nutritious, wholesome diet is one composed of bread and breakfast foods made of whole-ground, unbolted grains, meats in moderation, plenty of fruit and vegetables—particularly the leaf vegetables, which are very wholesome by reason of the vitamins and minerals they contain—and a minimum amount of sweets, in the form of candies, confections, and sweetened desserts. Tea and coffee also should be used in moderation. This diet is not a specific in the cure of catarrh, as catarrh can not be cured by diet, but is one which is nutritious and wholesome. An antiseptic gargle or douche in the throat and nasal passages may do some good in removing bacterial infection and resulting bad odors which usually attend cases of chronic catarrh. A nose and throat specialist should be consulted as to the best gargle or douche to employ.

Is Inclined to Be Fattening

I would like to hear your opinion of hot chocolate as a fattening food. Some one has told me that the oil in it acts as a lubricant and is good for one suffering from constipation or a torpid liver.
Mrs. L. A. H., Colo.

Starches and sugars are fat-forming foods, and as chocolate in addition to its fat and protein content has a high sugar content, it may be included in that class. It has no beneficial effects in constipation, nor does it act in a helpful way with a torpid liver. The principal cause of constipation is a diet which leaves too little residue. A certain quantity of undigested residue is necessary for the proper stimulus of peristalsis. My leaflet "Constipation," sent out by our Bulletin Service (price 5c and a stamped, addressed envelope), comments fully on the subject.

A Matter of Personal Opinion

I have been criticized because I think it unsanitary and unsalutary (if I can make a word) to bathe a dog in the bathtub used by family and guests. Please tell me your opinion.
Mrs. J. H. D., N. C.

It seems to be a matter of personal opinion whether or not one wishes to wash a dog in his own bathtub. However, if the tub is to be used by other members of the family and by guests who might have a feeling in regard to the matter, it would be a matter of policy to wash the dog elsewhere.

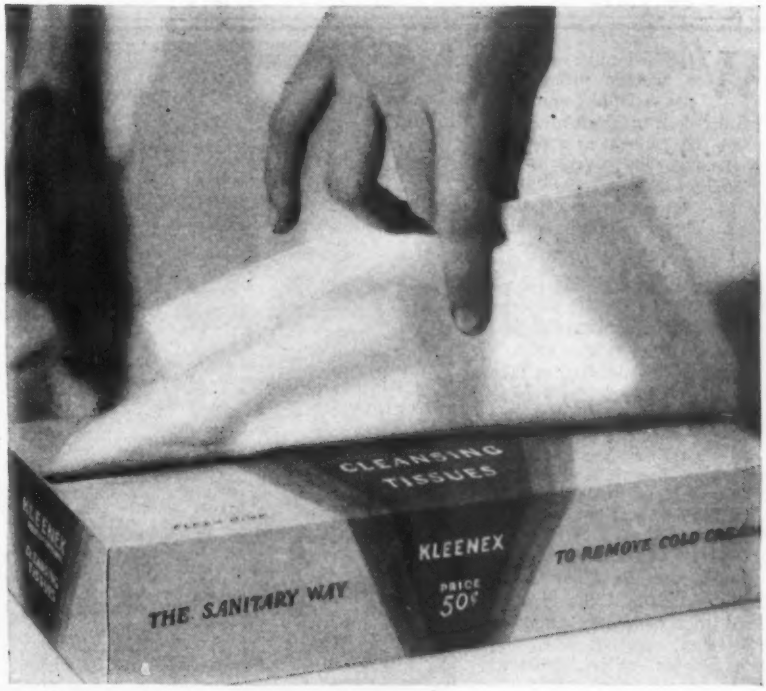
Vitamins In Spinach

Does acid destroy vitamins? For example, is the vitamin content of spinach reduced by the addition of vinegar? Also, will you please tell me if cooking affects the vitamins in spinach? Your reply to these questions will be greatly appreciated.
Mrs. A. F. S., Okla.

Vinegar used on spinach would not destroy the vitamins. In general, the more acid the product, the less danger of vitamin destruction. Cooking reduces the vitamin C, or scurvy-preventing power, of spinach, but has little effect on the other vitamins.

Be *safe*... remove cold cream the Kleenex way

Your skin absorbs the cold cream it needs in 5 to 10 minutes' light massage... then the cream should be removed with safe, absorbent Kleenex.



KLEENEX NOW IN
FLESH PINK · SEA GREEN
CANARY YELLOW, ·
AND WHITE

BE SAFE when you remove cold cream. Don't use a method that may stretch and relax the skin ... like coarse, unabsorbent towels. Don't use unhygienic "cold cream cloths," which usually carry bacteria *into* the pores instead of lifting impurities away.

Kleenex is safe. Great skin authorities recommend it, great beauties use it. Every Kleenex tissue comes from the box pure, soft, absolutely free from the germs that are so disastrous to beauty.

And Kleenex is so *very* absorbent. The delicate tissues simply blot up the surplus cream, along with lingering bits of dirt and cosmetics. No rubbing is needed.

Many women do not know that the skin absorbs cold cream in 5 to 10 minutes' light massage or patting. The unabsorbed cold cream should then be removed . . . to prevent those oily areas that so quickly form around nose and chin. Blackheads and large pores are other beauty ills that follow neglect of this important rite.

Kleenex tissues are becoming more and more popular for handkerchiefs. They are so fresh, clean and soft ... and do away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering.

Doctors advise Kleenex when there's a cold, to avoid reinfection. Think how much better it is to use a tissue, then discard it, than to carry germ-filled, damp handkerchiefs about with you.

Drug and department stores carry Kleenex. Ask for it at any toilet goods counter.

LOVELY HELEN WRIGHT, *Universal's talented new leading lady, has her own feminine reasons for removing cosmetics the Kleenex way. She exclaims: "Such lovely tints! Kleenex not only removes make-up and cleansing cream very thoroughly—it puts me in the right mood for a beauty treatment."*

Helen Wright

G-7

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name.....

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In using advertisements see page 6

Why Bonds Go Up and Down

By Ruth Boyle

WHY do bonds, which are a specific promise to pay a definite sum on a definite date in the future, and which pay interest at a regular fixed rate, not remain at the same price in the market? Why do they fluctuate from day to day? These questions trouble the reader who writes this letter:

"I have never been able to understand why bonds go up and down. I buy only the ones my banker recommends, and they are supposed to be safe. I do not want to speculate or take risk, but as careful as I have been, some of my bonds are selling in the market for less than I paid for them. Others are higher than they were when I bought them. At the bank they don't answer my question. They just tell me not to worry, because my bonds are all right."

Bonds are like other things that people buy: They rise in price when people are eager to buy them, and fall when the demand for them slackens. There are two general conditions which cause the unpopularity of bonds. The first affects only particular bonds, because it is due to the internal condition of the company itself. If the business does not seem to be prosperous; if earnings are falling off, and people begin to fear that profits will be so small that interest charges will not be earned or will be covered by only a small margin of safety—those who own the bonds hasten to sell them, and prospective investors are not tempted to buy. So the market value of the issue declines, even though all other bonds are holding their own or going higher.

In the case of the reader whose letter is quoted, this reason probably does not apply. Her banker assures her that her bonds are sound. It is more likely that she bought some of her securities at a time when all bonds as a class were high, and as conditions changed, their market value went lower. The safety of the bonds is unchanged, of course; principal and interest will be paid promptly when due. But the bonds are cheaper because the investing public is not at the moment enthusiastic about buying them at high prices. Now, why should people be willing to pay par or above for bonds at one time, and reluctant at another? The answer lies in the current interest rates.

When you buy a bond, what you are really interested in is income. If five percent is the current rate of interest, you are willing to pay $1000, or par, for a high-grade 5% bond. If the current rate is less than five percent, you will feel justified in paying more than $1000 for this good bond; and if money should become scarce and interest rates rise above the 5% coupon rate, you will feel that the price of the bond should fall below par until the price at which you buy it will give you a yield equal to the current rate of interest. In other words, you won't pay $1000 for a bond yielding $50 a year if you can get an equally good one which yields $60 a year.

To illustrate this principle in another way: at the present time Northern Pacific 6s are selling around 112, while the 4% bonds of the same railroad are selling around 90, and the 3s at around 66 percent of par. Over thirty years ago, when the 3s were issued, three percent was the usual rate of interest for a first-class bond, but current rates are nearly five percent, and consequently we are now willing to pay only $660 for good securities with this low coupon. Just the opposite process has been taking place since last fall. Interest rates in the past few months have fallen, and the trend of bonds has been gradually upward.

Interest rates, of course, depend on the activity of business. When business is good, production is speeding up, and sales become active, there is usually a demand by business men for money, and lenders are able to get better than usual interest. On the other hand, when sales begin to fall off, manufacturers find themselves with surplus goods on their hands, and factories lessen production, few people want to borrow money, and interest rates fall. So bond prices and the business cycle are tied together. When business is good, the trend of bond prices is downward; and when business is declining, bond prices turn upward.

There is one exception to the general rule that bond prices fluctuate with interest rates. If a bond is soon to mature—say within six months—it will not depart far from par, because in a short time it will be worth exactly its face value. Convertible bonds do not follow the general rule, because their value is partly dependent on the value of the stock into which they are convertible.

It is evident then that the most favorable time to buy bonds, from the point of view of the investor, is the period when interest rates are high. At such a time the bond market will be dull, and prices comparatively low. But most of us don't worry about the ups and downs of the market. We like to keep our money working, and when we have accumulated a surplus, we invest it in good sound bonds which will bring in a larger income than if the money were left in a savings bank. Our chief interest is to safeguard our capital and provide a regular return in hard times as well as good ones, and while doing this, get the highest interest consistent with safety.

If you own good sound bonds, you will never know the terror that sweeps over panic-stricken speculators in a market crash

Free Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. Don't send your securities.

Compare Super Suds with chips or flakes

in these first photographs* ever taken of dishwashing soaps at work

Photographs through glass dishpans prove Super Suds gives swifter, richer soapiness!

NOW . . . see through glass dishpans the difference between instant dissolving Super Suds and slow dissolving chips or flakes.

These are the first photographs ever made that show how soap works *below the surface of the water.* Down where the real job of dishwashing takes place.

Notice how the gummy, half-dissolved flakes of soap leave the water almost devoid of helpful soapiness. While in the same length of time every tiny "bead" of Super Suds has dissolved . . . flooding every drop of water in the pan with rich creamy soapiness.

An utterly new-type soap

Super Suds can do this because it's not chips, flakes or powder, but tiny hollow beads, with walls 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Thus it dissolves instantly—cuts dishwashing time in three ways:

(1) *Saves waiting for suds.* (2) *Washes dishes clean faster,* because of the rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds. (3) *Saves dishwiping.* Every trace of soap is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes *drain* dry to sparkling clearness.

Super Suds is only 10 cents a package. Order from your grocer today.

Super Suds 10¢

←*At Left* Super Suds in Action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly.

Slow-dissolving chips *At Right*→

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving flakes, tells a different story! Half dissolved chips—floating around in almost soapless water! Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ½ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ½ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

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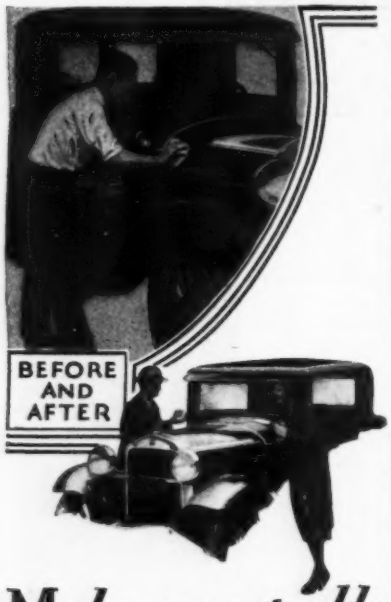
SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Makes cars sparkle like new

AND KEEPS THEM BEAUTIFUL FOR YEARS

THE SOONER A CAR IS Simonized the better. Dullness and discoloration are signs of decay—warnings to you that the finish of your car is in danger and needs Simoniz to guard it from destruction. Simoniz protects the finish from dust, dirt, traffic fumes and other elements that dull, age and eventually destroy the surface. It makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading—so that even after years of driving the Simonized car still looks new and beautiful.

Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are inexpensive and easy to use. Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the original beauty to the finish. Then, Simoniz provides a hard, sparkling surface of protection which lasts for months.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—Simonizing is the secret of keeping cars looking new and beautiful for years.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

A Horoscope Party
With Starry Fortunes for Earthly Stars
By Elaine

Invitation:

The twinkling stars ascendant in the sky
Upon the day and hour that you were born
In fair conjunction tell of fortune high,
Or if they frowned, foretell a fate forlorn.

Now let us shine as some particular star
Who moves upon the world's wide stage today.
The stars you act tell what your fortunes are
And lots of luck or dismal doom portray

Then come and read the fate the stars foretell
If happiness or joyless life they spell

Hour Costumes Address

ALL kinds of stars are involved in this party, and those who have had suppressed desires to be brilliant stars of the stage can now have an opportunity to show the world just how bright stars can be.

Since the guests are going to represent their favorite movie actors they must also be prepared to act the parts. This gives an opportunity for amusing burlesques and stunts. For instance, if a couple selects Mary and Douglas Fairbanks, the man could represent Mary in one of her juvenile rôles, and the girl could dress as Douglas in one of his swashbuckling characterizations. It is not necessary to confine oneself to movie stars—stage stars, star football, golf or tennis players may be chosen instead.

This party also gives an opportunity for picturesque costumes representing the heavenly bodies. Gloomy Saturn with his four satellites, Earth and her attendant Moon, lovely Venus, warlike Mars, sprightly Mercury, and many others may be impersonated. Some of the signs of the Zodiac would make attractive characters: Virgo, Gemini, Libra, and Sagittarius for example. The radio world will supply stars of considerable magnitude in the way of humorists and popular announcers.

Silhouette Picture Game: Suspend a sheet in a doorway and arrange the lights behind the actors so that their shadows will be thrown upon the screen. Divide the players into groups and give them a few minutes to decide on their tableaux or pantomime. A few properties such as hats, cloaks, swords, scarves, and fans should be provided by the hostess as an aid to the performers. Since silent drama is no longer silent, a talking picture might be given, using ideas from the exaggerated melodramas so often heard over the radio.

Since there are stars that we are, and stars that rule our destinies, all these earthly stars will want to know what the heavenly stars have to say. In the "Horoscope Party For Stars," listed at the left, we have grouped twelve humorous horoscopes with table decorations and other suggestions to help you give a successful party.

Entertainment Folios

Horoscope Party For Stars 10c
Olympic Beach Party: a novel summer party to give at the shore 10c
Pirate and Captive Party: an amusing fancy dress party for young people 10c
Games Leaflet: a game for every member of the family 10c
Bridge Rules in Rhyme 10c
Mascots and Mottoes Birthday Party one for every month 10c
Brighi Bowknot Booklet: all sorts of children's games 20c

Address Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

"I guess mother's been buying the oil"

Yes—just "any oil"!

"Any oil" can be as bad for your engine as "any soap" for your complexion or "any milk" for your children.

If your oil is of poor quality or if it doesn't suit your engine, your engine suffers, and in the end you will know about it.

The wrong oil may cause difficult starting and loss of power—by leaving heavy carbon deposits, by coating the spark-plugs, by gumming the valves. The wrong oil may wear out too fast, may cause your engine to overheat, may fail to lubricate it properly.

And yet it is so easy to get the *right* oil!

Colonel Lindbergh used the right oil when he flew from New York to Paris—he had to be sure of his motor.

Amelia Earhart used the right oil on that great Atlantic flight which made her name immortal among women flyers.

These famous flyers used Mobiloil for the same reasons that designers and builders of automobile engines use it. (Two to one, automotive engineers use Mobiloil in their own cars.)

The maker of your engine says, "Good oil is cheaper than repair bills—high-grade lubricants are most economical in the long run."

And, of course they *know*—they *must* know.

When the staff of Mobiloil engineers—the largest group of its kind in the world—say to you, "Use Mobiloil in your car according to the Mobiloil Chart," the maker of your car approves. The particular type of Mobiloil recommended on the chart *fits* your engine, lubricates it properly, prevents carbon deposits.

If you were an engineer yourself, you could get no more correct lubrication for your car than by simply following the advice on the Mobiloil Chart.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.						
" 6-65A, 6-80, 90			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.					A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.						
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.		
" Model T							E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 135	AF	Arc.						
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.			BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72			AF	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" 8-88			BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.		
" other models			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81			AF	Arc.				
" 60, 69, 80	A	Arc.					A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ren (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.				
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.		
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-70, 6-75, 6-95	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.				
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.				

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

NOW the whole family asks for

Mobiloil

Your Mobiloil dealer cordially invites you to hear the famous Mobiloil Concerts each Wednesday evening . . . WEAF and 29 associated stations.

In using advertisements see page 6

Let Our Shopping Service Buy for You

BRIDE'S FOLIO

If you are planning a summer wedding, order our new Bride's Portfolio; it tells in pictures what the bride may wear, what the groom should wear, how to decorate the church and home, what to serve, and gives helpful advice about the announcements, the invitations, the trousseau, and many other things. Just send 25¢ to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, N.Y.C.

Just $2.25 for this cool, summery frock of voile with dots, above. A bow trims the neck, and the wide half-belt ties in front with a bow. The circular skirt is smartly plaited at center front; green, blue, or red dots on white ground; 16 to 18, and 36 to 44; only $2.25

Hand-drawn work, a ruffled, white organdy collar, and ribbon bows make this a charming frock for the summer, above, 2nd fig. It is semi-made of voile, with only seams to sew; nile, copen, peach, orchid, or all white; 14 to 42; $2.95

Silk shantung sleeveless frocks and jackets are smart this summer, and the dress and jacket, center, above, are semi-made; skirt plaited in front; tan, green, blue, or white; 14 to 40; dress, $5.50; coat, $3.50; both, $8.50. Shantung purse to match; $1.95

This dotted Swiss voile dress is smart for street or house; it is semi-made with only the seams to sew; fagoting trims the dress around the vest and cuffs; the skirt is circular in front; white with blue, or green; navy, or black with white; 16 to 44; $3.45

HOW TO ORDER

These lovely summer frocks and coat would make a happy addition to any summer wardrobe. They are just what you will want for the house, for afternoon parties, the street, for sports, or in the country. Just send your check or money-order, together with description of your size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Of an excellent quality of rayon piqué, this semi-made, short-sleeved dress, above, 4th fig., comes to you practically finished; buckles and buttons included; buckles trim belt and cuffs; lavender, yellow, peach, white, or blue; 14 to 18, 34 to 42; $5.25

A smart silk print makes the charming sleeveless dress above, last fig., with a wide cape collar, and little, organdy over-collar with tab and buttons; the belt ties with a bow in front; the skirt is circular; navy or green with white; 14 to 18, 36 to 42; only $9.75

The coat at the left is just right to slip over your frock on a cool day; semi-made in flannel or a basket-weave tweed; shoulders and collar joined, pockets set in, tucking done, cuffs made; white, green, pink, or blue; 14 to 40; flannel, $6.75; tweed, $7.50

A colorful, scenic-print voile makes the becoming dress at left; semi-made with the circular, flounced skirt entirely made up, cape collar attached and shoulders joined; buckle included; black, blue, green, or orchid print on white; 14 to 42; $3.50

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO
CHOOSE A SIX

You'll enjoy driving the CHEVROLET SIX

. . . it's so Smooth and Quiet and Restful

Everywhere, women are numbered among the most enthusiastic users of the new Chevrolet. For the new Chevrolet is a *SIX*—and six cylinders make a wonderful difference in the pleasure and satisfaction you get from your automobile.

Six-cylinder performance is smoother, quieter, more restful! You can ride for hours at a time without strain or tension—for there is no annoying vibration—no disturbing mechanical noise.

You can drive a Chevrolet Six so easily and confidently, too. There is little shifting of gears. And there is a smooth, sure response to the throttle.

And every other feature of the Chevrolet Six is up to the same *modern* standard! It gives you the comfort and satisfaction of beautiful Fisher bodies—rich upholsteries—adjustable driver's seat—extra easy steering—"soft" pedal action of brakes and clutch—4 long, easy-riding springs—4 Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers.

But best of all, the Chevrolet Six is just as economical—to *own*, to *operate*, to *service*—as any car you can buy.

Roadster or Phaeton . . $495
Sport Roadster $555
Coach or Coupe $565
Sport Coupe $655
Club Sedan $625
Sedan $675
Special Sedan $725
(6 wire wheels standard)

Prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The MONITOR TOP

has established a record of trouble-free service unequalled *in the entire history of electric refrigeration*

SEALED IN STEEL

The Monitor Top—just look at it—scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet one of the most amazing—one of the most revolutionary—triumphs of modern engineering.

Scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet sealed within it is the *entire mechanism* that will operate a General Electric Refrigerator year in and year out, without a thought, without a worry, without so much as a drop of oil from you.

In the Monitor Top—*sealed in steel* and *permanently* oiled—is a mechanism so remarkable, so unbelievably efficient, that the General Electric Refrigerator has established a record of trouble-free service *unequalled* in the entire history of refrigeration. Picture the comfort, the convenience—the *economy* in owning such a refrigerator!

Why not look at a General Electric Refrigerator this very day? Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory, and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. You'll find a model exactly suited to your own particular needs—a refrigerator of such quiet, efficient, and economical operation as you never dreamed of—ready to go to work for you tomorrow morning! Write for our illustrated booklet. Section G-7, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio.

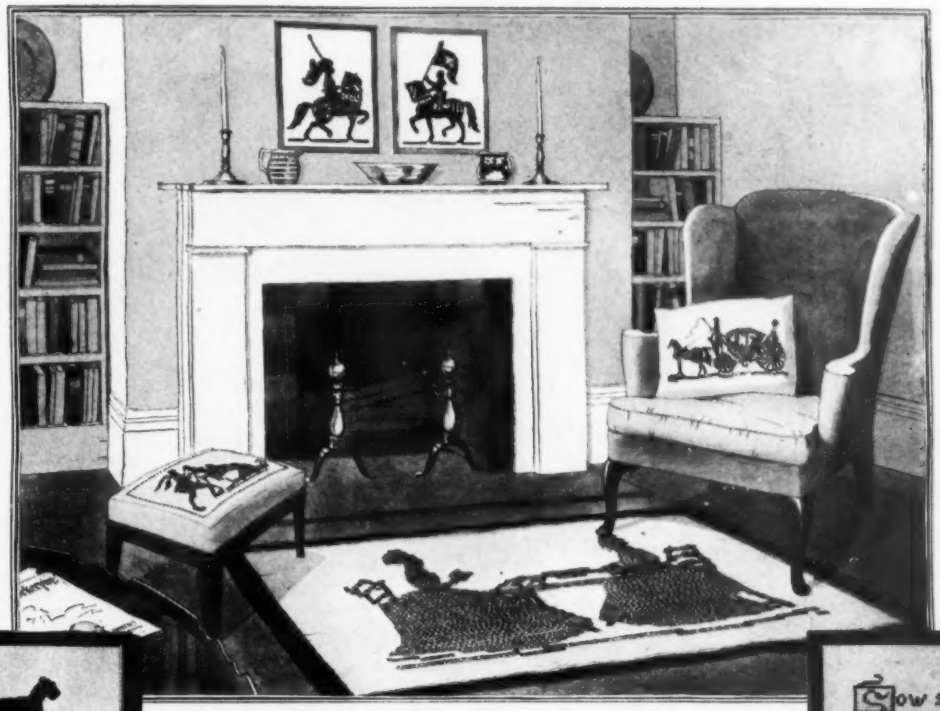
JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

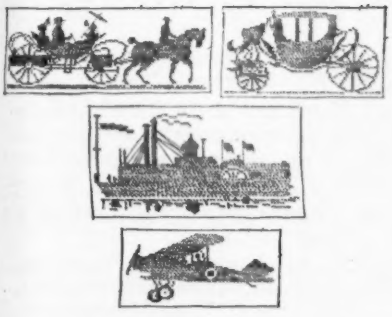
ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS • ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS

July 1930 Good Housekeeping

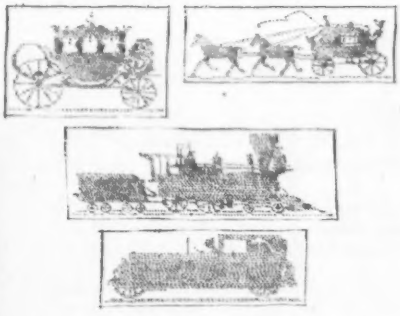


Quaint Needlework For the Living Room

By Anne Orr



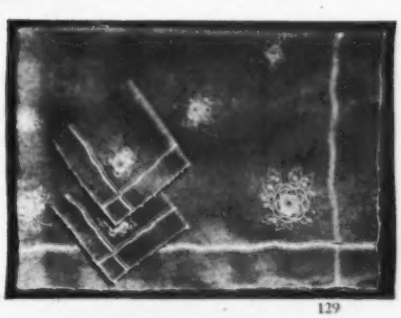
All the cross-stitch designs in the room above, the two transportation groups above at right and left, and the umbrella sampler, are in Set T, 50c, which contains 4 one-color sheets. Joan of Arc, and the Crusader are 15 x 16" finished. The rug is 36 x 54"; wools to work it, $10.50; canvas, $1.88



Designs and directions for the embroidery and patchwork on the bridge and breakfast-tray sets below come in Hot-Iron Pattern A-2303, 25c. Hot-Iron Pattern A-2304, 25c, carries the scalloped borders for the breakfast set and also several 2-yard lengths of similar borders with corners

Designs for the dog and motto sampler above, in cross-stitch, come in Printed Pamphlet No. A-2302, 25c, which carries diagrams and directions for several similar mottoes and for 20 different dogs. Suitable black wood frames, $1.50 each

To order patterns and picture frames, send correct amount to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping. For materials for rug, send correct amount to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.



CONSTANCE Tyndale McCormick

She's only three but *she can do a lot of things!*

Her health is guarded by this special care

PLUMP legs that hardly straddle her pony . . . thick dark curls . . . big violet eyes that are very fetching.

Constance Tyndale McCormick is the three year old daughter of the Alister McCormicks of Chicago.

Life is a joyous round of tempting things. Riding (she has a firm small hand on the bridle) . . . swimming (short legs can kick effectively) . . . a Springer Spaniel . . . a playhouse in the garden.

But, first of all, she stows away a morning bowl of the cereal the baby specialist advised when she was a tiny little thing. That is Cream of Wheat, ideal for infants.

Constance started eating Cream of Wheat when she was six months old. She has eaten it regularly ever since.

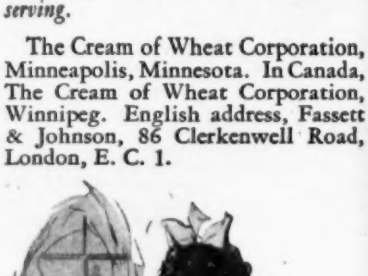
"Constance is *never* ill," says Mrs. McCormick. "We are careful about her outdoor life and food. I think Cream of Wheat should be in every child's diet from six months on."

Naturally, Mrs. McCormick speaks with such conviction. Cream of Wheat has so long headed the list of all foods for babies and children.

When we asked 221 leading baby specialists in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto about cereal, *every one* of them voiced approval of Cream of Wheat.

They know that it is exceptionally rich in energy, and that it is digested without tax on inexperienced little stomachs. Cream of Wheat is very inexpensive too. *Less than one cent a serving.*

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.



Constance started eating Cream of Wheat when she was six months old. "I think it should be in every child's diet," says her mother

★ CREAM OF WHEAT © 1930, The C. of W. Corp.

FREE—An authoritative booklet. "The Important Business of Feeding Children." Correct diets for children from infancy through high school. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. C-50 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Name.....*Street*.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

The FORUM for JULY

Important Notes from Readers and the Institute Staff

Institute Notes

Ready-to-Use Pie Crust

IN THE article on "Let's Have Pie" in the May GOOD HOUSEKEEPING we discussed the making of pie crust and "those juicy fruity pies." As the summer season approaches, many housekeepers will be scanning the grocer's shelf for ready-to-use food products which will help simplify pastry making as well as other cooking. Perhaps not all of you know that you can now buy packaged pie crust all ready to roll out after moistening with a little water. And it really makes tender, flaky pies! Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health has approved several of these prepared pie crusts, and upon request we shall be glad to send you a list of the same.

Using Water in the Broiler Pan

Following the discussion of broiling foods, in the January Forum, we have had letters from our readers telling us that they cover the bottom of the broiler with water to prevent smoking and to make the pan easier to clean. We would call the attention of these readers to our article on page 90, of the May issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, in which we advise against using any water in the broiler pan and give our reasons for doing so.

A Stainless, Porcelain-Enameled Finish

Many of our readers have told us how disappointed they were when the porcelain-enameled finish on the table top of their new kitchen cabinet or work table began to show stains. And we in turn had to tell them that at least some of these stains could not be prevented. We could not guarantee any of these table tops to be stainless. We are, therefore, happy to say that some manufacturers have now perfected a stainless porcelain-enameled finish for table tops, and also for sinks and bathtubs. This stainless finish on table tops has been made available only during the last few months. It will be welcomed as a finish easy to care for and of attractive appearance. There is the chromium-plated finish on the metal trim of various pieces of equipment, on sink faucets and on many of the small electrical devices. And we have long used stainless steel cutlery. Of course, none of these stainless and non-tarnishing finishes requires scouring or polishing. They are merely washed off and dried.

Buying Your First Linen

Brides are often somewhat at a loss as to what to add to the lovely linens they receive as wedding gifts, in stocking their linen shelves. So many write the Institute asking for a list of linens for the first purchase that the Institute made out such a list as a starting point. It is yours for the asking. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for "A List for the First Purchase of Linen." It includes kitchen towels, table linen, bed-linen, cleaning cloths, and dusters. Those who have let their linen supply get low and are stocking up will also find this list useful. You may also receive information as to an adequate outfit in kitchen utensils in silver, glass, and china.

Readers' Notes

The Children Take Turns in Washing Dishes

The staff of servants in our household are electrical only, but there is one sad vacancy in the line-up—we have no electrical dishwasher. In a family of six the dishwashing problem can become a formidable one at times. But I have discovered that the children do the dishes willingly if the task is assigned in perfect fairness to all parties concerned. Our peace pact takes the form of a dishwashing schedule which is drawn up the first of every month and hung in the kitchen. The schedule covers the evening meal's dishes only. Since there are four children (three girls and one boy), we begin by dividing a sheet of notebook or typewriter paper into five columns. The first column is reserved for the day and date. The other four columns are headed by the names of the four children and filled in, opposite the dates, with crosses and circles. A cross with a "w" or "d" above it means that the child in whose column it appears is "on" to wash or dry the dishes, as the case may be. A circle means that the child in whose column it appears is off duty for the evening. The fact that there are three girls and one boy in our family makes the schedule a complicated one. Because the boy has other and more masculine responsibilities in the home, he is slated for dishwashing duty only twice a week—Thursday and Sunday evenings. This plan has been in use for more than a year and has proved its efficiency. I find also that other activities, such as the evening study or practice periods, revolve naturally around the dishwashing schedule and become more fixed habits. So after the evening meal there is a general movement toward the kitchen to see who is on "K.P." Those involved begin their duties, and peace reigns.

Mrs. M.A.R., Lancaster, Pa.

Photograph by H. I. Williams

A bulletin list of assignments to "K. P" stops all discussion as to who should wash and dry the dishes

INSTITUTE NOTE: The children can help just as well with an electric dishwasher, for even with this labor-saver, the dishes do not quite wash themselves. They must be scraped, stacked in the washer, the dishwasher managed, and the dry dishes put away. Children love to use machines and to be initiated into their mysteries.

In the further lightening of dishwashing we suggest that dish drying be dispensed with by using a wire dish dryer.

Opening Canned Asparagus Tips

Often, when a can of asparagus tips is opened from the top, the delicate tips get badly broken in emptying them from the can. This can be easily overcome by opening the can at the bottom; then the tender tips are spared in the process of emptying the contents of the can.

Mrs. R.L.M., Kansas City, Mo.

INSTITUTE NOTE: And don't use a can opener that makes a jagged edge! The can openers which now have Good Housekeeping Institute's seal of approval will open all types of cans with safety and leave a clean, smooth edge. If you will send directly to Good Housekeeping Institute, we shall be glad to send you one of these lists.

Convenient for mother— and wholesome for baby

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

READY-TO-SERVE—with just the addition of a pinch of salt, or such other seasoning as may be prescribed by baby's doctor — the Gerber Strained Vegetable Products are saving hours of time and effort for thousands of mothers all over the world. Scientifically prepared, and specially strained through monel metal screens, they make the question of providing baby's daily vegetable feedings just the matter of a few moments' time.

The Approved Gerber Method

A And most satisfying to the mother is the thought that the convenient Gerber Products should be used, not just as a matter of convenience to one's self, but as a matter of providing for baby's vegetable feedings in a wholesome, scientific way. Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C, and rich mineral salt values lost through oxidation and through solution in cooking water in home preparation are conserved in the maximum degree by the Gerber method.

B The vegetables used in the Gerber Products are fresh picked, washed, cleaned, steam-pressure cooked in vessels from which oxygen is excluded, and steam-sterilized for 60' at 240° in order to insure maximum safety. Provide the daily vegetable supplement to baby's milk feedings in the approved, convenient, Gerber manner. You can get the specially prepared Gerber Products at leading grocers everywhere. Don't accept a substitute. Look for the Gerber blue and white label with the Vitamin A, Vitamin B, and Vitamin C blocks.

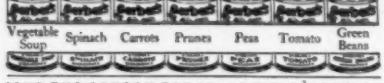
Send for Assortment

C If you have not already used the Gerber Products, ask your doctor about them today. If your own grocer is unable to supply you—send us his name and $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment offered below—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid.

In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.

Free Samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals.

Gerber's* STRAINED VEGETABLES



Vegetable Soup · Spinach · Carrots · Prunes · Peas · Tomato · Green Beans

SEND THE COUPON TODAY—A WEEK'S SUPPLY

Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Co., Fremont, Mich.

$1.00 Complete Assortment Dept. GH-15—Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c
Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	Strained Tomato	Strained Green Beans

Name.....

Address.....

My grocer is.....

Mother Love

(Continued from page 42)

profound sense of humbug. It seemed to her that she was the biggest humbug who had ever pretended. How could she call Jack "darling" after what she had done? How could she ever have done it if he really were darling to her? And yet she did love Jack. When she thought now of his short legs hurrying to Mrs. Brown for the distribution of letters, she knew that she loved him—and deeply. And then she thought of herself not as a humbug, but as a mystery, and she felt that in the mystery there were ugliness and great discord.

Feeling this, she glanced up from the writing paper at General Bradfield. He was a tall man, with short brown hair just touched with gray here and there, but still quite young-looking. He was slim, broad-shouldered. His body looked active. There was a white scar on his brown forehead. He had got that in the war.

"A whiff of shrapnel got me," was his casual explanation of it, if he spoke about it.

He had steady, keen eyes under abnormally thick eyebrows. Those eyes could change amazingly under a certain influence. And that long, slim, energetic man had severed her connection with Jack. What an awful difference between the woman of the senses, the lover-woman, and the woman shot through and through with the maternal instinct! Mrs. Viner thought of herself as a house containing two inmates, and they were bitter enemies.

An abrupt feeling of despair came to her.

"What's up, Daphne? You don't seem to get ahead with your letters?"

"I was just thinking whom I'd write to."

A curious expression, slightly ironic, something hard in it, showed in his eyes. "Perhaps just now is hardly the time for letter writing," he said. "Perhaps better leave it alone for a bit."

She was silent.

"There's a time, seems to me, when it's best to let the world go by. And I think we've struck it."

"I believe you're right," she said, summoned by the look in his eyes, which had changed now and was calling her.

And she pushed away the writing paper—and let the world go by.

THE *Star of California* steamed out of Marseille harbor, passed the Château d'If, gave itself to the Mediterranean. The weather was fine, and even in the Gulf of the Lion the sea was calm and blue and shining under the happy sunlight. *Notre Dame de la Garde* from her height seemed to send down a blessing on the voyage of the couple who were getting away from the world, getting away from people. Life is short and troubled. Surely it is madness not to catch at the few real things, not to grasp them and hold them fast for as long as we can. And isn't love the best of them even in an unemotional age that tries to put sentiment into the background and to pretend that it isn't lurking even there?

So said Mrs. Viner to herself, as she paced the white deck with her lover and watched the receding land and the figure of the Virgin growing dim and sinking back in a shining haze.

But she saw a little boy, with a rather round head covered with close-clipped brown hair, and short legs, hurrying in with a lot of other little boys to a room in which stood a big, red-cheeked woman with a handful of letters.

"What's the matter, Daphne?"

"Nothing."

"But you seem rather down this morning. And such a morning as it is!"

She squeezed his muscular arm. "I'm not down. Of course, not. I was only thinking that I ought to have sent a letter to Jack from Marseille."

General Bradfield's expression changed, as it always did when she mentioned Jack. It hardened slightly, and his eyes looked uneasy, furtive almost, like the eyes of a man who has something worrying at his mind. The word "Jack" made him instantly look less dominant.

"I don't think so," he said in his gritty bass voice.

They stood still by the rail and looked back. France was fading away, France—Europe.

"I don't believe in doing things by halves," he added. "Never pays. Never gets you anywhere. Look before you leap if you like. That's common sense. But once you've leaped and landed on your feet, it's the biggest mistake in the world to turn round and stare up at the height you've come from and wonder if it wouldn't have been better to stay up there. As I told you, Daphne, this isn't the time to be writing a lot of letters home or—" he corrected himself rather hastily—"what I mean is, to be writing letters back. It can't do any earthly good just now and might do harm."

"How—harm?"

"Keeping things alive that had better lie quiet, stirring up sleeping dogs, all that sort of thing."

He looked at her sideways.

"Here we've got a great chance to be happy. Why spoil it?"

"I don't want to spoil it."

"Course not! But then let things alone."

AS SHE was silent, he presently added: "You've only got to wait a bit. It isn't as if this—our present situation, whatever you like to call it—were going to last forever. Presently we shall be married, and then of course the boy—something will be arranged, and I'm sure your husband won't be too hard about it—the boy and you, I mean. You mustn't think I don't understand that now and then you feel pretty bad about him. But it'll all come right. I would never stand in your way with the little chap. You know that. But just now it'd be a mistake to keep on writing to him, stirring him up, don't you know, with a lot of letters and all that—only make him restless and wondering what's happened. If you let children—he's only a child—alone, they soon forget things, sooner than you'd think. You don't want to worry the little chap . . . There's the last of land! It'll be interesting to look at Corsica, and then on to Tunis. We can get a car there and have a run inland. I say, what perfect weather!"

His way of looking at the matter. His manner of solving the problem.

But she heard above the wash of the sea along the flanks of the yacht the noise of little boys' shoes clattering down an uncarpeted corridor just after morning school. And Mrs. Brown was sorting out letters.

But she and her General must concentrate on Corsica, on Tunis. The romance of the Mediterranean was waiting to enfold their romance. And Rupert was right, absolutely right. Having done a big thing, a thing of vital importance, one must hug it close, take it into the greatest intimacy. Thus only would you get the best out of it.

Mrs. Viner set herself almost fiercely to get the best out of their love on the Mediterranean.

The weather continued fine. They had struck a streak of glorious weather. The capacities of the yacht were not tested by these tranquil blue seas. General and Mrs. Bradfield—it was wise with a crew round them, and living in the enforced intimacy of the seas, to appear to be married—General and Mrs. Bradfield then had perfect conditions for their honeymoon. And the General was a determined lover after that conversation about Jack.

So they came to Corsica and lost themselves in its wildness, and left it and set sail for the North African shore, and passed Sidi-Bou-Said and Carthage on its hill, and entered the canal and slipped through the lakes, past La Goulette with its watery filth and its alleys with the wonderful names, names out of history, and anchored before Tunis *la blanche.*

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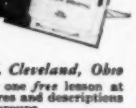

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Mother Love

The weather still continued to be fine, and every day the sun seemed hotter, as if the African summer were coming very close with its burning beauty. But Tunis is a windy city, and in the blue and the gold, among the white houses, and through the Souks, and round the big minarets, the wind was blowing. And presently it turned to sirocco.

Mrs. Viner had never been made free of sirocco. She had never been in Africa before. She had never been in Sicily, where in summer there is often sirocco. And she was not one of those who spend the hot months on the Riviera. General Bradfield had knocked about soldiering and was not very susceptible to changes of weather. So he didn't say anything, or seem to notice anything special, when the sirocco began to blow. The *Star of California* was lying snug in harbor, and he and "Mrs. Bradfield" had moved off to spend a few days at the Tunisia Palace Hotel which, the high tourist season being now quite over, was almost empty.

IT HAPPENED that on the second day of the sirocco they had arranged to make an excursion to Sidi-Bou-Said, taking lunch with them in a basket. Mrs. Viner got up feeling strangely depressed. She didn't know that sirocco enlarges existing troubles, gives to secret sorrows monstrous shapes, in some women turns everything to tears, creates in many men of naturally strong natures a peculiar ferocity which they themselves can not account for when the wicked wind dies away.

She fought against her depression, which made her feel at a disadvantage with her lover.

Toward noon they got into an open car and started on the long stretch of straight road that leads towards the white village clustering about the minaret on the hill looking over the gulf.

The sun was burning over the flats. As they made for the sea, the hot wind increased in violence. And suddenly it seemed to Mrs. Viner as if Jack were somehow in the wind. It was an utterly nonsensical feeling, and yet it was painfully definite. She seemed to feel him in the wind like a thing impalpable, dreadfully miserable, reproachful, hovering along keeping pace with the car, pursuing, not to be shaken off by any speed. A sort of dull horror seized her.

"By Jove it's hot today!" said General Bradfield. He put his hand down on one of hers. "Why, Daphne, your hand is burning!"

"It is so terribly hot in spite of the wind."

"But it is the wind! This is sirocco."

"I hate it, whatever it is," she said. "We seem to be driving right into it."

"It wasn't a very good day to choose for Sidi-Bou-Said, but now we're nearly there."

"And Jack, too!" she thought.

"It's a bit too late for this, perhaps. You see we put in such a lot of time in Corsica. We strike June day after tomorrow."

And Jack's term had begun on the twentieth of April. More than five weeks and not a single letter from her! And normally he would have had at least ten, perhaps eleven letters. She felt weighed down with guilt.

"This is La Marsà where the Bey has his Palace. That's the garden wall, I believe."

"Oh!"

What did it matter to her? She was absolutely mastered by a sick misery. It persisted all day and grew worse. She struggled desperately against it. But Jack wouldn't let her conquer it. In the wind she and the General lunched amid olive trees with wild flowers about them. They climbed the short hill to the village, looked through a doorway into a marvelous garden dominated by a white and blue house guarded by cypresses, and saw white peacocks, a flock of them, moving slowly through the sunshine, their feathery trains blown sideways by the wind. And Jack was in the village, was even there among the white birds on that terrace road lifted above the blue sea. It was as if in some terrible, mystical way he had found her and with a grim determination, fearful in a small schoolboy, were keeping close to her. There were mad moments when she wondered that General Bradfield hadn't noticed him, wasn't aware of him.

"Does this sirocco wind affect some people unpleasantly?" she asked, putting feebly a feeble question.

"Oh, yes! It plays the devil with heaps of sensitive souls. There are even things called sirocco crimes, crimes that are supposed by some to be prompted by sirocco. Don't quite believe in them myself. But it's a wind that makes for depression, in some cases apparently even for desperation."

"Really!" she said. And her face showed apprehension.

"What's the matter, Daphne?" he asked "What's wrong with you today?"

Mrs. Viner hesitated. She had a sick longing to unload her depression upon him. What is love's use if in trouble it may not be trusted to help? But she looked at General Bradfield, who was half-sitting, half-lying beside her on the hot ground under the olives, with his long legs stretched out and a pipe between his rows of big even teeth, and she knew that she couldn't be frank. She dared not. Their love wasn't the kind of love that is tempered to the steel-like strength that can resist the assaults of misfortune. It was a love that was adapted to pleasure, a love that was at ease in self-indulgence. It wasn't the friendly love that comes out best in consolation.

If she told him he would try—surely—to be nice about it. But secretly he would wish she hadn't spoken. He would feel that she was spoiling their day at Sidi-Bou-Said. Lover—yes, he was that. But suddenly she knew that he would never be a confidant and consoler. They had each other in isolation, having "got away from people." And she was absolutely alone. That was the truth.

"The matter!" she said, smiling. "Nothing is the matter. It's only that this hot wind confuses me. My head feels quite empty."

"It'll probably blow for three days. When it falls, if you like we'll put to sea again. We can coast along to Algiers."

"That will be delightful," she said.

That evening, when they got back to Tunis and General Bradfield went to the barber to be shaved, Mrs. Viner wrote out a telegram and gave it to the hall porter of the hotel to be sent off at once. This was the telegram:

"Mrs. Brown, Matron, Holmlea Boys School, Tunbridge Wells Common, Tunbridge Wells, England.

"Please write me how Jack is getting on to Poste Restante Algiers North Africa.

DAPHNE VINER."

SINCE her escape from people with General Bradfield Mrs. Viner had had no letters, naturally enough, from her husband; and letters from Jack had been withheld, no doubt by him. For Jack must have written home. She was certain of that. Therefore she had no means of knowing what her husband had done, whether he had told Jack of her treachery to her motherhood or not. Surely she would gather that when Mrs. Brown's letter met her at Algiers. For of course in response to her telegram the matron would write, and even if there were no definite statement in the letter it would be possible to gather from it the truth of what had been happening.

Mrs. Viner was eager to get to Algiers. But she showed none of the eagerness she felt, and in the *Star of California* the lovers coasted lazily along the rim of North Africa in the blue weather, stopping here and there and taking little trips inland. Thus they visited Bougie, and Sfax, and Philippeville. From Philippeville they traveled to Constantine. And at last they headed for Algiers.

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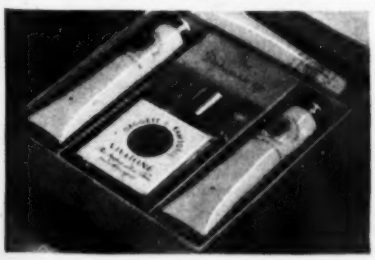

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In using advertisements see page 6

Mother Love

General Bradfield had suggested going ashore there for a week or two and staying in a hotel at Mustapha Supérieur. They would have a rest from the yacht and visit the country round and behind Algiers by motor.

The white town climbing along the hills and stretching far along the sea came in sight at last. As the yacht glided into the port, Mrs. Viner said to General Bradfield,

"In going to the hotel do we pass the general post office?"

"I don't know. But I can find out. Are you expecting letters?"

"There might be something for me."

"We'll ask."

They got into a victoria with a pair of horses to drive up the hill to Mustapha. "Hotel Oriental, Mustapha Supérieur," General Bradfield said to the driver. "*Mais arrêtez à la Poste Restante.*"

When the carriage drew up before the post office, the General was about to get out, but Mrs. Viner stopped him.

"I'll go. I won't be a minute."

She got out quickly, and he saw her almost run up the steps and disappear through a swing door at the top. In about five minutes she came back.

"Find anything, darling?" he said in a deliberately casual voice.

"Yes, there was something," she said in a voice equally casual. "And now I suppose we mount the hill."

She settled herself in the carriage and began to talk eagerly, drawing his attention to this thing and that. But as soon as they got to the hotel she hurried into her bedroom.

"It's so hot, I think I'll take a bath."

"Good idea!" said the General. "I'll follow your example."

He walked into his adjoining room. She shut the door between the two rooms, then immediately turned on both the taps in her bathroom. Under cover of the noise made by the rushing water she gently pushed the bolt of the door. Then she opened her bag and took out the letter she had found. Quickly she tore the envelope and sat down in a chair by the window.

"Holmlea Boys' School,
Tunbridge Wells Common."

For an instant her vision was clouded, but not by tears. It was as if a mist came out of the past and obscured the African sunlight, still strong though it was late afternoon. Those homely words—they seemed very homely in Mustapha—put her away suddenly from her present existence of aimless wandering, into the former life of Alaric Viner's wife and little Jack Viner's mother.

How extraordinary what had happened to her, what she had willed, or what General Bradfield had willed should happen! Here she was, in summer time, sitting in a hotel bedroom in Africa, with no prospect before her—except the making of some aimless excursions by motor to places in which she had no real interest—a gorge in which there were said to be monkeys, and so forth! It was hot and still. Outside her window there was a rummage of thick overgrown foliage, motionless in the windless afternoon, a tangle that looked to her tropical and that suggested remoteness. What was she doing here? What reason was there for her being here? The whole thing for a moment struck her as grotesque.

She heard faintly water running in the other bathroom—just heard it. She got up and looked into her bath. It was nearly full. She turned off the two taps. Then she came back and sat down once more, and with feverish interest mingled with a gnawing nervousness, read Mrs. Brown's letter.

"Dear Madam,

I have received your letter and now sit down to answer it. I must tell you, Madam, that Mr. Viner wrote to me to say that you had left home and were not likely to come back. He gave orders that I was to say nothing yet to Master Jack, also that should any letters arrive at the school in your handwriting for Master Jack they were to be forwarded unopened to him. He informed me that it was his intention personally to explain any matter needing explanation to Master Jack at the end of the term when he would be home for the holidays. As was my bounden duty I obeyed Mr. Viner's wishes.

"You ask how is Master Jack getting on. Madam, I have to say that the poor child—for he is but a child—is very unhappy. As I think I told you, he has a most high opinion of his mother, beyond that even of the average boy in my experience. Often and often he has told me that no other boy in the school has a mother who could in any way be compared with his, his mother's looks being so very special, and her kindness and goodness beyond anything others could hope for.

"As I think you know, Madam, it is the custom here for all boys who expect letters to come after morning school to my room and for me to distribute the mail. Up till this term Master Jack has always come in hope of a letter from you, and regularly, twice a week I think, he has received one—which has been his great pride. This term as usual he began coming with the rest and looking out for his letters. But he has been disappointed. Week after week I have been obliged to tell him,

" 'No, Master Jack, nothing for you this time.'

"Just at first he seemed very surprised, then was certain you were ill. I told—I had to tell him—that you were quite all right, according to what his own father had said. He then seemed very downhearted. Indeed, Madam, his looks quite went to my heart, for he is a dear little boy and full of love for his mother, whom he thinks the world of. Still, for all he got no letter from you, he would come with the rest in hope, until the last—I think it is three weeks now. Then he gave up coming, and when the others came he would go out into the playground. He was moping really, but would whistle through it all—not to show his feeling, I suppose, to the other boys. That is the way of boys. My heart bled for the poor child, but what could I do? There was nothing, as I was told I must not say anything.

"To finish, Madam, I must tell you that two nights since, when all the boys were in bed, I made the round of the dormitories. I found Master Jack lying on his back with the bedclothes nearly off him. He was asleep and looked very flushed as if he had been crying, and his hands were up against his chest and seemed to be holding something under his pyjama jacket. It looked flat. I managed to move his hands gently without waking him and get at the thing. Madam, it was your photograph which he had taken to bed with him and put next his skin. While I was looking he half woke up, not fully I think, and stretched out his hand to the photo. I gave it back of course at once and left him.

"I thought I ought to tell you. Please excuse me if I have done wrong. It is only to show what a very great feeling Master Jack has about you. Indeed he has often and often told me, in private, that there is no boy in the school who can boast of having such a mother as he has.

Believe me, Madam,
With my best respects,
Yours faithfully,
Alice Brown."

THAT evening about eleven, after a walk in the evergreen garden full of shadows and strips of pale moonlight, this man and woman went up to their rooms. The door between the two rooms was wide open. Mrs. Viner walked into her bedroom. General Bradfield followed her and locked the door behind him. He came toward her and then stood still.

"Anything the matter, Daphne?"

She stood looking at him in apparent hesitation. He was suddenly aware of conflict.

"What is it, Daphne, darling?"

"I don't think—I can tell you tonight, I may be able to tell you tomorrow. I'll try to—tomorrow. Please leave me now."

He looked grim and crestfallen, but he left her. When he had gone, she locked the door between the two rooms.

That night in bed she read Mrs. Brown's letter many times.

So Jack didn't know yet, wouldn't know till the end of the term! That would be next month, about the twenty-third of July. There was time.

She seemed to hear a small boy whistling in the playground. The other boys were getting their letters.

. . . "As I think I told you, he has a most high opinion of his mother, beyond that of even the average boy in my experience . . . it was your photograph which he had taken to bed with him and put next to his skin . . . he has often and often told me, in private, that there is no boy in the school who can boast of having such a mother as he has."

On the following morning Mrs. Viner told General Bradfield that she was going back to England by the first available boat. When his protests became violent—she had been overcome by him as a lover because he was secretly a violent man—she gave him Mrs. Brown's letter. She hated to do it. But she felt that she owed it to him to do it. He read it—and let her go. Long afterward he said to his biggest pal, Colonel Schofield of the Grenadier Guards, a man who didn't "talk,"

"I knew after Daphne had had that letter our life together was over."

Mrs. Viner went home.

After negotiations and scenes which needn't be described her husband consented to receive her back. She did not write any letters to Jack, but when he came home at the end of the term she was there to receive him. He was full of reproaches and questions about the letters that never came.

"I did it to test you, Jack," she said. "I wanted to see whether you could forget me."

"Forget you, Mum!"

His eyes grew round with astonishment. She caught hold of him and gave him a fierce hug that had in its violence something animal.

"I say, I can't understand! But anyhow, Mum, don't do it again!"

"You needn't be afraid, Jack," she said.

She held him away and gazed at his round head, his bright shining eyes, his rather short legs.

"I shall never do it again."

LITTLE BALLAD

By Ann Linington

"WHAT *do you want of me, Mother,*
That you watch me all night long?"
"*I want my boy to be strong.*"

"WHAT *do you want for me, Mother,*
When I am strong as a tree?"
"*I want you happy and free.*"

"WHAT *will you do then, Mother,*
When I'm happy and free and strong?"
"*I'll be watching you all night long.*"

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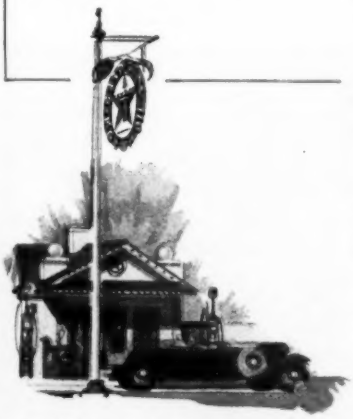

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Lonesome River

(*Continued from page 31*)

Both of them went to their rooms before dinner, Foster to put on a comfortable tweed suit in place of his khaki riding clothes, Molly to don a simple dress. This was their nightly program, an obligation they owed to the civilization they had known and to which Molly, at least, would eventually return. After a good meal they lounged in easy chairs before the hearth.

Molly could not get her mind off her father's problems, even to consider her own.

"Stephen seems to be absolutely loyal to you," she said at last.

"Of course, he is." Foster's eyes glowed. "It was a lucky day for me when I got him to give up his trap line and start a trading post here. What could we have done without him?"

"Well, he has encouraged you, anyway, even if he hasn't accomplished anything definite. I suppose it isn't his fault that matters have grown steadily worse instead of better."

"It's my fault, not his. I don't seem able to do my part, these last weeks, but if we had one more like Stephen, it wouldn't matter. Molly, if your brother could only come here—if his mother would only let him come—he and Stephen together could fight the thing through to victory." He looked fondly at his daughter. "By the way, the boy missed you dreadfully today. He has been wandering around like a lost dog."

Molly stirred uneasily in her chair. "I don't think he actually neglected his business on my account. I can't imagine Stephen doing that."

"He's a good trader. A little too keen, perhaps, but true-hearted and fine. By the way, he's coming to see you tonight."

Foster's eyes were dim, and he did not see the dismay in Molly's face.

"Oh, I can't see him tonight."

"Why not?" Foster chuckled. "I never saw you look prettier."

"But I'm so tired. I don't want to talk to any one but you."

"I must go and look over the mail you brought. There doesn't seem to be much in it—some government documents about the new reservation, and a letter from Seattle that I haven't had time to open. Stephen won't mind if you're tired, Molly. You know each other so well—and I hope that before he leaves tonight, you'll know each other even better."

Molly was still a long time. "Is he going to ask me tonight?"

"He told me so. And, Molly, it would be the greatest happiness of my life if you accept him. Even if you went back to the States, where there might be scores of young men for you to choose from, you'd never find a man more worthy of you than Stephen. He is a frontiersman, of course, lacking some of the finish of the city men, but he's true blue, and I know he can make you happy. Moreover, he is the one man who can help me carry on my work here. No other would take the interest in it that he does."

Molly's little hands clenched tight. "I don't have to decide tonight, do I?"

"I wish you would. I want Stephen for my son—to make up for my lost Dick—and if you married him, he would really be my son. Besides, Molly dear, I want to see you settled. We have been wonderfully happy together—all in all to each other—but this relationship can't last always. My health isn't what it once was, and I'm getting to the age where I can't count much on the future. If you were Stephen's wife, I would know that you were in safe hands and would have all the happiness you deserve. Don't tell him no, anyway, dear girl. If you can't say yes tonight, at least give him some encouragement."

Foster left the room. Molly sat a long time looking into the fire. Her long, pointed eyes were markedly bright, her exotic face noticeably pale, when at last she rose to let Stephen in.

The big man in the doorway drew her to him with arms like iron; for a fleet instant she gave him her lips. But she could not go through with the kiss. When his lips touched hers, she turned away with suddenly flaming cheeks.

"Well, I'm glad you've warmed up a little, anyway," Stephen said.

He had a deep, hearty voice, good to hear; and when he came into the lighted room he proved to be good to look at, too. Stephen Hathaway was decidedly handsome in a rugged way. He had curly, brown, boyish-looking hair, large, regular features, and a winning smile. Oddly enough, this smile never seemed to change the expression of his eyes. Steely gray, steely bright, penetrating, and of odd three-cornered shape, they seemed to index a strong soul which no mirth could move. Molly was a high-spirited and courageous girl, yet her own eyes always fell before his. Somehow they dismayed her for no reason that she could name.

It was characteristic of Stephen that he should come straight to the business in hand. "Let's don't waste any more time, Molly," he said masterfully. "You know how I love you, and I believe that down in your heart you're fond of me, too. So let's be together—always."

Molly gazed into the fire a long time. Sitting close to Stephen, she was conscious of his superb physical strength and the vital currents of his body; his strong will seemed to reach out to hers and envelope it. But she rallied at last and shook her head.

"I can't promise now, Stephen."

The man flushed darkly. "Maybe you think I'm not worthy of you, and you want to marry one of those fellows you met in school."

"No. I don't want to marry any one now. I'm not in love with any one."

Stephen knew this was true, as far as possible rivals were concerned. "But you'd be happy, Molly," he urged. "I know I can make you happy. And with you to help me, I can go on and make you proud of me. I can do big things up here in this new country. And your father approves of me. It would be the biggest thing in his life if you would promise me."

"I know how father feels about it, and I'd do almost anything in the world to please him. But you must wait a while, Stephen."

"But you'll promise that sometime—"

"I can't promise anything tonight." She tried to look into his eyes, but her glance wavered and fell. "In the future, perhaps, but not now."

Before he could protest, an inner door opened, and Molly's father burst into the room, carrying an opened letter in his hand.

"*Molly, Molly,*" he was crying, evidently shaken with emotion. "You can't believe what has happened—"

The girl sprang up in alarm, but when she saw the old man's flushed face and gleaming eyes, she knew that the news was not wholly ill. When her eyes met his, he seemed ashamed of his outburst and tried to steady himself. Yet his hand trembled so that the letter fell and fluttered to the floor.

"I just got a letter from Dick," he told her rapidly. "I didn't think it was from him, because it was postmarked Seattle instead of Ashland, so I didn't open it right away. Some of the news in it is bad, yet I've been expecting it a long time, and—considering the circumstances—you won't blame me if I don't take it so hard as I would have twenty years ago."

Molly's eyes opened. "Mother is dead?"

The old man bowed his head. "Yes . . . and she held out against me to the last."

No, Molly would not blame him for his failure to grieve. The disruption of Foster's marriage had occurred nearly twenty years before, and time had healed the wound. Although he had had two children by the woman—Molly, whom he had kept beside him, his companion and delight, ever since the parting; and his son Dick, whom his wife had kept—he had come to think of her almost as a stranger. Neither would Molly herself feel more than a passing shock. Her mother had poured out all her love on her older child, Dick; and Molly had few tender memories to sharpen her sense of loss.

"That isn't all that is in the letter," Molly said.

"No. Not nearly all. There's some glorious news to help make up for the bad. You can't guess what it is."

"Dick is coming up here?"

"Yes, if we want him. That's what he writes in the letter—that he always wanted to come, and now he is free. Molly, don't you see what it means? My lost boy is coming back to me."

Molly's eyes filled slowly with tears. Her memories of Dick were among the sweetest of her life. As a little girl of five she adored her big brother, ten and almost a man—that adoration had never wholly faded from her heart.

"Is he on the way now?" she managed to ask at last.

"No, but he'll start as soon as he hears from me. He says he'll swab decks on the ship to get here. He hasn't any idea that I can afford to send him all the money he needs—his mother kept the truth from him, to prevent him from trying to come before—but he *will* know it when he sees the big check I'm going to write tonight."

"I'll write him a letter, too. Dad, it's too good to be true."

"But it is true. Read the letter yourself. And now, Molly, we can whip those rascals who are trying to ruin our people. Dick is a fighter—I know he is—and with him to help us, we're bound to win. There will be four of us now."

Molly smiled wistfully through her tears. "*And maybe he'll help me, too,*" she whispered to some confidant within her own soul.

THINGS I LOVE

By Cristel Hastings

I LOVE *the winds that sing of roaring sails*
That go their spindrift way down trackless lanes—
And then again, I love the early glow
Of candlelight against the dripping panes.

I LOVE *the door of home and glowing hearth,*
The solitude of hills—a whispering pine—
The fragrance of a rain-sweet trail at dusk,
And little pools where silver stars may shine—

A SONG *when night comes groping over hills,*
The drowsy chirp of birds, and bits of blue
Between the grayish clouds that roof the moor—
And little things that make me think of you!

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Lonesome River

CHAPTER II

IT WAS a pay-ward case in a small Seattle hospital, and Doctor Richard Grant, assistant house-surgeon, was in attendance. While the nurses were getting his patient ready, he stood sulking at the end of the room, bored, lonely, and with a dim, bitter smile on his strong, youthful face. But he was always this way at the beginning of an operation. The internes and students knew him of old and waited confidently for a surgical show worth seeing. When the scalpel was actually in his hand, his curled lips would straighten to a hard line, his somber eyes light up, and the sweat of intense concentration bead his temples.

Grant was young, unfamed, and underpaid, yet the most polished surgeons in the city liked to see him operate. Today old Doctor Hollingsworth, dean of the college, had come in to watch his steady, facile hands. With the visiting undergraduates he was almost a hero, perhaps because of the cold passion of his knife, but more likely because of personal traits and beliefs especially appealing to modern youth. As a boy of eighteen he had been through the hell-fire of the Argonne. His boyhood chum had died in his arms there, and he himself had come out with a contempt for life second only to his contempt for death. What older men held sacred he turned to jest. And his deep-seated cynicism, not a pose but a firmly-fixed habit of mind, seemed at the outset to add to, rather than detract from, his brilliance as a surgeon. It made him bold—inclement—calloused, perhaps; while other doctors vacillated, he cut deep.

It was true that he seemed to take no personal interest in his patients. Today he did not know the name of the unkempt man on the table: he had searched his face only for symptoms of his condition, and tomorrow would not recognize him if he met him on the street . . . But he would not meet him on the street. Unless Grant's calm, sure judgment was utterly at fault, the man would leave the city tonight on a one-way thoroughfare from which there was no return.

The man had applied for treatment less than two hours before. To the admittance clerk he had given his name as William Johnson, and his address a cheap lodging-house in the city. In a waterfront gambling brawl he had received a knife wound in the side; fearing trouble with the police, he had neglected the cut, and general septicemia of an extreme form had developed. Doctor Grant would now open the well of poison as a matter of course and see what could be done to the septic organs, but he doubted gravely whether the man would live to get off the table. If he did so live, the shock of the operation, added to the widespread poison from the wound, was certain to carry him off.

DRAMA moved in that still, white temple of science just before the operation. As the anesthetist was fitting the mask over the patient's face, with cold mercy putting him beyond the reach of pain, the man turned his head, got his mouth free, and spoke quietly in the hushed room,

"Doctor Grant?"

"Yes?" The young surgeon spoke tersely but not unkindly.

"Don't let me die! You see—there's something I've got to do. I just can't die until I've gone up there and helped 'em all I can—" The mask stopped his lips.

"I'll do everything possible," Grant answered.

This was true: he would do everything possible that his science decreed and his light revealed. He had spoken without feeling, yet crisply and with certainty. But old Doctor Hollingsworth, watching from under his grizzled brows, shifted uneasily. For a moment he wished that he could take the scalpel from Dr. Grant's hand and perform the operation himself. He had never been so brilliant as Grant, his hand was never so sure, and yet—and yet—But this was folly: the case was Grant's, not his, and besides it was lost to start with. William Johnson was doomed as surely as though he stood on the gallows, the noose about his neck.

Grant launched into the operation. The first scalpel he picked up, dull from an attendant's neglect, failed to go home at the first gentle stroke, and he hurled it across the room with an oath. Thereafter there was no sound save his occasional terse command to his assistant. Old Doctor Hollingsworth, his doubts allayed, and glowing with pride at his former pupil, watched with gleaming eyes.

Meanwhile, Grant had lost himself in his work. For him the warm earth had passed into nothingness, and naught remained but a strange gray world of science, heartless and devitalized. His hand moved; the work progressed. If he made a false motion, Doctor Hollingsworth could not catch it. The presence of the old dean neither inspired nor flurried him; he had forgotten it.

THE knife wound in Johnson's side had cut through the outer walls of a large artery. Infection had weakened the inner wall, and when Grant's incision removed pressure against it, the artery burst in a scarlet fountain. It was the kind of crisis that sometimes shows up a doctor, but Richard Grant did not turn a hair. With a few deft motions he checked the stream of death and calmly went on with his surgery.

"By God, he's got it!" one of the internes whispered in Hollingsworth's ear.

"Got what?"

"The cold, gray nerve. You'd think he was performing an autopsy instead of operating on a living man. I believe I can hear his brain humming like a dynamo."

"It's beautiful surgery," Hollingsworth replied at last. "It's the most perfect technique I've ever seen. But that's all it is—technique . . . Yes, and the cold gray nerve that will make him one of the great surgeons of the world, if he'll let it."

In amazing short order the work was finished. Still breathing, the patient was returned to his bed in the pay-ward. Washed and dressed, Grant stepped into the corridor to find Doctor Hollingsworth waiting for him. The old man was beaming; Grant's face wore its usual cynical though not unpleasant smile.

"I suppose you're going to lecture me," Grant began easily.

"No, I'm going to praise you with a little mild advice thrown in," the surgeon answered. "That was fine work today. Your technique is as good as any man's in this city, regardless of the short time you have been out of school. There's no reason why you should remain any longer as the house-surgeon here. Why don't you go into private practice?"

Grant looked the older man straight in the eyes.

"Do you advise me to?"

Oddly enough, Hollingsworth seemed disconcerted by this direct question. "Well, it seems a pity that a surgeon of your ability should have to be restricted to free patients on a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a month."

"Could I do any better in private practice?" Grant spoke with a restrained bitterness that astonished Hollingsworth. "You know I can't, at least for many years. To get patients, you must be able at least to pretend an interest in their disorders, not to mention in their private lives. Well, I just can't put it over on them. They bore me to death, and they know it. If I should get any cases at all, they would be simple ones from poor people—no money and no interest either. Here I am sure of tobacco money and occasionally an interesting case."

Hollingsworth stood a long time in a deep thought. "You say you can not pretend an

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SAVES YOUR SKIN

Lonesome River

interest you do not feel. I don't think I could, either—that is, *pretend* it. But couldn't you acquire a *real* interest? Couldn't you get in a state of mind whereby any sickness is interesting to you—not as a scientific problem, perhaps, but as something to fight, so that the person who has it can get well?"

"No. I'm sorry for them, but it seems entirely unimportant whether they get well or not."

"You don't mean that. If you do, it's sad. To one who doesn't care about people—and helping them—and serving them—of course, medicine is the worst drudgery on earth—the most unpleasant drudgery, messing about in people's insides. Scientific interest isn't reward enough, and no amount of money, either. The only possible reward is—"

"You are going to say 'service.' Well, I wish I could believe it. I'd like to take old Hippocrates at his word, but I can't make a go of it. Any desire I might have had to serve my fellowmen was knocked out of me when I saw what they did one day in the fall of 1918. I wish I hadn't lost my illusions, but I have, and the only person I'm now interested in serving is myself."

Hollingsworth looked at him solemnly. "If you feel this way, you should not have gone into medicine."

"You don't have to tell me that. No matter what physical and mental equipment I may have, it was the worst possible mistake." He laughed a little, grimly though not without humor. "I should have trained my somewhat sensitive hands to open safes."

"Physical and mental equipment," Hollingsworth echoed quietly. "All that is lacking is spiritual equipment and sometimes that comes to a man. Well, Dick, I can't seem to help the situation. Every doctor has to go through a long period of starvation, but he finds plenty of other rewards. Do you know what the word 'profession' really means? It means something professed—something lived for. The making of money is, of course, secondary."

"Not in my case. I wish I had enough money to retire right now. But I never will have, worse luck."

"You never will have as long as you regard your patients as guinea-pigs instead of people, and you'll never have any of the other rewards that I've found so good."

Hollingsworth shook off his sober mood, smiled, and shook Grant's hand.

"Forget I gave you this advice, my boy. You're an old pupil of mine, or I shouldn't have ventured to do so. And your surgery today was beautiful."

Richard Grant's cynical grin gave way to a frank, friendly smile. Patting the old doctor on the back, he left to look at his patient.

IN HIS bed in the pay-ward the man known as William Johnson was fighting his way back to consciousness. With what seemed to be a deliberate effort of will he drove the fumes of ether from his brain. And this was only the beginning of a fight that lasted thirty-six hours, consciousness against deep coma, the healing forces of a stalwart body against the ravages of disease, finally life itself against uncompromising death.

It was as brave a fight as Dick Grant had ever seen, in war or peace, and it touched him as he had not been touched in years. Yet it could not win. Every doctor in the hospital knew this fact. Only Johnson himself denied the certain truth. He still talked of some vague undertaking which he must complete, of something he must do before he was free to die.

"Why, I *can't* die," he said over and over again. "They've sent for me, and I've got to go. I've never done anything for 'em yet, and now is my chance. Aren't they my own folks?"

On the second night after the operation he appeared a little better. In his eyes was a faint luster; he seemed happier, and his talk was more coherent. When his special nurse saw the change, she made it an excuse to ask for leave. If she knew anything, she knew it was only a false rally at best and possibly the calm before the final storm, but she was tired from the long siege, and her young spirit was darkened by the strange shadows hovering in this sick room.

Doctor Grant had no work on hand, so he agreed to stay at Johnson's bedside until her return.

"I know how it is," he told the girl. "You are interested in life, not death. There's nothing you can do anyway, except keep him company."

THERE were no other patients in the pay-ward, so it happened that for three hours after midnight the doctor and the dying man were alone together. Johnson slept quietly for a time, then wakened with what seemed a surprising burst of strength. Suddenly his voice came clear and level in the hushed room.

"It won't hurt me to try to talk?"

"Not if you feel like it," Grant answered, and this was true: there was little in this world that could hurt William Johnson.

"Well, I feel like talking. And I think I'd better talk some, too, before it's too late." He paused.

Grant asked, "What do you mean—too late?"

"I've got a feeling that I'm not going to pull through. There's something got hold of me good and tight, and I can't get loose. And that means that all I've planned on goes by the board, and Sis and Dad will wait by the landing, and I won't ever come."

The fact that Johnson could talk so clearly and coherently did not surprise the doctor. He knew that men dying of septicemia often talk well with their last breath. But he was deeply interested in the man's premonition of his own approaching end. This was something he could not explain by any science that he knew.

"Do you feel any worse?"

"No, if anything I feel better, as far as the pain goes . . . The fact is, I can't feel any pain at all . . . And maybe that's what scares me so—it's as if my body had quit fighting. Oh, Doc, don't let me die if there's any chance to save me! I don't care on my own account—I've made a mess of things from the first—but at last I've got a chance to be of some little use to somebody."

Even now, Dick Grant felt little interest in the drama of this man's life. So often he had listened to the trivial confidences of his patients! Yet out of simple pity for the dying man he encouraged him to talk.

"We'll pull you through if it's possible," he said. "Of course, there's always a chance of failure—you know that—and it's best to be prepared. Is there anything you want done in case you don't get well?"

"There's plenty I want done, but it's not the kind of job I can put off on somebody else. The most you can do for me is give me a decent burial and write a letter to the folks explaining why I can't come. I suppose my ticket will pay for my burial, won't it?"

"Don't worry about that," Dick spoke gently. "We'll take care of you. What ticket do you mean?"

"My steamship and river boat ticket to Central Alaska. It cost three hundred dollars, and it's about all I have left of a thousand Dad sent me."

He paused, as though determining whether or not to take Dick into his confidence.

"Doctor, you come from southern Oregon, don't you?"

"Yes. From Medford."

"The nurse told me so. Well, I come from southern Oregon too, from Ashland, only twelve miles from your home. I've been in Medford a hundred times and worked there in the post-office. So I guess you're the fellow

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Cleans By The
Hand-Washing Method

The VOSS alone, of all washers, has a *Floating Agitator* . . . a patented device which duplicates hand-washing action.

In the suds at the top
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In the clean, active suds at the top of the tub . . . away from the dirt which settles to the bottom . . . and with the same gentle, thorough action you employ when you wash by hand . . . that is where and how the *VOSS FLOATING AGITATOR* washes.

Your daintiest garments are washed as safely . . . and the heaviest, dirtiest clothing is washed as cleanly as though you had washed it with your own hands. For the *Floating Agitator* duplicates hand-washing action in all its gentle thoroughness!

Visit the nearest VOSS Dealer tomorrow and see this exclusive, patented feature which makes the NEW VOSS an ultra-modern washer.

OTHER VOSS FEATURES—Compact beauty of line and finish; Porcelain enamel tub with large capacity; All movable parts enclosed and running in oil; Balloon Wringer Rollers; Popularly Priced.

"Washing Machine Builders Since 1876"

VOSS
VOSS BROS. MFG. CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

Lonesome River

I'll have to call on to clear up my few affairs."

"I know Ashland well. Many a time I've picnicked in the big park there. I'll be glad to do anything I can for you."

"Well, I'll tell you first of all that William Johnson isn't my real name. I took a false name because I was afraid it would get into the papers—the gambling row I was in, and so on—and I didn't want my folks to hear about it. My first name's the same as yours—Dick. My second name is Foster."

Doctor Grant nodded, in no way surprised. Frequently ward patients register under an assumed name, if for no reason other than pride.

"All right, Dick." And beholding the little, cold sweat drops, ominous signs on the patient's forehead, Grant tried to hasten the story. "Now tell me all you want me to do."

"It seems kind of cheap, asking you, especially since I can't even pay your bill," Foster went on sadly. "I had almost six hundred dollars in my pocket, besides the ticket, when I walked into that Black Jack game a week ago last night, part of the thousand Dad sent me, but now I have barely enough to pay for this bed."

THIS was the second time he had mentioned the thousand dollars. As an illusion it seemed firmly fixed in his consciousness, or else it was a childish falsehood to win the doctor's respect. Never for an instant did Grant think it might really be so. In spite of his good features and decent speech, Foster did not look like a rich man's son. Often the ward patients told such tales, especially when delirious with fever. Yet not a flick of an eyelash revealed Grant's disbelief.

Foster was silent a long time. A profound sadness stole into his pinched, white face. To cheer him, and perhaps through a vague, growing interest in his affairs, Grant continued to question him.

"Where does your father live?"

"He lives in the woods, in Alaska. The place is called Lonesome River, and it isn't far from Moose Landing, where the gold camp is."

"Your father made his money out of gold?"

"No, out of fur. I don't know how—you see, I haven't seen Dad since I was ten years old. My father and mother separated when I was ten—she kept me, and father took my sister, who was five. They just reversed the usual course, but I s'pose each had a favorite. That was twenty years ago. Well, mother would never let me go see him, or hardly write to him, as far as she could help herself. It wasn't till I was a man grown that I began to write to Sis, and just this year, since mother's death, have I been free to go." He told all this brokenly, with many pauses.

"I wish you *could* go." The words slipped out of Grant's mouth almost unawares.

The wish seemed to touch Foster deeply, because his drawn, pale face lighted up. "They wouldn't even know me. I'd have to tell 'em who I am. But Dad hasn't forgotten his little boy, and Sis hasn't forgotten her big brother, who was so proud of her, and you bet I haven't forgotten them, either. *I've got to go to them!* They want me and need me. Doctor, I just *can't* die."

But even as he spoke this last frantic denial of his fate, he started visibly, and a look of unutterable awe came into his eyes. That he had received some inner warning not explained in any book of medicine, Dick Grant could not doubt. Perhaps he felt his heart pause in his breast. Possibly he had seen something never to be revealed by living lips. He lay still a moment. Grant leaned nearer and looked down into his face.

"Foster?" he called.

"Yes."

"Is there anything else you want to tell me? I don't think there's much—more—time."

"It's mighty kind of you . . . Look through my papers and do what's necessary. They're all in the pocket of my suitcase. Turn in my ticket and give me a decent burial . . . Tell the folks how sorry—I—am—that—I—couldn't—come."

Grant shook off the spell of the voice and remembered that he was a doctor. There were a few forms which he must go through, part of the theory and practice of medicine, before Foster could be permitted to pass. These he did efficiently and mechanically. He noted first an abrupt rise in the patient's temperature. This in itself was sufficient evidence of the approaching end. Foster's pupils were dilated, and his temples damp with cold sweat. Grant now took his blood pressure, to find it down to sixty.

The fight was over. Foster was beyond medical aid. Nothing remained now but the administration of a powerful stimulant, part of the routine of emergency treatment, and in this case absolutely an empty form. For a long minute Grant held out against this. In his soul he cursed all medical science, from Hippocrates to Mayo. Why should he trouble further that still, gray form on the white bed? But there might be questions asked, and anyway Foster himself would never know.

When the drug took hold, Foster's eyelids fluttered. His lips curled a dim smile as he recognized the kind-faced man bending over him.

"I'm going, Doc," he whispered.

"Goodby, old chap." There was no trace now of cynicism on Dick Grant's face.

"I wish—I could have lived—and gone up there—to Alaska. They're in trouble and need help, and now there's no one to give it to 'em."

Grant's lips moved, but he did not speak aloud the futile words that formed there. "I wish I could go in your place, Dick Foster." He meant it with all his heart.

"Now it's too late . . . I can't see the way . . . *It's getting dark.*"

Grant glanced toward the electric light. To him, too, it seemed that shadows were lowering. But it was only a trick of fancy. He bent to hear Dick Foster's last words.

"Goodby, little sister Molly . . . Goodby, Dad . . . Goodby, Dick."

That he should have called the doctor by his first name was probably no more than the vagary of a dying brain. Yet Dick Grant was profoundly startled. Somehow it seemed deeply significant; as though in this last hour there had sprung into being between himself and this stranger from the streets a relationship more intimate than that of warm friends. "Dying men speak truth"—there was something more than superstition in this old saying. Suddenly he knew, beyond reason or thought, that this man's death would change the current of his own life.

CHAPTER III

DOCTOR GRANT was used to seeing death. Ordinarily it left him unscathed. Yet when he started for the door with the intention of notifying the hospital superintendent that Foster's case was closed, his brain reeled, and his knees almost buckled under him. He had been under a greater strain than he had realized.

Grinning with contempt at his own weakness and folly, he sat down in one of the visitors' chairs to rest. It was at this moment that his eye fell on Foster's suitcase just within the open closet door.

He had promised Foster to look over his papers. True, this was against hospital rules, save in the presence of witnesses, but it was Foster's own wish. He had put his affairs unreservedly in Grant's hands, and it might be that he did not wish them made public . . . And Dick Grant was in no mood for hospital rules tonight. He got up, took the dead man's papers, and sat down with them under the light.

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Thirty-nine years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern production methods offer a quicker and cheaper way to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is retained because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.

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More than a skillet

NOT ONLY an excellent skillet—but an excellent roaster for smothered chicken, chops, small roasts. It is thick cast iron, heavy and even, with no thin spot anywhere. The cover also is thick cast iron, and due to patented drip-rings, is self-basting. The bottom of the skillet is level. This conserves heat. The ring and lip of the cover fit the edge and lip of the skillet. This conserves flavor. Still another virtue—this skillet will last all your life. Ask to see Griswold Cast Iron Skillets at a department, housefurnishing, or hardware store. The Griswold Mfg. Co., Dept B, Erie, Penna.

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July 1930 Good Housekeeping

Lonesome River

The first document he picked up was the ticket which Foster had bought at a Seattle agency. It routed him *via* Skagway and the White Pass Railway to Whitehorse, thence by river steamer and gas boat to Moose Landing, a new gold camp on one of the tributaries of the Upper Yukon river. Rather to Grant's surprise, it was a first-class ticket costing three hundred dollars. At least part of Foster's story was proved true.

With the ticket were two letters. Grant hesitated a single moment, then took them from their envelopes. The first of the two was written in a small, free feminine hand. It read:

"Lonesome River, Alaska,
"July first, 1929.

"DEAREST DICK,

"Dad and I can't really believe that you are really coming. As much as it means to him, I think it means even more to me. I've never forgotten you, Big Brother, and I can't wait to see the man that the little boy I loved so has grown to be.

"I'm glad you haven't sent a photograph. I am having so much fun imagining how you will look.

"Your letter brought new hope to both father and me. He does not know it, but I need you, too, perhaps more than he does. You will help me decide the hardest problem that has ever faced me. *Believe me, Dick, I need you.*

Your little sister,
MOLLY."

Grant waited a considerable time before he read the second letter. For no accountable reason his hand was trembling. Yet how could this drama of human lives into which he had stumbled involve himself? As yet he was no more than a spectator.

THE second letter was written in the infirm hand of an elderly man:

"Lonesome River, Alaska,
"July first, 1929.

"DEAR SON DICK,

"The wonderful news has just reached us. Perhaps Molly can tell you how glad we are; your old Dad can't find words.

"We know now that everything will be all right. The danger threatening us here—danger not only to the great work I am trying to do, but physical danger to both Molly and me—will disappear when you are lined up on our side. The three of us couldn't quite master it alone. Molly has done her best, and so has Stephen, the young man I got here as trader, but my health isn't what it used to be, and I haven't been able to hold up my end. With one more to help us, our cause will win.

"Molly and I laughed when we read how you would swab decks on the ship to get here, but at the same time we were deeply touched and gratified that you would care so much about us. I know now that you must have grown up to be just the kind of man I had hoped you would be, and for this I thank your mother in spite of everything. But she did wrong in making you think that such a course would be necessary. I have plenty of money. You'd be surprised to know that I have accumulated more than a quarter of a million in ready assets. Half of it is yours any time you want it—Molly gets the other half. Moreover there will be no strings on it—if you want to leave Alaska, after you have helped me with my present difficulties, I won't ask you to stay.

"I am sending you a thousand dollars for your ticket and anything else you want. I want you to be happy, Dicky Boy, after all these years. And we'll count the days until you come.

"I wonder if I will know you on the landing. I'm afraid not. But when you see an old man with white hair standing with open arms beside the gangplank, you will know it is your loving

DAD."

So Dick Foster's story was true! He was the son of a rich man, a bountiful man. Had he lived, he would have received more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Long after Dick Grant had finished reading the letter, he continued to hold it before his eyes. The words blurred and ran together as he focused on some vision far off. *More than a hundred thousand dollars!* Suddenly a voice unfamiliar as a stranger's spoke from his lips,

"Why not?"

A thrill of intense excitement raced up his spine and made the short hairs at the base of his scalp prickle and creep. His black eyes lighted up under his heavy brows; his clenching hand crushed the letter into a white ball. Coldly and deliberately he answered the question his own lips had asked,

"Yes, why not!"

He sprang up from his chair and, creeping to Foster's bedside, stared down with a startled, almost terrified expression. He did not know why: even in calmer hours he would never be able to explain this unconscious act. It was as though he feared that the silent dead had guessed his thought and would rise to rebuke him. As if to spare the poor, lightless eyes the sight of what he was about to do, he drew the sheet over the still, dead face.

He glanced at the door. At any moment the nurse might return. Without an instant's hesitation Grant began to search Foster's belongings for papers that might reveal his identity. He went through his suitcase, the pockets of his suit, and his purse, but found nothing. He thrust into his own pocket the three documents he had already found and, covering up all signs of his search, seated himself calmly in the bedside chair.

His mind now was wonderfully clear. With the same mental energy that he put into a surgical problem, he began to take stock of the situation. *"I wonder if I will know you on the landing. I'm afraid not!"* These words, remembered *verbatim* from an old man's letter, were the crux of the whole matter. Dick Foster had never sent his photograph to his father and sister. They had not seen him since he was ten years old: they would not recognize him or expect him to recognize them.

Why not? Grant scrutinized the question more coldly now, but the answer was the same. No one but himself knew that Dick Foster was dead. He had given his name as William Johnson; as such, he would be written off the hospital rolls. No one would inquire closely into the affairs of a pay-ward patient dead of blood poison: he would be simply and decently buried, and that would be the end of him.

THE more Grant studied the situation, the more it offered. He was practically the same age as the dead man, at the most two or three years older. He had the same coloring—dark hair and eyebrows, and fair complexion—and the same athletic build. Thus he could fulfill any general description which the older Foster might have had of his son. The two did not resemble each other closely, but any family characteristics lacking in Grant's face an old man's imagination could supply.

Many difficulties he could foresee, but practically all of them he knew how to solve. Behind the curtain of the Unknown there might lie a trap Dick could not avoid—some little accident which no human mind could foresee—but this was the luck of the game. He must protect himself in every conceivable way; plan a way out in case of failure, and play his cards boldly. The rest lay with the gods.

Could he throw away this chance? With one coup he could achieve his life's ambition—live in Europe and indulge his whims. No more medical drudgery. No more ward patients with their commonplace ills. No more delving into the bodies of ungrateful people. No skimping and saving to achieve dull, middle-aged prosperity.

No one would actually suffer. Dick Foster,

World's *Fastest Freezing*

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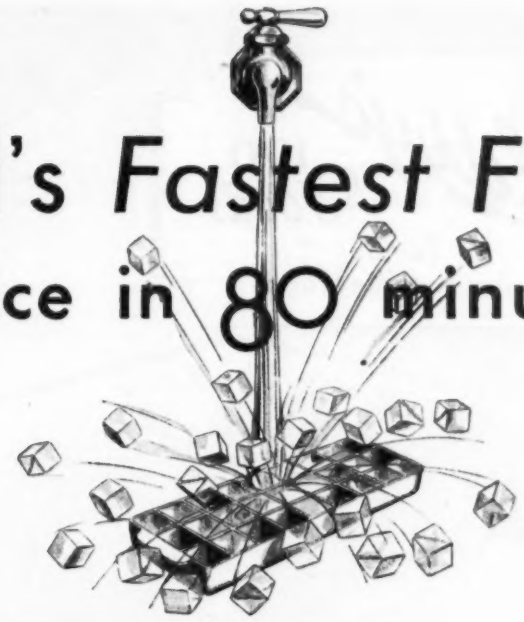

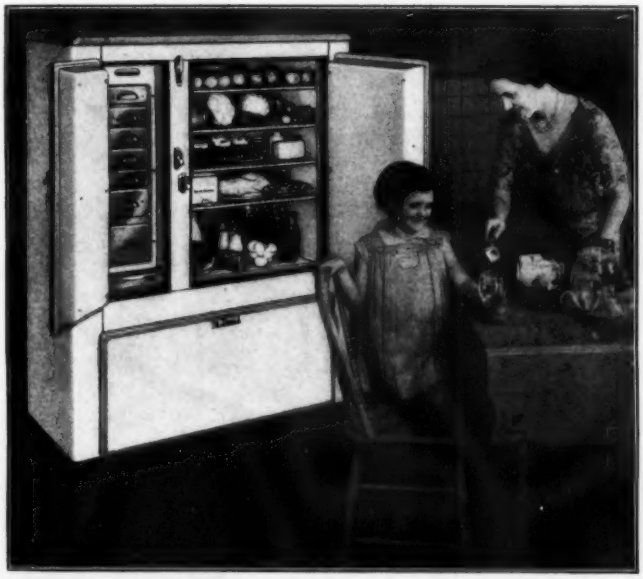

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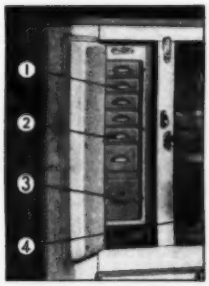
It provides in a single cabinet, four separate degrees of cold: (1) steady cold for freezing ice at Kelvinator's fast speed; (2) extremely fast automatic freezing of ice and desserts; (3) a special Cold Storage Compartment, with *below-freezing* cold for keeping meats, fish, game, ice cubes, ice cream, etc., (4) controlled cold in food compartments uniformly below 50 degrees.



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Cool and savory for hot weather meals—Libby's ready-to-serve Veal Loaf, Lunch Tongue, and Vienna Sausage

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Canned Meats, Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

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LUNCH TONGUE	VEAL LOAF	VIENNA SAUSAGE	
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TUNE IN TUESDAY EVENINGS AND WEDNESDAY MORNINGS! Fascinating series of radio concerts—"Around the World with Libby." Famous guest artists, and the Libby Concert Orchestra. Broadcast every Tuesday evening over WJZ and a network of N. B. C. stations: 7:30 Eastern Standard Time; 6:30 Central Standard Time.

And Wednesday mornings over a coast-to-coast chain of N. B. C. stations, Mary Hale Martin's Household Period: 9:45 Eastern Standard Time; 8:45 Central Standard Time; and by special arrangement 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

Lonesome River

the real victim, was beyond the sting of mean, earthly frauds. The stone over his grave would bear a false name, but if he were aware of it in the Great Perhaps, he would not care. Moreover, Grant would try to square Dick Foster. In impersonating him, naturally he must try to live up to him. He must carry out Foster's ideas and fulfill his aims. Perhaps he wanted to do so anyway—Foster's story had touched him more than he could account for. At this thought a faint, ironical smile, though not unkindly, touched Grant's lips.

Suddenly he spoke aloud in the hushed room: "I'll do it! I'll be Dick Foster."

He was still sitting there, faintly smiling, when the nurse returned.

"Well, it's all over," he began calmly.

The nurse recoiled, then came tiptoeing forward. "You mean—he's dead?"

"Yes, William Johnson is dead."

As he pronounced this alias, his eyes were fixed intently on the girl's face. It might be that in a confidential moment, or possibly in delirium, her patient had told her who he was; if so, she would make some instinctive response. But she knew nothing. In this respect Grant was safe.

"Have you notified the superintendent?"

"Not yet." And now Dick Grant told the first lie of what must be a growing labyrinth of lies. "Johnson asked me to stay with him till some one came."

"Don't tell the superintendent I wasn't here when he died."

AS SOON as Grant could leave the hospital, he drove to a hotel where he was known and cashed a check for three hundred dollars. Watching his opportunity, he placed this sum in the dead man's suitcase, to pay for a decent burial.

This was only the beginning of his stealthy preparations for his venture. Consulting William Johnson's admittance card, he learned that Foster had given his birthplace as "Seattle," and the date of his birth as December 14, 1902. The first was obviously a falsehood to conform with his alias; for all Dick knew, so was the second, yet he was inclined to believe that this was the correct date, simply because Foster would have no reason for concealing it. It was an added card in Dick's hand, but he would not dare play it unless forced to do so. The date indicated that he was three years younger than Dick himself.

He inquired at Johnson's address, the lodging house named on the card, but learned only that a stranger had registered there as William Johnson and had sent out for some bandages and antiseptic. Evidently this was immediately after his injury: until then he had probably lived at some respectable hotel under his own name. There was no point in trying to trace him further: he had left no clue to his real identity to attract the attention of the police, and Dick was convinced that haphazard coroner's inquiries would not reveal the truth.

FOUR afternoons later, Dick was packing his trunk for a long journey. But he was not going East to look for openings, as he had told the hospital superintendent; instead he would bear to the northwest, to the great green country of adventure's dreams. And the ticket under which he would sail was signed "Richard Foster."

Doctor Grant was ever a thorough-going man. When at last he decided to wield the knife, he cut deep. There would be no half-way measures in the game he would play now. He entered upon his new rôle with the same energy and determination with which he attacked a diseased appendix. He would not merely impersonate Richard Foster: for the period of his engagement he would try to put himself in Richard Foster's place, to act like him, and think and be like him. He would try to forget his own name. He would banish Dick Grant from his mind and soul.

He had the initial G removed from his suitcase and F substituted; he removed the tailor's label from his clothes. The only example of Foster's handwriting available was his signature on the steamship ticket, but this Dick studied and traced in his spare time until he could imitate it passably.

In his trunk he packed such of his belongings as Foster might be reasonably expected to possess; the rest he meant to leave behind. Yet in this regard he developed an unexpected weakness. Among his things was a small doctor's kit which a rich friend had given him—a wonderfully compact affair weighing only three or four pounds, yet containing all the essentials for an emergency operation—knives, clamps, scissors, and other implements, chloroform, needles and ligatures, a fever thermometer, and a stethoscope. By no stretch of the imagination could Richard Foster, a post-office clerk, possess such an article, yet Grant was somehow strangely reluctant to leave it behind. Cursing himself for a fool did no good. No twisting of his agile mind could make the act sensible. He had never realized before the invincible force of habit: he was used to carrying the tools of his trade wherever he went, and it seemed impossible to start a journey without them.

In this respect, at least, he could not be Richard Foster. For a moment he was aware of deep misgivings about the whole undertaking. It was bigger than he had thought at first—more difficult—more complicated. Perhaps he lacked the will power to bring it to success. And it might be that human beings were not the free agents he liked to believe: that mysterious forces moved them . . .

Well, if he were caught with the kit, he would have to make up some kind of lie to explain it. He could not leave it behind.

ON a warm August afternoon his ship put to sea, and Puget Sound dropped behind him. At once he put aside all for fear of failure and began to seek pleasure in the game itself. After all, it was no mean adventure. It promised not only great reward, but excitement—strife—danger. He was young, active, physically strong, fully equipped to play his rôle. A gayety of spirit, never quite stifled by the cynicism of his later years, saved every troublesome situation and gave him secret mirth. His boyhood seemed to be rolling back upon him as the ship rolled north.

More and more he entered into the spirit of his part. Imagining himself to be Richard Foster, he could look forward with genuine interest, almost with pleasure, to meeting Foster's long-lost family. He would be a good son and brother while the play ran: this was the least he could do, not only for Foster's sake, but for his own.

They were waiting for him now, beyond the blue forests of the nearing ranges . . . No, not for him. He could not carry the grim jest so far. The one for whom they waited lay unknown, falsely named, in a new grave; cynical lips could not laugh away this uncompromising fact.

When he made the acquaintance of Dawson Dan'l an old miner from the Yukon, he boldly rehearsed his part.

"Have you ever been to Lonesome River?" he asked.

"Lonesome River! Lonesome River! No, I ain't, and mighty few people has, either. But I know whar it is—way back in the Nutzotin Mountains. It used to take all summer to get into it, polin' up the rivers, but now it's dead easy. There's been a young stampede to Moose Landing, and you can cross the divide from thar."

"Did you ever hear of a man there named Foster?"

"Seems to me I has. Been thar a long time, ain't he? Is he kin o' your'n?"

"My father." Dick made the statement casually, marveling at how easy it was.

Police the danger spots in your home

Refrigerators—coolers—drainpipes—garbage cans—toilet bowls—sickroom equipment—all these are *danger spots* in every home that need constant policing to keep them free from dirt, germs and odors. . . . And Clorox, because it has positive germ-killing power, destroys germs and odors. In every drop there are billions of active units of oxygen eager to cleanse, deodorize and disinfect.

A "sweet" Refrigerator

Washed regularly with a Clorox solution, your refrigerator or ice box will be well guarded. The walls and shelves will be made clean, sanitary, odorless. The drainpipe too, of an ice refrigerator, will be made equally sanitary.

An "Odorless" Garbage Can

Clorox, when added to strong suds, makes light work of cleansing garbage cans and at the same time destroys odors and aids in preventing the breeding of flies. Clorox works wonders all over the house! Use it in laundry, kitchen and bathroom to bleach, remove stains, destroy odors and kill germs. Order a trial bottle from your grocer today!

CLOROX

bleaches
removes stains
destroys odors
kills germs

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

In using advertisements see page 6

Today women know more . .

about feminine hygiene

A HIGHER standard of cleanliness and hygiene is the rule among the modern women surrounding you on every side. There is a more general recognition also among physicians and nurses of the benefits of feminine hygiene.

This is the age of antiseptics, and a great deal of the credit is due to *Zonite*. For this famous product that came out of the World War has taken the antiseptic idea completely *out of the poison class*.

Zonite is non-poisonous, non-caustic—safe to use on the body and safe to have in the house, even with little children around. Yet Zonite is actually stronger, far stronger, in its effect than *carbolic acid itself* in any dilution you would dare use on the body.

Get Zonite at any drugstore in the U. S. A. or Canada; in bottles, 30c, 60c, and $1.00. Also send coupon below for small-sized booklet full of feminine hygiene information. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION G. H.-07.
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(*Please print name*)

Address.....

City..... State.....
(In Canada: 389 St. Paul St., W., Montreal)

Lonesome River

"*Is* that so! Wal, now! Goin' up to visit the old man, eh? Ain't that fine!"

Unlettered, rough-spoken though he was, the old man proved strangely interesting to Dick. He found himself looking up to his old shipmate, respecting him, and liking him well. Evidently there was something in the great outdoors to bring out what was in a man.

Dick had expected a rather tedious journey and slow-passing, anxious hours. Instead, the hours flew—exciting, thrilling hours—and the journey was the most wonderful he had ever imagined. He had not dreamed that such a gloryland lay at Seattle's northern gate. He had always loved beauty, but somehow he had never known where to look for it or how to find it. Here, in these fastnesses, was its abode.

He loved the thousand nameless islands, dusky blue, perfectly imaged in the still waters. He thrilled at the long vistas which often burst upon his eyes—hushed lagoons, dark coasts, and the silver thread of a distant waterfall. Secret valleys between the hills, ivory glaciers, mysterious bays running back to dim, snow-covered ranges, tide-rips in the moonlight, and the profile of the spruce against the twilight sky—all these he saw, and all of them he made his own.

At the town of Skagway, at the head of Lynn Fiord, he disembarked and took the White Pass Railway into Whitehorse. The pearl peaks and black gorges of the Pass surpassed anything he had yet seen. Their rugged grandeur wakened in him a complex mood new to him—a curious feeling of humility, not bemeaning but ennobling.

He felt so small, yet a part of something infinitely great. With this came vague misgivings about the venture on which he was launched. He was not so confident as before. Somehow this seemed too big a country for little tricks. He seemed to feel that it would find him out—show him up—lay him bare.

At Whitehorse he took a river steamer down the lordly Yukon. Even now he could not escape from the vastness of things; indeed, the further north he went, the more he was overshadowed. God had dreamed these scenes in one of His mightier moods. He had painted them on a canvas that overwhelmed the imagination. The Yukon itself was one of the great rivers of the world, in America second only to the Father of Waters. The ship in which he rode seemed no more than a chip on its powerful cataracts. On each side stretched the forest, boundless, eternal, unfathomed. If man moved here at all, it was only to scratch the gravel for gold, or to build a hut of logs in the shadow of the evergreens.

Dick left the Yukon steamer at the mouth of a north-flowing tributary and, with two miners from Dawson, boarded a shallow-draft, powerfully-engined gas-boat. In this they crept up the shining road, five miles an hour where the waters flowed softly, one mile in five hours through the gorge. The forests pressed close upon them now, leaving only a narrow aisle for them to pass.

Four days they fought the river, tying at the bank in the brief nights. Yet these were good days—perhaps the most significant in Dick's life. A strong, active man, sometimes he helped to work the boat up the riffles. Most of the time he sat at the bow, watching the changing vistas of the river, and many and strange were the thoughts that chased each other through his mind. Shortly after noon of the fifth day, the boat rounded a bend and swept up to Moose Landing.

The town was no more than a scar on the breast of the forest. Around a low, rambling building of logs, evidently the roadhouse, clustered perhaps five score log cabins. Two larger buildings were evidently trading stores; a third bore a sign reading "Pete's Pleasure Palace." This last was no doubt a gambling resort and dance hall, always among the first of gold-camp enterprises. In this lost village perhaps five hundred people—miners, traders, and nameless women—lingered awhile, until some other gold-strike should summon them.

A group of perhaps twenty were waiting to see the boat land. As Dick's eyes fell on them, his heart began to hammer against his ribs. This was the beginning of his great adventure.

He was the first man down the gangplank. For half a minute he stood, baffled and afraid, pretending to be waiting for his baggage. It seemed to him that he could not possibly go on. The thing was too much for him—too deep—too poignant. . . . But now it was too late. A girl had detached herself from the crowd of onlookers and was stealing toward him, peering into his face.

For one brief instant he could not believe that this was Dick Foster's sister. Her face, her form, her clothes—everything was utterly different from his expectations. Yet when their eyes met, it was with a startled look of recognition. They were not brother and sister, as the girl supposed, yet even Dick found it hard to believe that they were complete strangers. It was as though their fates had been intertwined from the first.

"Dick?" she asked breathlessly.

He took a foolish and illogical satisfaction in the fact that his first speech with her need not be a lie.

"Yes, I'm Dick."

She uttered a happy cry and, running to him, threw both arms about him. A queer shiver passed over him, and slowly, deliberately he raised his own arms and pressed her tight. She kissed him with exquisite tenderness.

The warmth of her lips lingered on his. His brain was in a whirl: for long seconds he was torn between shame, dismay, and some undefinable happiness. Words rushed to his lips, but what they were he did not know, other than that he spoke her name again and again, just as Dick Foster himself might have done. If this were acting, it was of a high order. In any event she never doubted that her long-lost brother, the idol of her infant days, was in her arms again.

(*To be continued*)

Fight the Termite

(*Continued from page 58*)

hotbed for the multiplication of this termite. Each bathroom, concrete-filled floor, leaky gutter, or anything which imparts moisture to any part of the structure should be immediately remedied in order to destroy the chief requisite in the termite's struggle for life—moisture.

The subterranean termite nearly always enters the building from the ground around and below. Whole colonies may migrate to other buildings when the conditions become unfavorable for further existence.

The blocks and board ends which carpenters let fall beneath the buildings, as well as all vegetable matter, afford the termite a perfect nesting place. The ground underneath this matter is honeycombed with passages through which it travels. Whenever the blocks are eaten so as to afford no further food, the colony migrates to other blocks. When this colony migration takes place, some members become separated from the others, and as a result a new colony is begun. These migrations keep up until all the blocks are exhausted.

Due to the constant separation of old colonies, many new colonies are begun. Since there are now no more blocks to feed upon, the colonies begin to tunnel up the pillars or walls, then into the sills and other timbers of the

"*Please* tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Page on Hair Beauty*

How to make oily hair behave

Dear Miss Carroll: My curly hair used to be the envy of my permanent-waved, marcelled friends. But now it is oily and lifeless—not nicely straight, but simply in strings. And I'm wondering whether I'm doomed to wear a hat constantly. And why not . . . when I used to hear, "You've the most beautiful hair I've ever seen!"—Mrs. H. G., Ebensburg, Pa.

H. G. Please, please, don't adopt that close-fitting little hat you've threatened to wear. One of the things your poor scalp probably most needs is plenty of fresh air and sunshine!

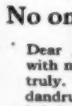
Don't get panicky. With patience and the proper treatment, I'm sure you can revive the true beauty of your hair. You see, relaxed oil glands simply won't take correction quickly. But this is the way to help them reform—

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, every time a glance at the mirror hurts your pride. Yes, even if at the beginning this means a shampoo every third or fourth day! For Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo *is a special shampoo for oily hair* . . . fresh, healthful pine tar and vegetable oils are combined with an antiseptic *astringent* which coaxes the lazy oil glands to tighten up and behave themselves!

And make your finger tips help too! . . . with light, lively massages that bring the warm blood into your scalp. And perhaps you should discuss your diet with your physician—you may be a bit too fond of rich foods!

No one should neglect dandruff

Dear Jean Carroll: I am having trouble with my hair—it is coming out in bunches, truly. Looking through the hair, I can see dandruff, lots of it, especially where my hair is heaviest. I have tried everything I can think of.—Mrs. A. W. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.



I don't want to alarm you, but something should be done at once. Dandruff should be checked before it becomes so serious a case. Dandruff is a germ disease and needs curing. Doctors approve the use of Packer's Tar Soap, a standard treatment for years in dandruff cases.

Use this tonic tar soap, and massage the healthful piney lather well into the scalp—it's pure, gentle and antiseptic. (And dandruff germs *hate* pine tar.) Give two latherings every time you shampoo, with a couple of rinses after each lathering. *Do this every day* for three days just as regularly as if it were a prescription . . . Then shampoo every four or five days and later once a week.

If eight or ten Packer shampoos don't show a noticeable improvement, go to your own physician for additional help.

"Used to wave easily, now it's too *dry*"

My dear Miss Carroll: I've seen others get help from you—now here's my question. My hair used to wave easily when I dampened it and pressed my fingers on it. But now it's getting so dry and straight and it's breaking off. What shall I do? I've been a little afraid to use liquid shampoos—I usually use.....soap.—Mrs. W. T., Belle Plaine, Iowa.

I'm not going to tell you that the soap you've been using has ruined your hair—that wouldn't be true, because it is a good soap. But I do know that you would do better to use a shampoo *especially* prepared for dry hair like yours. And I can tell you one that any doctor would approve.

The Packer Company, makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap, have a golden colored liquid shampoo especially for dry hair—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This shampoo is made of pure vegetable oils and, in addition, it contains soothing glycerine. (You know how soft glycerine and rose water leave your hands.) You'll find that Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo leaves your hair softer and silkier than usual.

Then, I have another suggestion. Brush your hair every day with a good strong pull away from your scalp to stir up those lazy oil glands (awfully good encouragement for a natural wave).

I can't promise that this treatment will give you ringlets all over your head, but I have had letters that tell me that it has brought back a natural wave. Will you tell me how it works for you?

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks on hair beauty by Miss Carroll every Tuesday morning—for the East and Middle West over the Columbia Broadcasting System's "National Radio Home-Makers' Club" period; for the Pacific Coast, as part of the National Broadcasting Company's "Women's Magazine of the Air" (see Tuesday morning's newspapers for details).

* * *

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the PACKER products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll personally. The coupon below is for your convenience.

Send for Samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
Dept. 18-G, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose.....cents (enclose coin, not stamps—10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3)

- ☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff) ★
- ☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

In using advertisements see page 6

. . . . so we all had a *conference!*

"What would you most like to eat?".. that's what we wanted to find out from babies about to start on their first delicate adventure into solid feeding.

"Bla-gaa" said Mr. Many Dimples struggling valiantly with a huge rubber ball. There was no question but that he was referring to the tenderness of his digestion . . . he wanted "something a baby could sort of chew on," that would be easily digested because really his stomach wasn't very brave yet, having never attempted much besides liquids.

We put that down.

"Quoo-ooki-eek!" this was a good point Miss Yellow Curls was making . . . confirmed by baby specialists everywhere. In effect she said, "Many of us babies are subject to poisoning from egg protein so be careful what you put in Whatever-you're-going-to-Make!"

A good point . . . . . We put it down.

Sunshine Arrowroot Health Biscuits
A fine-tasting health cookie for infants, invalids and everybody who likes a crisp cookie of delicate flavor . . . everybody.

"Googla-goola-ooom," said Little Excitement bouncing up and down frantically. "Ah, yes," we replied, "you are quite right. Danger of choking on first solid food is rather serious. But we will be very careful with what we make. It will melt in your mouth of its own accord even if you are not ambitious enough to chew it all."

. . . so we made Sunshine Arrowroot

It is a delicious little cookie made from the finest of Arrowroot flour—which is far more easily digested than other flours. Sunshine Arrowroot Health Biscuits contain no egg protein and are thoroughly baked to a thin crispness—so they quickly melt in baby's mouth.

Careful Mothers insist on the *Sunshine* kind.

Don't think that Sunshine Bakers lavish all their care on children—not a bit of it—we make all sorts of fine crackers, cookies and cookie-cakes, to please every kind of appetite on every kind of occasion.

Sunshine Krispy Crackers
The aristocrat of soda crackers . . . a dainty, salted square made especially flaky by Sunshine Bakers.

★

Sunshine

..well worth saying whenever you want

CRACKERS
COOKIES *and* **CAKES**

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

Sunshine Hydrox Biscuits
Two crisp chocolate cookies imprison a velvety cream . . . the most popular of all English Style Biscuits.

Fight the Termite

building above. Here is where the trouble really begins, for the actual destruction of the building is begun at the first attack on the structural timbers.

These tubes or tunnels which the termites build on the walls and pillars are made of earth mixed with finely powdered wood and moist excrement. They are about the diameter of a piece of insulated electric wire in size and have a hollow center through which the insects travel up into the building. The moisture is carried from the ground up into the burrows which are being made in the timbers above.

Then, usually after the colony has become enlarged or when there are numerous colonies, tubes will be built which suspend from the sills or joists down to the ground below. These tubes are built of damp excrement and finely ground wood dust. When one examines a building, he will frequently find some tubes which extend from the ground to the timbers above, not unlike a growth from the ground. Other tubes may be seen which do not quite touch the ground; these are not yet complete. The termite builds these tubes more readily to obtain moisture for the existence of the colony.

At first the destruction is slow, for the colonies are small, but as they enlarge, and the number of colonies increase, the workers eat out new tunnels and honeycombs for the new members which are constantly hatching out. In consequence the building is being torn to pieces, slowly at first, but as the months pass the destruction increases rapidly. It is but a question of a few years before the timbers will fail and the building collapse.

Another Dangerous Type

The other common termite found in the United States is the non-subterranean. They work in a manner similar to the subterranean, except they do not enter the wood from underground. The winged adults alight on wood, enter it through scars, checks, and cracks, and lay their eggs, thus beginning a new colony.

These non-subterranean termites do not require moisture as do the subterranean, nor do their colonies function in the same manner. This type is usually first noticed at the time of the periodic swarm, usually spring and fall, varying with the locality. These winged termites are the sexual adults, which are migrating from the parent nest. Usually they migrate in large numbers, and when they alight in a favorable place, such as under the bark of a tree, in a bruise on the wood, or through holes made by borers, they begin a new colony.

After entering the wood these sexual adults lose their wings and begin a new colony by laying their eggs in the new-found home. The sexual adult, after the above process, becomes a worker and looks after the eggs, and later attends to feeding the reproductive forms, namely the kings and queens, and the sterile soldiers which protect the colony.

Non-subterranean termites destroy the wood across the grain as well as along the spring growth of the timbers. They are very destructive and cause the timbers to fall in time. The non-subterranean termite, due to its not requiring water, is harder to eradicate in a building than is the subterranean.

When inspecting a building to determine whether termites are present, one first goes under the house taking an extension cord or powerful flashlight along. First, examine scrap wood lying on the ground to determine if there are termites present. Should you locate termites in the blocks, do not disturb them any more than is necessary, for in so doing they may be scattered. Now look around the walls and pillars to see if there are any runways or shelter tubes running up into the timbers above. Don't break these should you find any present. Look on all sills and floor joists, as well as on the sub-flooring, for any signs. In the basement look closely at all wood posts, and all other wood in damp places, which may be infested.

Inspect all damp places inside the house, around water pipes and refrigeration drains. Should the non-subterranean termite be present, there will be particles of sawdust-like powder on the floor or around where the colony is at work. Sweep this away and watch for more being thrown out through the small, round holes which the non-subterranean makes in the wood which it infests.

Next, an inspection of flower arbors and trellises should be made, and if infested these should be replaced with pipe or wire racks, or with trellises built of treated wood. Should the termite be present here, it will eventually reach the building.

Inspect carefully around concrete porches, terraces, and steps for any signs. Whether or not there are termites present, the blocks should be removed, and the under part of the building thoroughly cleared of all lumber, wood, and vegetable matter.

When the building is found to be infested with the subterranean termite, the eradicating process is not particularly difficult. Remember the subterranean species require water for life. Nearly always this moisture is obtained from the ground.

To best destroy the termites, get a spray gun which will spray a liquid with a force of one hundred fifty pounds or more pressure. Place in this gun a charge of an oil approved by the Government. Spray all side-walls, sills, floor joists, and sub-flooring, as well as the blocks and ground. Remove the blocks and spray well so as to kill every living termite. After the spraying, close all ventilation and let the fumes remain for a week. As soon as the spraying beneath the house and in the basement is completed, a small spray with high pressure force is filled with an insect destroyer and used inside the building on all rugs, closets, and crevices. The attic should also get a thorough spraying, as this results in the termites being caught between two fires, for the spray under the house drives them upward. The double action produces toxic fumes which kill the termites and destroy their eggs.

The same process of eradication is taken when the non-subterranean termite infests a building, as the fumes are necessary to destroy them. Therefore, to get sufficient fumes both the underside and inside spray are necessary.

Research work has proved that termite presence is found in forests as well as in newly sawed lumber. In the planning of a new building the complete insulation of all wood from the ground is necessary to protect the structure from the ravages of the subterranean species. The foundation must be completely built of stone, brick, or concrete, with the sills placed above. These timbers should be submerged in an approved solution before placement in the structure. A shield made of galvanized metal should be placed in a mortar joint in the foundation and pillars, and the projection of four or five inches should be turned down at an angle of forty-five degrees. This prevents the termite running shelter tubes up the foundation walls and pillars to the above timbers.

Protection Before Building

Before building, the ground over which the structure is to be erected should be plowed deeply and allowed to have a thorough, one-week sun-bath. Should termite nests be found, this soil should be sprayed. The foundation should have good ventilation so as to eliminate all dampness.

Do not use wood lattice resting underground around your buildings, for it soon becomes infested, forming perfect termite runways from the ground to the building above. If wood lattice is desired, have at least three inches clearance at the bottom. Rake under this often to break off any contact with the ground.

Spray the storm sheathing around the outside of the house up as far as the window-sills of first floor as an added precaution against the termite, as well as against decay and dampness.

The Best Friend a Picnic ever had

REFRESHING ice cold lemonade or malted milk, or stimulating hot coffee or tea—the kind of beverage necessary for the complete success of your picnic outing is easily carried in a UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottle, with the beverage's temperature and original goodness maintained 72 hours, if cold; 24 hours, if hot.

At serving time in particular you will find the UNIVERSAL Multi-Cup Bottle unusually convenient, for its extra nested cups with their heat-proof folding handles provide comfortable and sanitary individual service to three or four persons.

No matter what kind of UNIVERSAL Bottle you purchase—**the Single-cup Dollar Bottle (being introduced this spring with new large-size cup)** or the incomparable all-brass, nickel-plated, rust-proof multi-cup bottle with non-slip corrugated case—your UNIVERSAL Bottle is of quality construction throughout and represents the highest values obtainable.

On sale at almost all hardware and department stores.

Landers, Frary & Clark

Manufacturers of the Famous UNIVERSAL Household Helps for over 75 Years

New Britain, Conn.

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

In using advertisements see page 6

Hot Weather Appetites

ARE CAPTIOUS

SIMPLE meals are best in summer. The desserts are the most important part for you can make them nutritious as well as cool and appetizing. Texture, richness, appearance and—above all—flavor are what make ice box desserts and ice cream so popular with all the family. But, unless the flavor is delicate and just right, all the rest of the ingredients and your work are wasted, for everyone eats for flavor. That is why Burnett's Vanilla is one of the most popular flavors with everyone and the choice of many successful cooks.

● To learn new ways to tempt hot weather appetites, send 10c for DOUBLY DELICIOUS DESSERTS full of delicious recipes.

For Special Company Desserts

Send for the HOSTESS BOX which contains four boxes of assorted color tabs (U. S. Certified colors), red, orange, yellow, green, and four ½-oz. flasks of assorted fruit flavors. "DOUBLY DELICIOUS DESSERTS" is free with every box.

BURNETT'S VANILLA

To the BORN COOK DEPT. GH7
JOSEPH BURNETT CO., 473 D Street
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed is $1 (west of the Mississippi, send $1.25). Please send me postpaid a HOSTESS BOX, also the recipe book, DOUBLY DELICIOUS DESSERTS.

● 10c enclosed for DOUBLY DELICIOUS DESSERTS *only*.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Stars and Scissors

(Continued from page 51)

Well, of course, I was then shown upstairs, and right away the secretary said:

"But you really can't come in. Mr. Caruso is in bed, resting."

"Well, that makes no difference to me," I answered. "I go in!"

So in I went. I pushed right by the secretary.

I said, "*Ach*, Mr. Caruso!" and I threw my arms around him and hugged him hard—he was such a darling! "Please—*please* let me thank you for that wonderful brooch you sent me. I did not see it before today, and that is the reason I must come at once to tell you!"

Well, he simply roared laughing, and said: "Madame, have you only just found it? You didn't eat the fruit fast enough. You should have got down to that box long before this. Now, if the pin doesn't suit you, you must have it exchanged. Perhaps you would like a ring instead—or a bracelet—or a—"

"*Ach*, Mr. Caruso," I said. "Mr. Caruso! How could you think that I should want to change what *you* had selected!"

Well, we talked and laughed, and I left in a few minutes, really crying for joy, he was so kind to me—so thoughtful.

HE ADORED his voice. I suppose all singers love their voices, but Caruso couldn't imagine living without singing. He used to say:

"I don't know *what* I would do without my voice. I don't want to get old, to live until my voice is gone."

It was when he had so much throat trouble that he said this to me. My dear, he used to cry—(he cried easily, like all Italians)—he wept when he could not sing.

One day he came to my house and he said to me:

"Mamma—(he often called me Mamma)—"to think that I must get old—older and older, and then have no voice—no voice to sing with! Even if I have everything else—houses, lands, friends, and money—I tell you, even the whole world—if I couldn't sing, there is nothing to live for—I would kill myself."

Singing was his whole life. He feared the loss of his voice—it was a terror to him. Always in the back of his head it was; it haunted him.

He was always very careful of his voice, but I must say not so careful, perhaps, as others would be. For instance, he would talk behind the scenes. He never whispered; he always laughed and talked. And so kind he was to everybody! Caruso didn't care whether it was a stage hand, a great artist, or a ballet girl, so long as it was a human being—he was always gracious and amiable and kind to every one. Fate had been good to him, and he was good to others, I tell you.

His dressing room, like Jean DeReszke's, was always full of friends, and presents, too. He didn't care—the more, the merrier. He used to dress with people around him, talking to him. He always practiced his scales and runs (right through the talking!) while he was dressing. But he was very careful about his exercise and diet. He walked a great deal in the park—every day he went. He loved that, as he loved his spaghetti, and often he went to a little, cheap place on Seventh Avenue where they made it specially for him. *Mein Gott!*—and didn't he eat it!

So much to tell about this man there is. He was always very amiable at rehearsals, unlike many great stars. He never minded how often he had to repeat a thing—was always sure of his rôle and never had to be prompted.

I must tell you a little story, well known at that time, but worth repeating, my dear. He was singing his great rôle in "I Pagliacci," and it seems there was some mishap, and at the beginning of the second act the man who sang *Harlequin* (the serenade behind the scenes) wasn't there. What to do! Of course, Caruso knew the music backward and forward and right away offered to help them out and sing it—and from behind the scenes, you know. It was very generous of him, and I am sure it never occurred to Caruso but that the audience would recognize his voice. But, my dear, this is a strange world full of strange people, for the next day the "big boys" (the critics), who did *not* recognize the great Caruso voice, all came out and criticized the singer they *thought* had sung the serenade! My dear, Caruso never got over it! He laughed about it, of course, but you know I think it really hurt him, 'way down deep.

Caruso was very fond of listening to other people sing, and generous about it, too. Scotti was his dear, beloved friend, and when Scotti sang *Scarpia* in "La Tosca," Caruso always stood very still in the wings and listened to him. He never failed.

He sang a great deal with Emmy Destinn, and with Calve, too, in "Carmen."

He loved America—everything American. He always said it was his second home. He was an interesting man—very frank in his ways, talking matters over with you—things that you perhaps couldn't discuss with anybody else. His success never hurt him. He was always simple, natural, never conceited. *Ach*, my dear, I tell you, the greater his success, the nicer he was to every one. I must say Caruso was not the big artist in the first years, that he was later on. He was always growing artistically. His popularity increased all the time, and the public was just as eager every year to hear him, each time he came back—it was always the same.

He was always looking for improvement in his art—in everything—even his costumes. After he'd sang "Manon" for years, he said on his return one season:

"Mamma, when I was in Paris this summer, I saw on a lady a pair of stockings embroidered on the side, with the finest little bouquets of flowers—very original they were, and just what I need for 'Manon.' Could you have such a pair made for *me*?"

"Certainly I can, Mr. Caruso," I said.

Ah, my dear, I have one of those pairs still, embroidered after his own design that he drew on a little piece of paper while he was talking. I have, too, his last "Marta" costume. But I don't like to think of that any more, now that he's gone. So wonderful he was to work for, because he had understanding and appreciation. Even when he became stout and it was a little bit harder to fit him—when, as he said, "*Ach*, Mamma, what shall we do now? Here I am getting a little balcony of the stomach!"

That was when I was making the striped trousers for him—very fussy he was at that time; and I had to submit six different pairs, if you please, before he'd be satisfied, for, he said:

"Remember, Mamma, remember that little balcony! We must not let the audience know about *that!*"

AND now, did he smoke as every one said he did? Smoke! *Mein Gott!* He did nothing else, I used to think! He smoked all the time—those terrible, cheap cigarettes. His room was black with smoke. I could hardly stand it. He smoked even between the acts. His dresser always stood in the wings, all ready with a lighted cigarette, and the instant Caruso stepped off the stage, he took a little puff! I used to scold him and tell him he'd ruin his voice, but he only laughed and said:

"Mamma, if I can not smoke, I can not sing—take it or leave it. It's the only way I can quiet my nerves."

I couldn't stand the smoke, especially when I was working on his costumes—which I was always doing.

I had to make little pockets in all his costumes, little pockets in which he carried little bottles with a preparation for his throat. The pockets had to be fixed so it was very easy for him to get at them. Sometimes I put four or

Whipped~
used in place of cream ☆ and costs ten cents a pint

DO you think a thing that costs so much less than cream must be less good? The contrary is true! For frozen and gelatin desserts Pet Milk, whipped, gives you three qualities which are very much desired:

1. *Desserts that are delightful in taste and texture.*

2. *Desserts that are most wholesome food.*

3. *The better, more wholesome quality at less than one-third of what they'd cost if made with whipping cream.*

Here's the Reason

Cream is rich only in fat. Pet Milk is rich, not in fat alone, but in all the milk-food substances—the elements that make milk—not cream—the most nearly perfect of all foods. It takes the place of cream, because in *degree* of richness (in solid substance) it is equal to ordinary cream. It makes better food than cream can make, because the richness of Pet Milk is a balanced, whole-milk richness. Children may eat as much as they will of such desserts. And adults, who want to preserve the slender lines of youth, need not shun them.

It Will Whip

Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—in butterfat and in all the other food substances of milk—you can whip it.

METHOD: Place the unopened can of milk in a pan and cover with cold water. Heat to the boiling point. Remove can and chill thoroughly.

Whip in a shallow enamel or china bowl 4 to 4½ inches in diameter across the base, with a rotary egg beater. Surround the bowl with an ice and salt mixture—have the whipper and bowl ice-cold.

Smooth Texture—Rich Flavor

The texture of whipped Pet Milk desserts is exceptionally fine, because the milk is homogenized—the fat globules broken into such tiny particles that the fat never separates. The same process—with the extra richness of the milk—accounts for the fine richness of flavor.

Maple Mousse for Nordica Peaches

1 cup maple syrup — Pinch salt
4 egg yolks — 2 cups Pet Milk

Boil syrup 5 minutes. Remove from fire and pour slowly over well-beaten egg yolks, beating constantly. Add salt and cool. Fold in milk that has been properly chilled and whipped until stiff. Freeze in a mechanical refrigerator tray or in mold packed in a 1:2 salt-ice mixture. Serves 8.

Toast rounds of Plain or Sponge Cake and cool. On each round put a tablespoonful of Maple Mousse. Top with a fresh or canned peach and pour some of the syrup over all.

Pet Milk is sold in two sizes only—six ounces and sixteen ounces. The cans are ★ of the same size, contain the same quantity and the same quality of milk at all stores. The tall can (16 ounces) can be bought generally for 10c—never more than 11c.

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NEW ‹‹‹ *Lime* FLAVORED QUICK SETTING GELATIN

This Cooling Royal Flavor Makes Possible Delicious New Summer Dishes

ROYAL LIME FRUIT SALAD

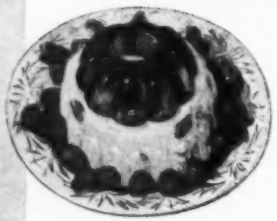
Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken; add ½ cup thinly sliced cucumber and 1 cup sliced fresh fruits (honeydew melon, fresh pears or peaches). Pour into mould. Chill. Serve garnished with chicory, lettuce, or curly endive, curls of ripe olives and finger-shaped pieces of Royal Cheese Salad, made as follows:

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert, as instructed above. Add 1 teaspoon salt and chill. When it begins to thicken, beat in 2 packages (6 oz.) cream cheese which has been mashed. Mix in 1 cup cream, whipped, ½ cup finely chopped canned pineapple, drained from juice, and 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento. Mould in square, shallow pan.

Serve with mayonnaise.

LIME STRAWBERRY SPONGE

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Pour in large mould to half fill; chill until firm. Dissolve another package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water. Chill until it begins to thicken; whip until frothy and add one cup cream, whipped, with ⅛ teaspoon salt and few drops vanilla and almond extract. Add 1 cup cut strawberries. Pour in mould of firm gelatin; chill. Garnish with whole strawberries.



LIME MACAROON PARFAIT

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill ½ cup of gelatin in small pan; when set, cut in cubes. Fill parfait glasses two-thirds full with remaining gelatin mixture. Chill. Before serving, whip 1 cup cream with few grains salt; add ½ cup macaroon crumbs. Pile on lime gelatin in parfait glasses. Garnish with cubes of lime gelatin.

FOUR MONTHS AGO, we gave to the women of America a marvelous quick setting gelatin—that jells nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.

Today, we are introducing a new flavor . . . the luscious coolness of juicy limes.

Piquant, refreshing . . . this new lime flavor makes possible a wide variety of tempting dishes — garnishes, appetizers, salads and desserts.

So easy to make, too. For Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin sets in half the time you have heretofore allowed. In fact, with modern electric refrigeration, it is ready to unmould in an hour . . . or less.

Making gelatin in summer used to be an ordeal. It took hours to set. And often it was still soft and liquid when dessert time came.

But this new Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin always jells on time.

You prepare it in 3 minutes—just before your meal is put on to cook. When you're ready to serve, there's your gelatin . . . beautifully set . . . tender and quivery.

Serve it tonight for dinner. But be sure to ask for Royal Gelatin Dessert —the *quick setting* kind. In the red box.

Six flavors to choose from: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange . . . and a brand new flavor — Lime.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

Stars and Scissors

five in a costume. Each little pocket had a tiny flask. As soon as his throat got dry, he'd turn his back on the audience, take a swallow, and throw the bottle away. It was a sort of elixir he used—absolutely his own. In the first years people were very curious to know what he took. It was nothing much—one part water, five drops of anise, five drops of orange, and what you could put on the point of a knife of cooking salt. These things all shaken up and put in these little flasks. It was known to me because I had to make the pockets. Naturally I found out!

Caruso's chief amusements, were smoking, playing patience—always playing patience—and drawing caricatures everywhere, on anything—little scraps of paper, old envelopes, hotel menus, and all over the tablecloths. Many a time I've seen him lunching with Scotti at the old Knickerbocker, drawing funny pictures of people right on the beautiful white tablecloths. *Ach*, they'd be priceless now! Caruso's cartoons were very clever and brought a big price after he died.

AND that reminds me of a funny story about another famous man, and another tablecloth, Rudyard Kipling—the great English writer, at the top-notch of his fame—was in America and lunching with another well-known author. Kipling was being chased by everybody then for his autograph, etc., and the story goes that while the two great men were having their lunch and swapping stories, Kipling in high good humor—laughing, I suppose, about giving his autograph pulled out his pencil and then and there wrote right on his host's beautiful damask tablecloth his name, in big writing.

"There," he said, pointing to it, "*there is my autograph.* I present it to you! Most people," he said, laughing (to keep up the joke, I suppose) "would have this tablecloth *framed!*"

"Oh," said his host very sharp, "then I shall be unlike most people—for I shall have this tablecloth *laundered!*"

But I'll wager there's no one who'd launder a Caruso tablecloth now!

Such a list of operas Caruso had! And in some rôles you can think of no one else, as in *Pagliaccio*, a favorite rôle of all his career. "Rigoletto," "Aïda," *Rodolfo* in Puccini's "La "Bohème"—wonderful he was in that, my dear! "Tosca," of course; "Traviata," an old war horse; "Lucia," "Faust," "Les Huguenots," "La Sonnambula," and "La Favorita;" "Martha," "Samson et Dalila," "Le Prophète," "Manon," "Madame Butterfly" (two of his very greatest rôles), "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Girl of the Golden West," which he created here—*ach*, my dear, we could go on forever! The mastery of all these rôles—think what that means, if you can! All the years of his life he was ready at the drop of the hat, my dear, to appear in any one of them. And for eighteen years, almost up to the day of his death, Caruso was the "*tenore assoluto*" (as the Italians say) at the Metropolitan.

"Yes, but this was *after* Jean deReszke, remember—who still remains, in spite of the Caruso voice, the greatest artist, the greatest creator, and the greatest singer of the age."

I agree, of course, when you put it like that. And now we come to something. *Why* Caruso never attempted German opera, such as "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser." *Ach*, that is the open question. At one time rumors were flying round the world that he was to sing "Lohengrin," but he never did.

One of his biggest successes here was *Don Jose* in "Carmen." Magnificent he was in that—really in his glory! Caruso never wanted to stop work, always learning new rôles, always going forward. Every year his voice was becoming more glorious, and his conception, acting—*ach*, in every little detail, I tell you, Caruso reached a high point, and so he remained right up to the end.

I'll never forget when his last sickness began. Caruso came to my place for a fitting, and, my dear, for the first time he fainted! He cried out suddenly,

"*Aqua, aqua*—quick—I can't get my breath!"

He fell over swooning! We revived him, and he laughed it off, but I saw he was very weak. When he came in, I'd noticed he wasn't looking well, and he said,

"Mamma, I hope you won't be long today, for I'm really feeling very tired."

"Oh, Mr. Caruso," I said, "go home. I will come to you for the fitting. You're not well. We can do this tomorrow."

"No," he said. "No, I'm here. Let's get it over."

When he left that day, he kissed me good-by and said,

"Telephone me when all is ready, then you must come to my dressing room for the first performance and see if all is well."

I said, "Yes, Mr. Caruso, I shall be there."

Ach, he was so charming, so kind—

Yes, that was the real beginning of the end. The last time I saw him (I hate to think about that), I went to get some books he had for me. I went into his room. There he was, looking very worn—the pain was already in his face. Then in my heart I knew Caruso would not get well. I thought, "Perhaps this is the last time I shall ever see him."

I'll never forget that day—how he looked and spoke—his voice—and the room—everything. Over his bed was hanging the picture of a little old woman—a peasant woman—with a plain little shawl on her head. I looked at it, and he noticed it and said,

"That is my mother."

And then I looked again, and saw what a little head she had, and how sad-looking she was—just as I felt, she, too, seemed to be feeling in that little picture. And it kept going through my mind how strange it all was—there in his great sitting room were dozens of pictures of the most beautiful, famous women—great singers, actresses, writers, even queens, everybody you could think of—but in his bedroom nothing—nothing at all, but the little old picture of his mother with the shawl over her head. And I kept looking and looking at that picture, and Caruso said again:

"That is my mother. The most loving, celestial woman I have found in this whole world—and the only one," he said, "to whom I can ever say my prayers."

My dear, you can see I can not talk about this man for crying. I loved Caruso—I was his costumer—but he was my good, dear friend. I admired and respected him as an artist and a man—and now he is gone, like so many other great people who have passed forever from my life, and I am bereft! We all know how he died—that I can not speak about now. We only know he is gone—the most wonderful, glorious, golden voice that ever blessed the world. We must not say anything more—I can not—I can not—and you can not!

AND now, my dear, we must forget the sadness—and go on. So the world is, always going on—and that is good. And we speak now right away of Marcella Sembrich—for it was with Sembrich that our dear Caruso made his début in New York.

Sembrich came to the Metropolitan in 1883 under Abbey in the first season of the Metropolitan, and made her début in "Lucia." She had instantly a great success, which she'd already had in London and other cities of Europe. There was a singer for you! The most lovely, silver-like voice, dazzling execution, the most exquisite, wonderful style. Her voice was soft like velvet and brilliant like diamonds. Her story, too, my dear, is a regular fairy-tale. I don't know—in music—one other like it.

Sembrich started life as a piano player, if you please, also played the violin most beautifully, and with her father, a poor musician, she played at dances in the houses of the rich people in her native town in Poland. Certainly the gods were good to Sembrich, for they also gave

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Stars and Scissors

her her lovely voice, and so she took up singing, and instead of going to study with Lizst (the great pianist) and becoming one herself, as well she could have, she studied singing. The rest everybody knows, for Sembrich became one of the greatest singers of her generation.

And to tell you how clever she was, my dear, I remember at a benefit given at the opera house, she amazed the audience—and even those hard-boiled old critics, too—for first she came out and sang a big aria; next, she played a beautiful violin obligato for Christina Nilsson; then, *ach*, you can scarcely believe it, if she didn't sit down and play the piano—a Chopin mazurka, and wonderfully she played it, too! My dear, she had such a talent for all these things, the critics really didn't know in which she was the greatest.

Like Lehmann, she was very careful and generous at rehearsals. Nothing was too much for her! I think, my dear, that all really great singers are like this. It's only those who really don't amount to much that are mean and stingy at rehearsals—always saving themselves. She was always charming and kind to young singers. Sembrich was a great musician—one of the finest *lieder* singers the world has ever known. She had a long reign at the opera. On February 6, 1909, Sembrich made her farewell at the Metropolitan—and such an ovation, my dear, was never had before. For twenty-five years she held sway at the Metropolitan, except for a few periods when she sailed away for the great European opera houses. Sembrich is one of the few great ones still living, and teaching now right here in New York.

Well, one soprano leads to another, and this brings us to two sopranos, as a matter of fact—Eames and Melba.

You will remember that I told you about Melba in the Hammerstein war. She had already sung at the Metropolitan before that, and made a great success there. Her voice was divine. I never forget her "Traviata." Even Patti couldn't match her, to my mind, in that. And again for the old "Traviata" war-horse I made a beautiful dress. I still have the picture. Like all great people, my dear, Melba was very fond of clothes, always wanting new ones. She took the greatest care of her marvelous voice and talked very little on singing days. She was very agreeable in most things, but always went very carefully over her bills, item by item. Melba was no fool, and she understood her own voice and herself, which some of the others didn't, as far as singing was concerned. But like all big singers, she yearned to sing Wagner. Many of them tried it and ruined their voices. Melba, too, attempted it, and as *Brunhilde* in "Siegfried." She sang the part once, but almost busted her voice in two and had to retire for that whole season. She was clever enough to stop then, and right she was, for nature never intended Melba for a Wagner singer. She was more at home in the delicate lyric operas, where she used to fly around with ease among the high top notes which her rivals avoided and hated her for!

WELL, we move on now to a real American, as you say from hard old New England stock, who had a gorgeous voice and a big career—Emma Eames. Eames made her début in "Romeo and Juliet" in 1891 under Abbey and Grau. What a beauty! Statuesque, really magnificent, she was! Best of all, she had youth and a fresh, beautiful voice. She had made her début in Paris three years before in "Faust." She came fresh from a great success in London that spring, but had only two operas really—"Romeo and Juliet," and "Faust" for her big sensation.

She won great popularity at the Metropolitan and was a high ornament for that house. I did several things for her. Her "Werther" costumes I remember well. "Werther" was a beautiful opera. She did it only once with Jean de Reszke. Eames was always singing with the de Reszkes, which added greatly to her popularity and to the great beauty of the performances.

Now I have a little story to tell you about a costume I made for her—and how she behaved. I made Eames's costumes in the "Marriage of Figaro"; she singing the *Countess*, and Nordica was singing *Susanne*. As you know, the two dresses have to be exactly alike in this opera, as one lady is trying to deceive the husband of the other, and *Susanne* is masquerading in the *Countess's* dress.

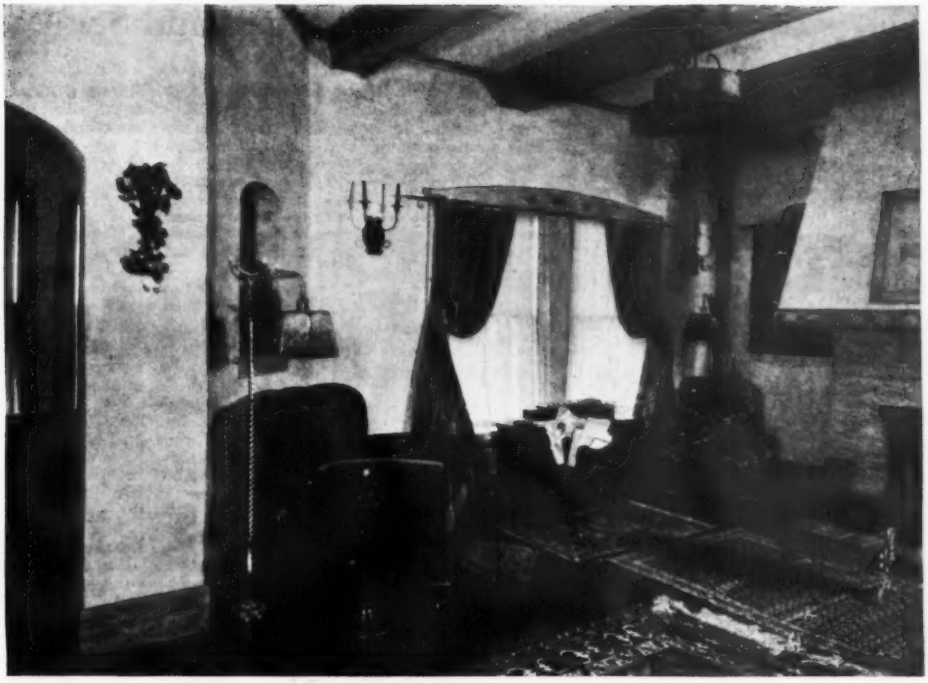
Eames was married to Julian Storey, the painter, and he made all the designs for her wonderful clothes. She had the design ready for me when I was shown to her room, and I was to make it *exactly* like the drawing. Eames always had her own way, and all you could do was to submit. She was very fussy about the "Figaro" costume and had even brought the lace over from Paris to be used on the duplicate costume. Everything was explained to me about a thousand times—*Ach, Gott!* you'd think I'd never made a costume before!—and it was arranged I was to go to Nordica the next day for her measurements. So off I went to Nordica. As always, Nordica was very agreeable, giving me, on arrival, little pieces of candy, a glass of sherry, and a piece of cake, as was her custom, while we spoke matters over about the costume. And now comes something to remember!

EAMES'S costume was there when I arrived (brought by her maid for us to see), and Nordica and I examined it carefully inch by inch, the measurements, etc., for—can you believe it?—back in a few minutes it had to be taken to Eames! You know she wouldn't even leave it overnight for me to copy! *Ach!* I was simply furious inside to think Eames wouldn't trust me with that costume—and I must say Nordica was furious, too! But we were both diplomatic—we had to be—and pretended we didn't notice it. So I got the measurements, made the sketch, and the next day I went to Nordica with the copy.

Well, it was really a great success, though a lot of trouble! "And another little side-line on the way of prima donnas—what?" I should say so. I always tell you, my dear, that prima donnas are the only people in the world who always do exactly as they please. Kings and queens must sometimes listen to somebody else, an advisor and such, but not the full-fledged prima donna! They're a privileged class—everything handed them on the silver platter. Life is one series of opera houses, ocean steamers, hotels, bouquets, jewels, furs, and even grand pianos waiting them in every city in this world.

You cannot think of the Metropolitan in those days without speaking first and foremost of the de Reszkes, those two great singers, brothers, Jean and Edouard, but especially Jean. So much has been said about Jean—the supreme artist of his time! A great gentleman he was! I can speak only my memories of him at the Metropolitan. Although they brought over their wonderful wardrobe from Paris, I was always called in for extra things and really did a lot of work for them. They were simply charming. Again I say it—such great gentlemen! We always like to look behind the curtain and into the dressing-rooms. The characteristics of every singer come out there! So now I tell you about the de Reszkes' rooms.

Well, the de Reszkes differed from many singers in that their rooms were always filled with friends. Although Jean was very nervous before the curtain went up, after the first few notes he seemed to be all right. He never seemed to mind talking between the acts, and lots of friends were always standing around, shaking hands when he left the stage, and following him back to his dressing-room. He was a great magnet. He and his brother, Edouard were inseparable. Such a devotion existed between them! It was a wonderful friendship,



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Stars and Scissors

all the more remarkable because they were brothers. Poor Edouard died during the War—starved to death on his estate in Poland—and that really destroyed Jean. It was, in my opinion, the beginning of the breakdown which ended in his death five years ago at Nice.

The de Reszkes' dressing rooms were very luxurious. Their toilet and make-up tables were in perfect order, and their great silken robes were always hanging over their chairs. Really, my dear, all the comforts and luxuries of a king were theirs.

And the presents! My dear, you really can not believe it. Their rooms were actually filled after every single performance, year in and year out, with the most beautiful and expensive flowers and gifts of every description, sent by men and women. This was true also of Caruso. *Ach*, it took one person every day in the year just to *open* his presents. Everything from a goose to a piano was sent him. People who only heard him sing once would rush out and spend to the limit to send him a handsome present. *Ach*, my dear, the life of an opera singer is like a fairy-tale. And the de Reszkes were supreme in all the years they sang at the Metropolitan.

They came here with a wonderful reputation from the other side. Jean was formerly a baritone, and then became a tenor, as all the world knows. *Ach*, what a *Faust* he was! And what a Lohengrin! He was so handsome as *Lohengrin* when he came sailing in in the swan boat, that the ladies all broke their hearts over him—and I was one! I used to lose my heart all over again every time I went into his dressing room!

WITH them we must mention Plançon, a great French singer—a noble bass voice he had. And Lasalle, a fine baritone, very popular and a real artist. Plançon was the best *Landgraf* in "Tannhäuser," which was strange, he being French. Think of it! He had better German diction than any German singer—and he a Frenchman! Plançon, Lasalle, and the two de Reszkes were the four singers most adored by the New York public and were the high sensations of their seasons.

The galaxy of stars at the Metropolitan was full of high spots, and one of the very highest spots was Calvé's *Carmen*. In those days she was such a favorite that people thought nobody else had ever sung *Carmen* before! But, in my opinion, Minnie Hauk's great performance of *Carmen* was much better—yes, indeed! New York knew little of Calvé when she came. She made her début in "Cavalleria Rusticana" in 1893 and soon became a craze. My dear, it was extraordinary, the combination of her acting and singing, for she sometimes spoke the music, and so saturated she was, my dear, with passion and emotion that one could not realize that she was singing. It was just expressing *herself*, I tell you. Art and nature were combining themselves in her great personality, which was Calvé's great asset. She was so brilliant—like a humming-bird she darted around the stage (though a big humming-bird, I must say)—full of such colors and fires! She fascinated New York. Her very personality became a fad—her pictures stuck up everywhere, and high society devoted to her, too, just as to Eames and the de Reszkes.

But of the two great *Carmens*, first I would say Minnie Hauk. She *lived* her *Carmen*, while Calvé, although idolized by the world, was to my mind always stagey, artificial. I made many costumes for Hauk and knew her well. Very agreeable she was to work for, but she was certainly a lady of high spirits, to put it mildly, and had a fine temper of her own. I'm sure all the musical world knows the story of her famous row with Ravelli, the Italian tenor, when they threatened, in the middle of a scene of "Carmen," to *murder* each other! As they said it in Italian, of course the audience didn't know what it was all about. They simply thought them more impassioned than ever! My dear, I should say so.

Poor Hauk was always having rows! There's a grand story about the famous dressing room fight! It happened in Chicago with the Mapleson Company. Both Hauk and Marie Rose—a great singer, too—were cast for the two rôles in "The Marriage of Figaro," just like Eames and Nordica. Now, there were two dressing rooms in the opera house exactly alike, if you please, but as Madame Gerster had used the right-hand one before this, that was considered the star dressing room. So Hauk and Rose both decided they must have that one, though the room on the left-hand side was exactly like it. *Ach!* So, in order to get this coveted room, Hauk (thinking herself very smart) sent her maid at three o'clock the afternoon of the performance with costumes, etc., which were put in the room—everything laid out in perfect order. But promptly at *four* o'clock Rose's maid and trunks (also thinking to be the first) arrived, only to find the room occupied. Rose's husband was sent for at once. He flew into a frightful rage, ordered Hauk's trunks removed from the dressing room, and had his wife's put in! He then sent word to her that she must go to the opera house at six o'clock in order to keep the room.

But at five-thirty Hauk's agent, feeling nervous, went himself to see that all was in order, and finding, to his horror, Rose's costumes in the star room, he immediately removed them with his own hands, rushed out, and bought a padlock and put it on the door!

Ach, my dear, wait—wait—that's not the end! At six o'clock Rose herself, with her husband, arrived. Finding the door padlocked, they sent for a locksmith. The door was again burst open, Hauk's things again were removed, while Rose began actually to undress herself before her trunks were even unpacked!

Now for the final fireworks! At *six-thirty* Hauk appeared, smiling and confident of her padlocked room. *Ach*, when she saw Rose *dressed* in the middle of it, she gave out a shriek—the story goes—and rushed back to the Palmer House, locked herself in—weeping and raging—and there she remained until the doughty Mapleson sent his lawyer to the hotel to persuade her! That did the trick, and Hauk returned to the opera house and sang the great rôle of *Susanne* opposite her hated rival. My dear, can you imagine what they were thinking about each other! *Ach*, it's funny! That's a mighty good story, and unlike some good stories, it's true!

STILL another *American* (I emphasize that!) prima donna, who started from the state of Maine and shot up into the highest musical heavens, was Nordica, and Lillian Norton was her name to start with. She made her début in the old days at the Academy of Music in 1883 (the year the Metropolitan was born, by the way), as *Marguerite* in "Faust." She was a success almost from the beginning. She had a voice of fine quality, really beautiful it was, and she sang and also acted with great feeling even then.

A long career Nordica had, and as her high climax sang the great Wagner rôles, which in my opinion really brought her career to a close far too soon. That beautiful, lyric voice of hers couldn't stand the strain of the great Wagnerian rôles. I made several things for her, found her always charming, my dear. Most polite she was. I remember a beautiful mantle I did for her *Elsa*—blue chiffon velvet, richly embroidered with fine pearls. It was so long two pages must carry the train. She was gorgeous in it.

Nordica was, I think, the only one who without question paid the highest prices for her costumes. The others more or less fussed about the price, but Nordica never did. Whenever she found something beautiful, she bought it. She carried her clothes well and always looked most elegant on and off the stage.

Poor Nordica—like so many others, she, too, is gone! She died in Java on a concert tour

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Stars and Scissors

in 1914. What gentle memories I have of her!

I told you I had a galaxy of stars for you. So I have, and there is still the beautiful Ternina (what a singer!) to speak about, and Destinn, for whom I did so many wonderful things. Destinn had a gorgeous voice and was a high favorite here for many years, often singing with Caruso, which was for her good luck. She was not so great an artist as Ternina, who measured up to the very highest standards, I tell you.

And just a word for Louise Homer—another American, by the way. You see, you have more Americans than I thought. Many, many costumes for Homer I've made—and for Matzenauer, too. They all fell into my hands at one time or another.

Geraldine Farrar is another American singer who has had a big career. *Ach*, my heart is always going out to her, for she gave up her operatic career far too soon. She was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, but made her début at the Berlin Royal Opera as *Marguerite* in "Faust." Right away she had a big success and was always renewing her contract until her American début at the Metropolitan in 1906.

Farrar had a full, dramatic soprano voice and was a charming actress into the bargain. A big repertory she sang, and in "Butterfly" was simply adored by the public. *Tosca*, too, was one of her big rôles. Also she was a most lovely *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser"—one of the very best. Her leaving the Metropolitan, I think, was a tragedy, for that's where she belongs!

And Scotti—certainly I am not forgetting Scotti! I should say not! We speak about him now. I made the most wonderful costumes for him. (You know that I fit men quite as well as women.) I made all his "Tosca" things, and he was a charming client. A fine artist, Scotti—one of the finest singing actors alive today! As *Scarpia* in "Tosca" he can never be forgotten. Perfect he is—every step, every phrase! He works it all out, every detail—to the smallest thing. Yes, I tell you, Scotti is one of the real artists still before the public today.

WELL, we can't talk costumes and prima donnas all the time. We must mix in a little history, philosophy, a bit of gossip, too—a bit of spice and bitters—with our costumes. *Ach*, costumes, costumes, costumes, my dear! If they were piled up—the thousands I've made—they would reach to the heavens! There was only once that I got so sick of prima donnas and costumes, that I thought I never wanted to have anything to do with them again, and all on account of a parade! Yes, a parade—perfectly enormous it was! New York was always having parades those days. I can't remember what this was, but anyway there were a great many floats, and—most important, of course—there was a gorgeous opera float, with the opera singers. I had charge of it all, if you please. It was a monstrous dragon, wonderfully painted, looking like the real thing, my dear, on a huge wagon, drawn by six great, white horses, all beautifully decorated.

It was the most magnificent float, and I was inside the dragon—in the dragon's belly it was really—which was turned into a dressing room. On the outside were the three Rhine maidens and the eight Valkyrie and *Tannhäuser* and *Wolfram* and *Siegfried* and many others. And poor *Venus*, who had to lie for hours on a bed of artificial roses in the broiling sun! *Ach*, you can not imagine what it was like! Years ago the streets were not as now. There were cobblestones then, over which we joggled until we were black and blue, I tell you, and shaken into a jelly.

Well, I was to be in the dragon's belly with one of the dressers to help me, and when Mr. Freisinger heard that, he said,

"Well, then I shall go along to take care of you."

"*Gott in Himmel*, Paul!" I said. "What can *you* be doing inside the dragon's belly? There's no room for you—certainly not!"

"I'm not going in the dragon's belly," he said. "I shall go outside dressed as *Siegfried* and drive the horses of the opera float."

My dear, I thought he'd gone mad! But he was very determined, and they were only too glad to have him take the job, for a wonderful *Siegfried* he'd make, he being a stout, big man, and very handsome then in spite of it. So I dressed him up as *Siegfried*, in flesh-colored tights, my dear, the sandals with leather straps, a white kirtle, and two great bearskin furs fastened on with leather straps. He was furious when he found he had to wear the furs. Also a big blond wig I put on him, with long, yellow curls hanging on his shoulders, leather straps around his wrists, too.

"*Ach*," he said. "Mamma, here I am covered with furs and leather and chains—but nothing on my head! I am dying," he said, "already with the heat." For it was a very hot day, and he had to be in the sun for hours and hours.

"But," I said, "it's too late now! You wanted to be *Siegfried*, and this is the way *Siegfried* looks. *Ach, Gott!* can you be driving this wonderful opera float in your straw hat and business suit? If you go as *Siegfried*, you must be a real *Siegfried* and not spoil the picture."

Poor man! Well, of course, he could do nothing.

AT EIGHT o'clock in the morning we started and were driven uptown to take our places in the parade, and by eleven o'clock, when we actually started, everybody was then dying, I tell you! And it went on till five o'clock in the afternoon. *Ach*, I'll never forget that day. The poor Rhine maidens were all fainting, and they had to come down to me in the dragon's belly to be revived. And the heat and the smell of the glue and the costumes—terrible, my dear, terrible! And we joggled over those cobblestones until we were shaken into a jelly, and when the parade would stop (and it was always stopping), we got so bumped, I'd scream out to *Siegfried* (through the dragon's eyes):

"*Gott in Himmel!* Paul, *don't* stop like that—you're killing us!"

"But what can I do?" he'd yell back at me through his curls. "I can't help it—everything stops. When the parade stops, I, too, must stop!"

The horses were great brewery horses and something terrible to hold, they were so strong, almost pulling my husband off the seat! And every time they stopped we were knocked down flat! *Ach*, what a time! Poor *Venus* on her hard bed of artificial roses—and *Wolfram*, who sings the song of the beautiful "Evening Star," he had to stand for hours with a harp in his hand—and was wanting to throw it into the street! And the Rhine maidens were all having sunstroke! Terrible it was, I tell you! My poor husband, toward the end of the afternoon, called down to me through the dragon's eye:

"Elise, I'm so thirsty, I'm dying here! Please please—give me a drink of water!"

Well, it came to an end finally, and we got home somehow. We couldn't speak to each other—we didn't want to! We didn't speak for two days, I tell you!

All my husband would say was: "*Ice! Ice! Ice!*"

We put a compress on his poor head, and there he sat in the library, just talking to himself,

"Never again, never again, never again."

He kept saying it. Well I, too, said "Never again," and for twenty-four hours at least, I couldn't think of a costume or a prima donna or anything to do with the opera! I was deadly sick. My neck was stiff. My back was almost broken, I suffered so from the joggling of that old wagon.

The parade, though, was a great success. They had made wonderful preparations for it. They had hung rugs and banners out of the

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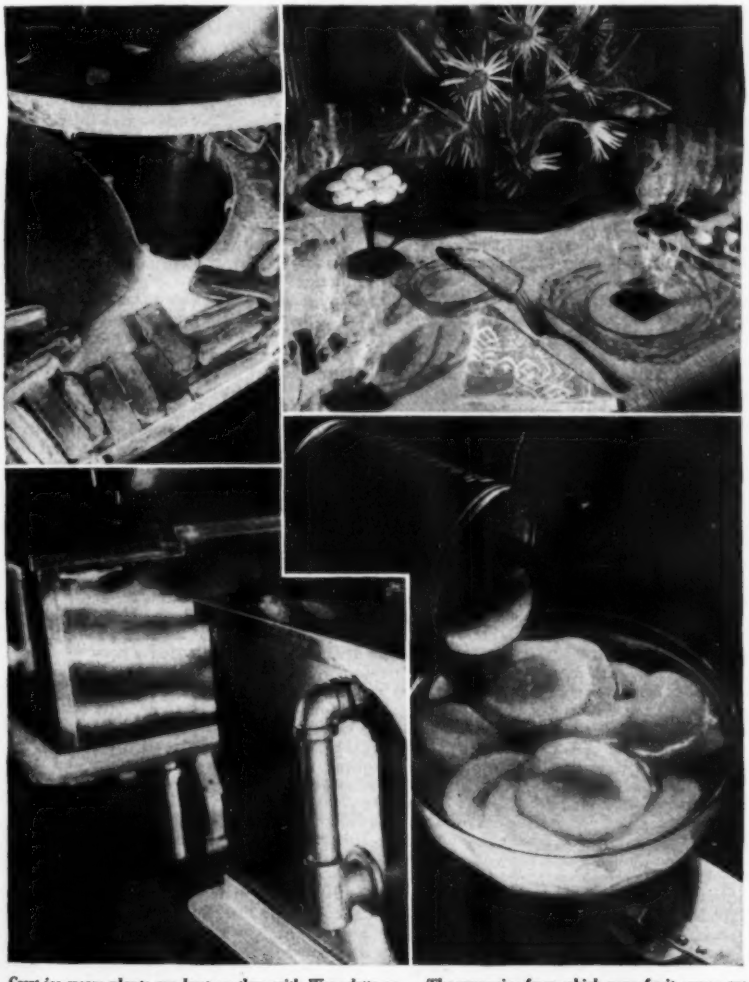

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Stars and Scissors

windows and streamers across the streets. A great to-do they made, and if I hadn't been so sick of it all, I should have been greatly impressed, for I'd never seen anything before like that in any country.

My husband was always looking out for me, just as he did the day of the parade. He would not let me go without him. *Ach*, now that he has gone, I tell you I only half-see. Yes, he is gone—six years ago it was that the great prop went from under me. Even now I can not speak about it without the awful pain again in my heart. I told you in the parade how wonderful he was! *Ach*, it was always so, from the very beginning, when he stood on the wharf to welcome me to America (such a beautiful young man he was then!) to the very day he died. It was always the same, I tell you—always, always!

And when he went—from that moment I was lost. My guide to everything was gone. I was then absolutely alone. I love my son—he is a good son to me; with all my heart I say this—but I tell you no woman loves any child as she can love her husband. This I say with my dying breath. Such a wonderful life we had together! Up to the last minute, I tell you, his very last day, my dear, it was so. We had *such* a happy Sunday together, ten people to dinner (and a wonderful dinner we had!), and very, very gay we were, laughing and talking as always. And Mr. Freisinger going to the door for the final good-bys of each one.

And when they had gone, I noticed that he looked very tired—and a little pale—and I asked him if something was the matter, and he said,

"Nothing, nothing."

And then our son came home, and right away Mr. Freisinger called him into his room, and said,

"George, I have a great pain around my heart, but you must not tell your mother."

And later, my dear, he came into my room, and he said, "I am not well," and he laid himself on my bed—and then, my dear, my husband spoke to me (*Ach, Gott*, it was the last time!) "Elise—Elise"—and he turned his face to the wall, and so he died.

I DID not know any more what I was doing. Nothing, nothing had been spoken between us about our affairs. It was all just as he had left it. For a week I was like the dead—unable to do a thing, then I pulled myself together. I put my house in order and knew that I must go on.

There were many pressing orders in my shop. I must finish them and give the people what they wanted. I must carry on with the work. It was as if my dear husband pushed me on and said:

"Do it, do it, Elise. You were always the strong one."

So I went to work again, and I've been working ever since. So, you see, life has brought big changes to me, too—and I have readjusted myself. Thank God, I was always able to do that! I can still look forward to the future with interest and excitement, for like all the people of the theatre, I keep my harness still on my back. Who knows what I may yet be costuming? Anything may happen in these changing times. *Ach*, overnight the world turns round, it seems. Even "The Black Crook," which I did years ago, may come into my life once more to costume, just as did the revival of old "Erminie," and the Gilbert and Sullivan operas not long ago. Maybe once again I shall cut a velvet stomacher for the circus, just as in Jumbo's days. Or even make another velvet gown for Mrs. Vanderbilt.

"You've never yet told me about the gown you did make for her, and the Nijinsky costume. But it's too late now—the sands are running low in the hourglass."

Ach, my dear, there is still time. Let me tell you just one more story! It was when Nijinsky first came to America. And such an excitement they had over him. Nijinsky came over here with Diaghileff to dance at the Metropolitan. He was an enormous sensation and high society was eager to get him to dance at their different houses. Well, Mrs. Vanderbilt succeeded in engaging him for a big *soirée*, and came to our place in Forty-first Street, and told us she was getting Nijinsky for this grand affair. She said that she wanted him to dance as an Italian youth, and to copy a picture exactly for the costume. She then gave us the picture to make the design from. Well, I made this costume for him and went to fit him at the Knickerbocker Hotel. It was a great success, and he looked simply wonderful in it. I had special tights made for him, too—one leg striped and one leg plain. He was greatly pleased with it all. We had a dress rehearsal at Mrs. Vanderbilt's house, and she was tickled to death, as we say.

Then came the *soirée*, my dear, at her castle (her house was as near a castle as you get in this country) at 666 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Freisinger and I went. It was a gorgeous affair! The dinner was served on gold plates, and everything was gold that could be gold. Mrs. Vanderbilt was a wonderful hostess and was everywhere at once, looking very elegant and being very gracious. I looked very well myself, naturally, for I wore a most beautiful red velvet gown, and Mrs. Vanderbilt was enchanted with it. She turned me round and round and said:

"Really, Madame, you look charming! *Where did* you get that dress? From Paris?"

"Paris!" I answered. "Certainly not! It was made in my own place, naturally, after my own design."

"Well," she said, "I hate to copy things, but I must have that dress copied. I want one exactly like it—but in royal blue velvet."

And of course I made it for her—with much pleasure—and at a fat price!

NIJINSKY had an enormous success in Debussy's "Faun." He danced with Pavlowa and became the rage. He was a wonderful artist, but poor Nijinsky! A short reign he had, for he went insane some years ago, and is still living, a hopeless invalid.

And Pavlowa! *Ach*, Pavlowa—an enchantress! I made for her one of her most beautiful costumes. Everybody remembers Pavlowa in the famous Minuet—in that lovely, yellow Empire costume and the great, high, yellow bonnet. I made them both. I made lots of costumes for Pavlowa. Sometimes she'd give an order for twenty or more for herself and her company.

It was Pavlowa's great art that carried her over, not her beauty—for she hadn't any. A fine face it was, but so plain. Her hair parted in the middle and straight over the ears. Nothing really to look at, but so wonderful on the stage. *Ach*, she didn't dance—she flew; she floated. And in "The Swan"—how she danced, and how she *looked!*

She danced with the great Mordkin, too. Another wonder—and another story! It was all ballet dancing, of course. Quite another thing from the wonderful dancing of Isadora Duncan—that was in a class by itself! But Pavlowa in her class has never been equaled.

Ach, my dear, it's funny to go into the dressing room of the dancers, in contrast to the opera singers—who are wrapping themselves in cotton wool and never speaking above a whisper. Yes, rather different in the rooms of the dancers, such laughing and chattering and screaming, and such cigarette smoking! My dear, my head went round when I went into Pavlowa's dressing room. The principal thing you found in the dancers' dressing rooms was a little bar—and there they always stand, working away at this brass rod, twisting themselves up and down like eels, wriggling their toes, turning somersaults; in fact, doing every kind of crazy thing on that old brass bar. Up to the minute they step out on to the stage they are practicing their poor little toes to keep

Your dining table can do damage your *dressing* table can't repair!

"THOSE tired-looking lines about my eyes —surely a touch of 'Eye Shadow' will hide them!

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"Now you'll like Bran"

Few women deceive themselves with such musings *nowadays!* They know that lasting beauty is more than skin-deep —*they pay as much attention to their dining tables as they do to their dressing tables!*

Nature is generous but jealous. She gives you the rose-petal loveliness of youth to keep just so long as you obey her—and no longer!

Break Nature's laws and how soon the penalty is apparent in your face! No wonder modern women take care to protect themselves against that great beauty destroyer — *constipation.*

The Pleasant Daily Help toward Natural Beauty

Bran-bulk in the daily diet aids Nature to rid the body of poisonous wastes that undermine beauty. And what more delicious way to take the daily portion of bran than in Post's Bran Flakes — which has made millions *like* bran.

With milk or cream, fruits or berries, in full-flavored, fluffy muffins—delicious! And, what is more important, *effective.* Tomorrow is an excellent time to begin Post's Bran Flakes.

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

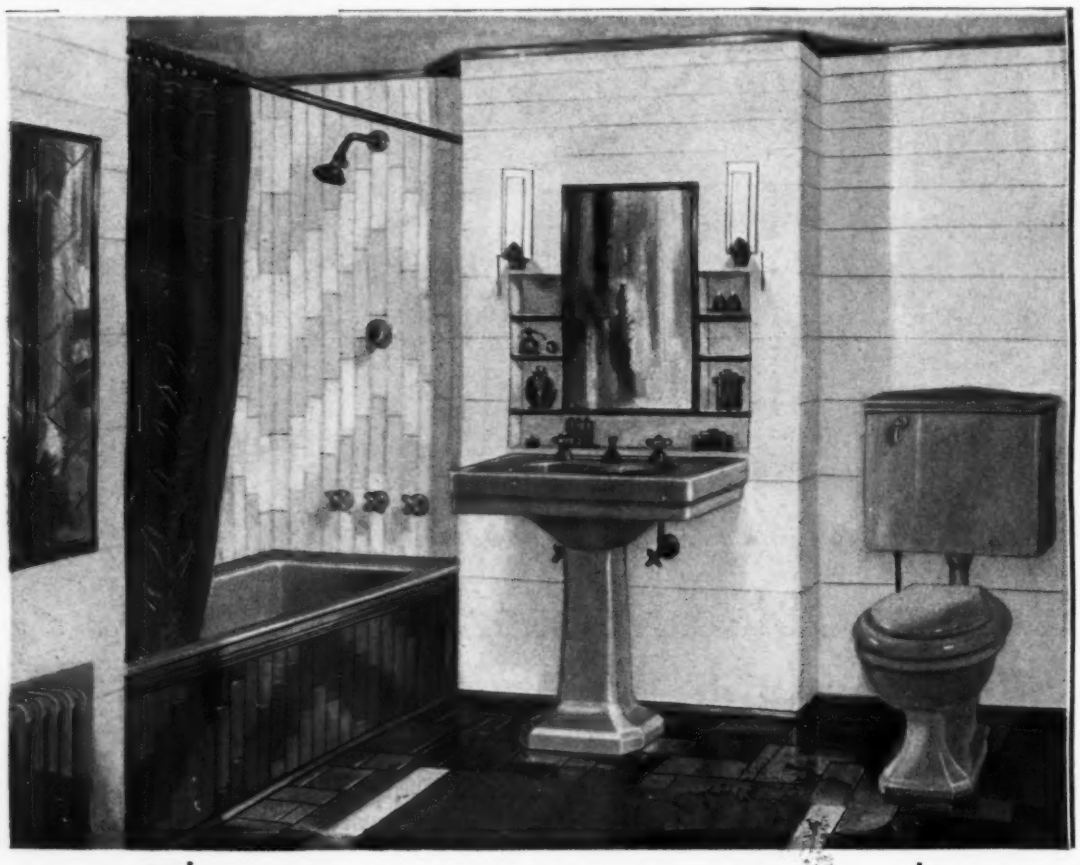
POST'S BRAN FLAKES

★ WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

A Product of General Foods Corporation

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES



The most inexpensive designs are available in exquisite colors

Beauty in bathroom furnishing and decoration is more a matter of well-informed selection than of price. To confirm this you have but to go to the "Standard" Showroom or your plumbing contractor's and select moderately priced "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures in the color you prefer.

Then ask for two estimates; one for the fixtures in white installed, the other for the fixtures in color installed. These estimates will reveal that you can have "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures in color in your bathroom for just a little more.

The group illustrated in orchid, bath and shower combination, vitreous china lavatory and water-closet is $310, not including the installation charge. Just imagine how attractively different your bathroom would be with plumbing fixtures of Ming green, exquisite orchid, deepest blue, or old ivory, of moonlight blue or du Barry Rose, distinguished black or red!

Would you remodel your bathroom at once if it were not for the question of ready cash? Then you'll be glad to know that you can have the "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures you want by making a small down payment. Easy monthly installments will take care of the balance, and all the while you will have the benefit of a livable bathroom.

For the details of this easy payment plan ask your plumbing contractor, visit a "Standard" Showroom, or mail the coupon.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

106 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh — 18 East 45th Street, New York

DIVISION OF

AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

PITTSBURGH, PA. G.H. 7-30

I am interested in receiving

☐ Book—"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home.

☐ Particulars of your convenient payment plan.

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... State.....

Stars and Scissors

them limber—just as a pianist must plunge his hands into hot water, just a minute before he steps on the stage. Very few people know this, but it's true. A heavy price the great artists pay, I tell you. In my long life how often I watched them—the endless procession that has passed through my hands!

I—why do you look at me like that, my dear? Perhaps you, too, are feeling what is in my mind, that after all these years I am still working while so many of the great ones I used to serve are gone?

"Yes, that is what I'm thinking. That you are still here, still ready, scissors in hand, for the next thing—still ready to turn a new set of geese into swans!"

My dear, how cleverly you say it! Yes, indeed, I'm not a woman who is dying out. I'm always ready for a fresh start, looking forward to new ideas—just as much, I tell you, as the day I first took my scissors in hand. What people we've served (the old scissors and I)—singers, actors, managers, ballet dancers, skaters, midgets, elephants, camels, men, women, black and white—everything under the sun! For sixty years I've cut my way through the world with them. We're never separated—and, please God, we never shall be!

Yes, yes, I know, but *please*, I beg you, don't look again at the hourglass! For now—now comes my great surprise!—My precious package! And a present for you too, my dear. Wait, I bring it—right here on the stage. Look! Here they are—the souvenirs of my whole life! Such memories they hold! So many years I've kept them!

SEE—here is the little Dresden china cup and saucer the Empress Augusta gave my mother so long ago—with her picture on the side of the cup. How beautiful she was! And the Honor Roll of my mother, as a nurse in the War of '69. My dear mother—how she feared my coming to America! And here, my dear—the brocade from Lehmann's robe, and the velvet from Jean de Reszke's mantle. And the Duse bill—the one she put the extra $25 on because I hadn't charged enough! And right here the little velvet hat of Caruso—I made it myself—with the feather at the side. And this camellia—to think I've kept it all these years!—from Patti's "Traviata" gown! *Ach*, wonderful that was! I see it still—white silk, soft as snow, draped with the great camellias—hundreds of them! *What* a gown! And that embroidery? Why, that was from Bernhardt's veil, and those are the great gold earrings of Minnie Hauk's last *Carmen*. And oh, this beautiful brooch—from Marianna Brandt, my dear; just before my baby was born she sent it. *Ach*, how many packages there are!

Here's the photograph of John Drew, and the letter with the Mansfield order. And this—this bit of black cloth—from Booth's last costume I cut it. And here's the note with Seidl's picture—on my wedding day he sent it, with his love. And look! Look!—the pearls of Fanny Davenport. (How many things I did for her!) And oh, my dear, you *must* read this—the letter from dear Mr. Stanton—congratulations for my first production in America. What that meant to me! I can still feel the jump of my heart! And in this box—see the names are right on the outside—Emil Fisher, Katharina Klafsky, Melba, Nordica, and Scotti, Ada Rehan, Salvini and Coquelin (that's the feather from his great hat in "Cyrano"), Buffalo Bill, Julia Arthur, Mary Garden, the Crown Prince of Germany—ah, my dear, I did the embroidery for that layette fifty years ago! Something from all of them. I'd forgotten—forgotten how many there were!

And oh! wait—wait! Right here under my hand it is—the most precious of all—*please*, we open it carefully—this cloth from Lehmann's *Isolde* robe, that I made in such a hurry (in one hour, you remember) more than forty years ago! It was white then, but it is yellow now. What that brings back to me! I can still hear the great Lilli raging and swearing in her dressing-room, and poor Mr. Stanton on his knees, calling through the keyhole, and Lehmann shouting back:

"A new gown—a new gown, or never will I set my foot on that stage again!"

Ach, that wonderful Lilli! She, too, is gone. Only last summer it was she died, and I never saw her again. I can not speak any more about her now. It is too much, I tell you—too much! I can not bear it! I never should have brought these things! I can not show you any more—I can not! I can not! These little pieces—they are bits of my heart!

Gott in Himmel! What are you doing? Stop! Stop! Don't turn down the lights! The house is black! The audience will think we're through. Put them up—quick! Quick!

"But the audience must not see us crying. This is a happy ending."

A happy ending! When we are saying goodby?

"But it isn't goodby! It's your grand finale! A great story of sixty splendid years of struggle and work and glory and loss and change—from youth to old age, you've survived it all—a great epoch! From cobblestones and hansom cabs to aeroplanes and limousines—from sailing ships to floating palaces—from little houses made of wood, to iron skyscrapers that flaunt the stars—from candlelight to electricity and talking across the ocean without wires. In crawling floods the movies have covered the earth—the age of the talkies is here—but Duse and Bernhardt and Booth and Salvini and Mansfield and Terry and Irving are gone! Jazz is in our blood now, and Beethoven and Mozart and Schubert and Chopin and Liszt and Wagner are no more. Radio is our daily bread, but Jenny Lind and Patti and the de Reszkes, Campanini, Caruso, and Lehmann are not with us any more. The golden age has passed, with all its Titans—the Twilight of the Gods is upon us—Machine is King!"

AH, MY dear, my dear—how wonderfully you're putting it! Why, my whole life spreads out before me as you talk. Once again I feel wings—just as in the beginning—just as a young girl, when I wanted to take the whole world in my two hands. A great life I've had, I tell you! I wouldn't change places with a king! Certainly not, for every hour was glorious, and now I turn with the young—and face the new order! Yes, my dear, at seventy-five, now as in the early days, ready for whatever comes—the bright and the dark—for life is reborn every minute—and the world moves on.

"Yes, Madame, the world moves on—and just as in the old days you still stand with your eyes to the future. And on that high spot, I warn you, the curtain—the curtain—"

Ach, Gott in Himmel, wait! Wait! We're forgetting your present! Your present! How you hurry me tonight, my dear! Here it is—*look!* I hold them up for you to see—the beautiful, blue silk stockings of Caruso that I had specially embroidered for his "Manon"! He wore them only once, and liked them so much! That very first night a little hole was torn in the side. See—here—how I mended it with my own hands! And Caruso so upset when he saw it! I give them to you for our parting! No—do not thank me. There is no need. You must only take them! Take them—my precious souvenir.

"Ah, Madame, with all my heart I take them—as you give them—for our parting and goodby. Come—let us say it quickly!"

Bien, or, better still, we won't say it at all!

"I agree—we won't say it at all—not another word—for, after all, who knows, perhaps even tomorrow morning I shall run right into you in the middle of Broadway!"

Ach, my dear, yes—of course—yes—but perhaps—perhaps—

"No more tears! Stand by! Stand by! STAND BY! ! "

THE CURTAIN IS COMING DOWN! ! !

In the same time it takes to powder

IT'S applied in an instant.

It can't do any harm.

You can—and should—use this snowy, soothing cream for every occasion.

Mum offers *permanent* protection from underarm offense, for it is something you can *always* use.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a daily habit. Morning and evening. Then you're always safe. Never at a disadvantage. No hour of the day or night can ever be ruined by that arch-enemy of charm—body odor.

That's the beauty of Mum! The utter simplicity of its use. You need not plan ahead, nor make elaborate preparations for its application. Nor wait for it to dry, or fear its effect on skin, or dainty fabrics. The moment you've used Mum, you're ready to go!

Mum is as bland as any face cream and is, in fact, beneficial to skin. Perfectly harmless to fabrics. Its only action is to neutralize those odors caused by the chemistry of the body.

Keep your jar of Mum on your dressing table. Use it freely, and be serenely confident of yourself all the time. All toilet-goods counters 35c. Or nearly three times the quantity for 60c. And you use so little each time! There's no waste.

Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.

In using advertisements see page 6

"Colorful, lacy underthings make you feel *so utterly feminine"*

DOROTHY DIX *tells*

"The Real Truth about Feminine Charm"

"MISS DIX, what IS the secret of charm? Girls no prettier than I am are happily married with dear little homes of their own. Won't the right man ever fall in love with me—"

EVELYN S——

HERE is the real truth, Evelyn. It is *femininity* in a girl that arouses a man's desire to take care of her, marry her.

But first of all, you must *feel* your own dainty, captivating femininity.

Confidence of Charm

Clothes can help to give a girl this happy confidence of charm. Especially all the dainty, most feminine part of a girl's wardrobe, her lingerie, negligées, hosiery.

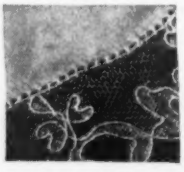
Lovely, soft colorful underthings—they make you feel so utterly *feminine*. Irresistible! And because you have confidence in yourself, you impress others—*for confidence is contagious.*

Girls sometimes say, "It is so difficult to *keep* lovely underthings looking wonderful, colorful as new—frequent washings take away color and charm."

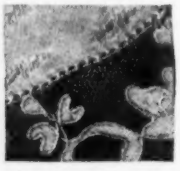
It is true that just ordinary "good" soaps *do* take out some of the color along with the dirt. But this will never be the case if you wash them always in Lux. *Lux is made especially to keep colors vibrantly alive!*

Your Surroundings, Too

Your surroundings can also add to your charm! Pretty curtains, cushions, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell, when kept ever lovely with Lux! DOROTHY DIX



Lingerie after 12 Lux washings—every thread in place, silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains the charm of new!



After 12 washings with ordinary "good" soap—silk fibres a little out of place, lace damaged, lustre impaired, the charm of color lost.

Travel Wisely and Not Too Well

(*Continued from page 39*)

coach. In short, they sinned against every known rule of health and broke every precept of sensible existence. But they escaped the one affliction that kills so many of our contemporaries who die before their time. They avoided monotony like the plague.

We of the year 1930 have abolished the plague. But unfortunately we have not yet dealt with monotony, and it slays its thousands as the plague slew its hundreds of thousands. And that is really a very foolish thing in this Era of Intelligence, when the Pyramids have just been celebrating their four-thousandth birthday and when there is hardly a man between the Golden Gate and the Ambrose Lightship who does not enjoy at least a fortnight of absolute freedom when he is able to do as he pleases and can inoculate himself against the dangerous microbe of boredom by an application of mild doses of intelligent traveling and by giving not only his body, but primarily his mind, a complete change of surroundings and impressions.

Get a Mental Change

I have let the cat out of the bag. It is really the mental change that counts most. A mere physical change without a corresponding mental change will do very little good. As a rule it means nothing beyond a mere waste of time and money. One can be just as weary of life on top of Mount Washington as in an office at the bottom of one of those dark and dismal ravines that go by the name of "modern city streets." And it is quite possible to derive just as little excitement from a picnic lunch at the bottom of the Grand Canyon as from eating a hasty ham sandwich on the fifty-second story of a downtown office building.

For when we travel our happiness does not depend upon the make of the car in which we drive or the name of the city for which we are bound. It depends for its ultimate results upon the attitude of mind of the person who sits behind the wheel. A savage from the African jungle in a limousine is still a savage from the African jungle. He first has to learn how to appreciate what he sees around him before he will derive any benefit from his perilous peregrinations into the realm of the white man.

And what holds true of the savage holds true with equal insistence of the most civilized citizens of the most civilized country of the year 1930. Travel in and by itself is mere commotion, a mere disturbance of air by certain bodies being projected aimlessly from one spot to the next. Travel accompanied by a conscious desire to give the spirit a thorough overhauling means the rejuvenation of the whole mental and physical apparatus. The former is an investment that had best be paid in Confederate money. The latter produces a revenue in actual dollars and cents that mounts up to a great deal more than has been expended on the vacation itself.

And if this statement be true (and let us for the moment concede that it is true, for how can one hope to compose a philosophical argument without a bit of guessing?) then what is the way to get hold of that rich return of which I have just spoken?

The answer is a very simple one, "Travel as ye please." Don't travel to get somewhere, but travel to get nowhere. Don't travel to *get* anything, but travel to *forget* everything.

"Yes," you will answer, "that sounds very pretty on paper, and it is one of those clever things for which writers are paid much more than they deserve, but how about the practical side of the problem? Suppose we did not know where we would be on Tuesday the 28th of August, and suppose we had therefore not ordered rooms ahead, and suppose we had not bothered about the steamship tickets for July in the previous January, and suppose we found ourselves in Montreal or Paris when we ought

The Cosmopolitan Woman

What She Will Read and Talk About This Month

P. & A.

MRS. LINDBERGH
as seen by
AMELIA EARHART

Amelia Earhart, flying to California with her secretary, had room in her plane for a good deal of baggage.

When Colonel Lindbergh saw her thirteen pieces of baggage, he asked, "And what might that be?" To his wife he said with a grin, "Don't you get any foolish ideas from this."

Amelia Earhart, who knows Anne Morrow as a woman and as a flyer, gives you an intimate portrait of Colonel Lindbergh's flying mate.

About
BOOTH TARKINGTON

Ray Long, Editor of Cosmopolitan, says: "Booth Tarkington had a spirit of youth that fascinated one. He still has it. He *is* Youth . . .

"Booth Tarkington returns to the pages of Cosmopolitan in the July issue. I welcome him with a feeling no other editor quite could possess."

EDISON'S Struggles *and* Achievements told *by* HENRY FORD
(with Samuel Crowther)

Here is a breath-taking surprise. Henry Ford tells the human, intimate life story of the Edison he knows: the dreamer, struggler, toiler, benefactor whom he calls "our greatest American."

Thirty-four years ago Edison gave Ford his first encouragement in developing his gasoline motor. Since then the men have been close friends. Ford feels that it is essential that the spirit of Edison should live. Hence he has made this absorbingly interesting record.

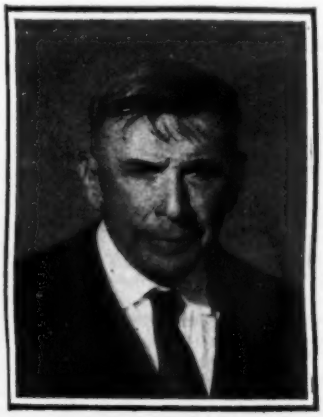
This life story, beginning in July Cosmopolitan, makes an inspiring successor in Cosmopolitan to Calvin Coolidge's human documents. Ford on Edison is a series intensely interesting to parents, and stimulating to youth.

EDNA FERBER—
A Short Story that Will Live

Edna Ferber, fresh from writing the best-seller, "Cimarron," contributes to Cosmopolitan a short story which is as vivid as if torn out of the very fabric of life. Bertha is a girl who has set her heart on marrying her neighbor Theodore. Her antagonist for his affections is something more powerful than a woman.

***By THE* STAR *OF* "SONS O' GUNS"**

Jack Donahue, that immensely popular character of the musical comedy stage, refreshed the Editor of Cosmopolitan with a deliciously humorous series of letters passing between a wandering vaudeville "hoofer" and his mother. The dancer's story of his ups and downs, and the mother's opinions of her boy's career and the people he meets, will make your family chuckle and laugh.



July Issue

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

NOW 25 CENTS

On Sale Now

In using advertisements see page 6

Cook in a

cool kitchen this summer

...with Smoothtop

GAS RANGE

CAPTURES THE FLAVOR . . . FREES THE COOK

Insulated Oven

Now you can do your summer roasting, baking, oven canning...in a kitchen as cool as outdoors. Smoothtop's insulated oven will prepare a whole summer-time meal...and will so perfectly keep its heat within itself that you can touch its outer wall while meat roasts in the oven.

Cold cuts, vegetable salads, jellied soups, preserves . . . the cool delicacies which the family loves for summer-time meals ...these all have to be *cooked first!* This means heat somewhere in your kitchen. So cook them all in Smoothtop's insulated oven! The heat stays where it belongs, in the oven...and out of the kitchen.

This summer-time oven cooking with Smoothtop's insulated oven is all accomplished easily because of Smoothtop's oven heat regulator and complete time-and-temperature chart. Just close the oven door, set the dial, and open the door again when the time is up!

Added to this wonderful insulated oven are the exclusive advantages of Smoothtop's spacious, flat, enclosed top with its four heat zones...*speed spots, busy-boiling, simmering* and *warming* zones. This method of top cooking, exclusive to Smoothtop, captures every elusive food flavor, sends meals to the table right on time, piping hot, juicy and flavor-filled...with carefree ease that you never imagined possible!

Send for the Smoothtop Book, beautifully illustrated in color. It explains how Smoothtop "captures the flavor . . . frees the cook"; how Smoothtop uses any kind of gas. Sent FREE on request.

Standard Gas Equipment Corporation,
18 East 41st Street, New York City
Please send me, free, the Smoothtop Book.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
G.H.-4

STANDARD GAS EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

18 East 41st Street, New York City. Makers of...SMOOTHTOP...ORIOLE...ACORN...VULCAN ... The standard domestic and heavy duty gas ranges . . . wherever gas is used

Travel Wisely and Not Too Well

to have been back at our desk in the office? A fine kettle of dried herring that would be! It is all very well for authors and other intellectual vagabonds to speak of 'travel as ye please.' But the rest of the world has certain definite obligations and is bound to obey a schedule. It has to be in certain well-defined places on certain well-defined hours, for otherwise what would become of business?"

To which I answer: "Precisely. Business could not get along without well-defined hours and all the rest of it. But travel is not business and never should be business. It should be fun. Did you ever see a man grow hilarious while reading a time-table? Or shake with inner mirth while perusing the closing hours of the Metropolitan Museum?"

I ought to add here that these admonitions are not addressed to persons who either in mind or body have already passed into the class of the so-called "older generation." These had better turn themselves into Pilgrims of Punctuality and know beforehand just exactly why and how and where they should be at every moment of their holiday, and what sort of room they could expect to find in Montgomery, and whether or not there would be shrimps on the bill-of-fare of their inn in the Rockies. The slightest deviation from the normal would be as dangerous to them as a sudden rise of three degrees would be to the tropical fishes in our aquarium. They had better never stir from the hotel without a sheaf of typewritten instructions, and perchance they should lose one set they had better telegraph right away for a new supply.

But those who can still sense the delightful itch of wonder in the tips of their ears whenever the great Goddess of Chance speaks to them had better listen to her counsel if they truly wish to keep themselves young by means of a little traveling. I am sorry to warn them that frequently they will run the risk of being exceedingly uncomfortable. They may even have to go without an occasional meal, and I can not always guarantee them the best room in the most prominent hotel in town. But they will soon discover that even a night spent in a car will not kill them and that a few hours' walk in the rain are not so terribly bad, provided the absurd adventure through which they pass suffices to stock at least ten cubic feet of their memory.

As Chaucer Did It

Chaucer's pleasant traveling companions patronized places that we today would refuse to use as gas-stations. Their sleeping quarters were not always clean, and the food was poor, and as a rule the ale was sour. But what a mighty good time was had by all! They were bound for a definitely defined location, but they were in no hurry, and took time off to rest their souls in patience and replenish their minds in peace.

Nowadays even third-rate hotels are fairly clean. More or less edible food can be obtained in the smallest hamlets, and the ale is never sour because there is no longer any ale. The spirit of the pilgrim, however, has gone out of the land. It was driven out by a profound misconception regarding the true nature of travel. It can be restored only by a better and more thorough appreciation of what this whole vacationing business is about anyway, and that is the little lesson I am trying to preach. *Travel as ye please.*

"Very well," you will interrupt me here; "all that is very pretty and very nice and Heaven knows we have listened to you with unusual patience, but what do you want us to do? Dress up like medieval friars and knights and go galloping all over the landscape on mule-back and on donkeys, telling each other funny stories while we quaff our potion of sarsaparilla? That is movie stuff, my dear sir. We had better leave it to the folks in Hollywood. Meanwhile what is there for us to do?"

Let me try to tell you:

You have two weeks holiday each year. Suppose you want to use those two weeks to take a trip through the New England states and just beyond the Canadian border. You can do that, of course, in the good old-fashioned manner by going to a travel bureau where they will sell you nice canned trips all neatly done up in tissue-paper, prettily typewritten and dutifully tabulated. Those travel bureaus have developed a degree of skill and organization that borders upon the incredible. They would take the yak (a three-letter word from central Asia) out of the Zoo and bill him through all the other circuses and zoological gardens of the United States, and they would do that with such enormous precision that the poor beast would be back in its cage long before it had realized what had happened to it.

With equal facility they would take ten thousand Boy Scouts, Revolutionary grandfathers, Prisoners of Circumstances, or Granddaughters of the Appalachian Landslide, and send them forth upon a two-weeks' frolic without the loss of a single train, soul, or nickel. Since the yak speaks only Chinese, it would be impossible to get a clear idea of his impressions, but the ten thousand Hadji's could be interviewed, and when asked for their impressions they would probably answer that they had had a wonderful time and that they had traveled like comfortable, first-class express packages and had not been obliged to do a single thing or think a single thought for themselves all the time they had been abroad.

"It was just like home," they might answer, "only that we were somewhere else where the furniture was in better repair and the postage stamps cost money."

And from that sort of trip one would hardly expect that profound mental change which is a surer germ-killer than all the nostrums of Christendom put together.

"Yes," you reply, "but is there another way to do the thing?"

There surely is, as I shall now tell you.

Here's a Good System

Suppose, as I said a moment ago, you have two weeks' holiday, and you possess a car that is good for at least three weeks more. Suppose you look at the map and locate one particular spot where you will have to be twenty-four hours before they expect you back at the office. That is sufficient for your purposes. Tuck the name of that town away in some convenient corner of your brain and forget about it until twelve of your fourteen days have been gathered to the rubbish heaps of Time. Fill the old cabriolet with suitcases and relatives and gasoline and start off in the general direction of X, the convenient city that lies buried in your mind like another Troy or Jericho. But when afternoon comes, and you have been gone for several hours, and little Willie says, "Pa, how many more miles are we going today and where do we stop for the night?" tell him that that is a secret and that you won't tell him.

For if the voyage were merely a question of miles, you might push the car on to one of those funny contraptions they used to employ in the third act of the ancient Rural Draymas to run the horse-race, in which the hero's Rosinante would win, and you could keep the old machine doing its steady three hundred miles per day until it was time to turn off the electric current when you would stop and say,

"Well, anyway we ran three thousand miles in a fortnight, and that is almost as good as Lindbergh."

Johnnie, much against his usual habit, will have to possess his soul in patience, and that will not only be good for his impatient soul, but also it will be an exercise in self-control and fortitude that will bring forth its own reward. For as soon as you have left town behind you. (and that process alone will have taken you the greater part of the first day), and have reached the open country, there is a turning of the road, and that turning of the road was meant for you. You have not the faintest notion whither it will carry you, but that does not matter, and you

In handy size tins—just a cup to the can

Do you cook tomato flavor in *the way the best chefs do?*

Who doesn't like the flavor of ripe tomatoes? They're one of the master flavors of fine cooking—the secret of many a good cook's reputation for unusual, distinctive dishes!

But in homes and restaurants where tomato cookery is an art—you'll find that tomato flavor is always added in ***preparation—cooked into*** and made a part of the dish itself.

That's the big advantage of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce. It's a ***cooking*** sauce—***especially made for use in cooking.***

Blended from sun-ripened tomatoes and selected spices—by an exclusive DEL MONTE recipe which has met the taste of millions—it comes to your kitchen in handy small cans, ready for instant use, without a bit of work or bother.

You'll find it a wonderful help in improving everyday meals!

It makes macaroni, stews, meat loaf, soups, vegetables, beans, gravies, hash and egg dishes taste better than they ever tasted before. It transforms leftovers and less expensive cuts of meat into appetizing dishes you are really proud to serve. Even to choice cuts of meat, poultry and fish, DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce brings a new zest—a touch suggestive of Continental cookery at its best.

And the beauty of it is—it's so easy to use! No straining tomatoes. No dirtying extra dishes! Even the quantity is right—8 oz., a cupful, to each can—sufficient for the average recipe, but not too much.

But after all, you'll never know what a remarkable help DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce can be until you've used it in your own kitchen. Your grocer should have it, or can get it for you easily. Why not have him send at least half a dozen cans—today? Once it's in your kitchen, you'll wonder how you ever did without it before!

Even if You Know Tomato Cookery —You'll Want This Book

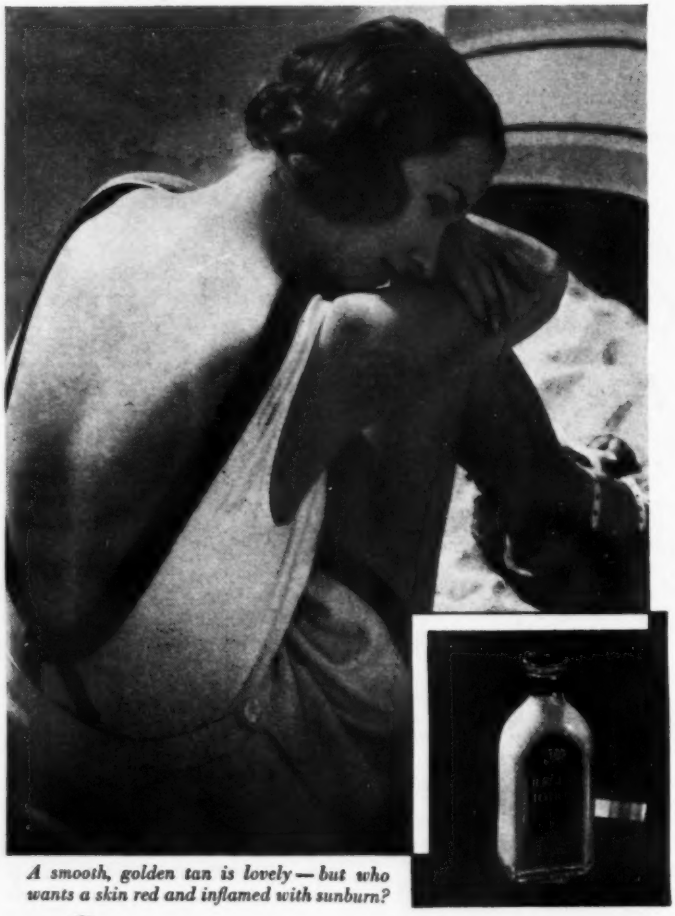
Not that you really need a special recipe to use DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce. It fits naturally in almost any recipe that calls for tomato flavor. But this is a collection of unusual dishes—carefully gathered from many different sources. It's called "DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce Recipes." And it's ***free!*** May we send it, postpaid, to your address? Just write to Department 245, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

DEL MONTE TOMATO SAUCE

for cooking

In using advertisements see page 6

Smoothly tanned, Yes! sunburned, peeling...No!



A smooth, golden tan is lovely—but who wants a skin red and inflamed with sunburn?

SUNBURN is a burn from light and not from heat; but the effect on your skin is the same—redness, inflammation, peeling—and in severe cases, actual destruction of tissue.

But tan actually *protects* your skin from sunburn. Tan is the formation of dark pigment in your skin cells, which enables your skin to resist the chemical action of strong sunlight.

Use Jergens Lotion to fight off the damaging effects of sunburn and to acquire, gently and painlessly, that smooth, becoming coat of tan!

Because of two famous ingredients, Jergens Lotion is wonderful for protecting your skin against the burning effect of sunlight. It helps your skin to tan softly, evenly, keeping that lovely silky smoothness that gives a sun-browned skin its charm.

Use Jergens Lotion all summer long both *before* and *after* exposure to bright sunlight. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

★ Jergens Lotion

FREE · · NEW TRIAL BOTTLE · BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3213 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 3213 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Travel Wisely and Not Too Well

don't care. Road making is a difficult and back-breaking job, and therefore you realize that a road, once it is there, must lead somewhere.

That road, like all well-behaved roads, will have a good many minor turnings. Welcome these as an Arab welcomes the few drops of water that remain from last year's freshets. For they mean the unexpected, and it is the unexpected that you are after. In ordinary life that same unexpected is not an element you like to contemplate, for it is perturbing to your peace of mind, and ninety times out of a hundred means a polite note from the income tax tyrants who with the help of the higher mathematics and logarithms have discovered that you overlooked seventeen dollars and forty-nine cents on your return for 1921. Or it might mean a summons to appear in the presence of that mighty potentate who within the walls of your counting-house is known briefly as "the Boss." But when you are on your holiday, the unlooked-for experiences are worth their weight in gold.

I don't mean to imply that they will always be hilariously agreeable. On the contrary. But that will be their greatest fascination. They will be unpredictable and undependable. At one turning of the road you will meet with a well-disposed old farmer who tells you to help yourself to the shadow of his orchard and his apples, and at the next a far-from-well-disposed dog with teeth as long and as sharp as Neapolitan daggers will inform you that as far as he is concerned you had better stick to the main highway and not venture to tread upon the hallowed soil that has been entrusted to his care.

Sometimes you will catch a sudden glimpse of something as beautiful as a sunset in the desert, and upon others you will discover that when it comes to littering things up, the simple villagers can do almost as well as the mob that invades Coney Island on the hottest Sunday in July. But that will all be in the day's work. The beauty of your program will be that you will have no program at all. And what holds good for the road you follow also holds good for the time you are supposed to spend in enforced rest from labor.

You Will Revaluate Time

Time, of course, is a strange substance almost as elastic as a fresh rubber band and as tangible as a ray of sunshine. Because we live in an age of machines and precision we have come to think of time as something concrete, something we can cut up into little equal cubes like gingerbread or a pudding. But that that is not true, you know from your own experience. An hour is not always an hour. The sixty minutes you spent at the dentist's awaiting the arrival of the nurse who would say: "It is your turn now. Just breathe quietly, and that tooth will be out before you can count three," are different from, and about a thousand times as long as, the sixty minutes you conversed for the first time in your life with the one being in the world who made you feel that the world, after all, had not been created in vain.

The hours that were bestowed upon you to be used for vacational purposes are of as uncertain an origin as those with which you deal during the ordinary course of business. According to the way you employ them they will revaluate themselves into periods that are slightly longer than the vast era that stretches from the death of Solomon to the election of President Hoover, or they will disappear like a puff of smoke upon the horizon of your memory. For time has no substance, and the hours depend for their true nature upon the use you make of them.

I have seen people sit down in front of the most sublime scenery in the world, saying, "Well, let us kill time and cut the cards," and intone the dreary doxology of "Three clubs . . .

four spades . . . no trumps . . . I pass," declaring that the view was probably all right, but that a view after all was only a view, while a good hand of bridge was a good hand of bridge.

I am not offering to criticise them for this is a free country, and every one is entitled to seek his or her salvation after his or her own sweet will, but I am writing this principally for those who have ears to hear and eyes to see, and they will know what I mean when I say that that sort of time-killing during vacations is perhaps not the happiest way to regain a balanced ratio of change and adventure.

In connection with which I could say a few pertinent things about the sort of literature that people are supposed to take with them on their trips. Time-tables have their uses, but they are not the most exhilarating form of reading matter. I am familiar with the so-called guide-book travelers. They sit peacefully in a corner of the car or the train and read aloud from a little blue or red book telling those who are a little more inquisitive what they ought to see—"We are now coming to a church built in the year 1837 entirely of red brick . . . to the right there is a clump of trees . . . then we come to the village of Renavilla . . . famous for its chicken-coops . . . it has 781 inhabitants . . . please count them . . . 781 . . . not 780 or 782 . . . three miles further down the road narrows considerably . . ." and so on, and so forth.

The Right Sort of Guidebook

There are people who like travel of that sort, just as there are others who like cigars without nicotine and coffee that never knew a bean, and I wish them joy. But personally I prefer those who will spend some time at the bookstore or the local library trying to find certain books that either in fiction form or in a purely descriptive way tell these wanderers all about the countryside through which they expect to pass, that they may know the background of the land of their predilection and not feel that they are mere visitors in a museum which they have to see because it is the thing to do.

All of which, I grant you, is extremely vague advice. But alas! that can not be helped under the circumstances. For the sort of traveling I have in mind is mostly a matter of the spirit, and the spirit is the one thing left in this world that can not be reduced to a formula or dissected with the help of a slide-rule. One can only hint at its existence and its manifold delights, and one can hint only discreetly and guardedly, because the dangers of being misunderstood in matters of this sort are nothing less than legion.

But if you can read between the lines of what I have written—if you can say to yourself, "Yes, this fellow is probably right—and what in Heaven's name does it matter to myself or my family or the world in general how far I travel provided I travel wisely?" then you will not have wasted ten minutes in vain, for you will have acquired the beginning of a new wisdom and a new happiness, and the word "vacation" will lose its old meaning of "something vacant and empty," and become a mental and spiritual filling-station that will provide you with enough fuel to get through life with a minimum of discontent and a maximum of enjoyment.

And if you don't believe me, try it just once, this method of traveling as ye please. And if you don't like it, let me know, and I will come and, as part of my punishment, recite whole pages from any time-table you may designate, and for good measure I will bring with me an old copy of the magazine of the Geodetic Survey, and I will read you all about the height and substance of our most important mountain ranges neatly tabulated according to the alphabet of those Phœnicians who first of all taught us the beauty of systematic wandering across the face of the earth.

And that, methinks, is as fair an offer as you will meet in many a day.

The Great Imitator

Mankind's most dangerous enemy is syphilis. It takes the form of many diseases, masking as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion or nervous breakdown. It may seem to be a form of skin, eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble.

Most tragic of all, it often attacks the brain and spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and insanity—a life-long tragedy. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator".

In certain general hospitals, as high as 30% of all patients were found to be suffering directly or indirectly from this disease. Yet many of its victims had not known what was robbing them of health and strength until a medical examination, including blood and spinal fluid tests, revealed their actual condition.

Syphilis can usually be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient *faithfully and persistently follows the complete treatment prescribed by his doctor*. If the early stages are neglected, cures are less certain, but a great deal can still be done to relieve suffering.

It is estimated that about thirteen million persons—one out of ten—in the United States and Canada have or at some time have had syphilis. Because of fear and ignorance, millions of victims have been imposed upon by quacks, charlatans and blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

A most effective way to reduce the amount of syphilis is the pre-natal treatment of mothers suffering from this destructive disease.

Parents and teachers owe it to those dependent on them for education and guidance to replace secrecy by knowledge, frank instruction and friendly advice. Physicians, health departments and social hygiene societies willingly offer their aid.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Great Imitator". You are urged to send for it. Ask for Booklet 730-G.

NOTE: The Metropolitan first published "The Great Imitator" in January, 1928. Since then, leaders of public health organizations and directors of big business have requested that it be republished and that booklets be provided for wide distribution. The booklets are ready.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

In using advertisements see page 6

A cloud of moths... and a closet full of ruined clothes

EXPENSIVE FURS, woolen blankets, draperies and wearing apparel are nothing but so much food to the hungry moth larvæ. A cloud of moths when the closet door is opened and clothes full of holes—that is the penalty for moth protection that does not protect. And there's not the slightest excuse for a single moth hole now that EXPELLO is available.

EXPELLO is sure death to moth worms. It is a wonderful new moth worm exterminator in crystal form. EXPELLO emits a powerful heavier-than-air vapor that penetrates downward into every pleat, every fold, every wrinkle and thread, searching out and killing the destructive moth larvæ. It has been thoroughly tested in the laboratory and in the home and is fully guaranteed. Harmless to humans and animals. Will not stain or harm the most delicate fabric. Leaves no odor.

A $1 closet can of EXPELLO will keep your clothes fresh and sweet and moth-proof. Also sold in handy, snow-white gauze bags for chests, trunks, etc., at $1 a can. If not at your dealer's we will supply you direct. Please use the coupon. THE EXPELLO CORPORATION, Dover, New Hampshire.

Expello is sold by drug and department stores

Expello
KILLS MOTH WORMS

THE EXPELLO CORPORATION, DEPT. A-3, DOVER, N. H.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $_____(Cash)_____

Money Order_____Check_____) for which please send me EXPELLO as follows:

_____Cans No. 1, $1 size (for Closets).
_____Cans No. 2, $1 size (Handy Bags).
_____Cans No. 3, 50c size (Handy Bags).

Mail to _____

Street or R. F. D._____

City or Town_____State_____

My dealer's name is_____

His address is_____

A High Time in Red Russia

(Continued from page 33)

think you will choke, but soon you realize that if the others can breathe it, you can, too. It is combination of sheepskin coats, onions, vodka, bad tobacco, boots, and unwashed humanity, steeped together and mellowed with age. The fuel problem is acute in Russia, so that the air which is trapped and warmed in October is conserved until May. It is concrete by January.

We found places on the station benches, and a crowd gathered. A crowd would have followed us on Fifth Avenue because we were so shabbily dressed, but in the Kazansky Station it was because we were so well-dressed. An *Innostranka* (foreigner) can be spotted immediately. You may think that you look just too frightfully Russian, but they can tell the difference. Practically no foreign manufactured goods are allowed in the country at present, and with an eye attuned to the limited variety of their own products they detect details which stamp you. Also foreigners are rare in Russia. It is not like the Place Vendôme, where you turn around and stare if you hear French spoken.

WE SAT and held court in the dingily lighted hall. There was a continuous flux and flow of seething humanity from incoming and outgoing trains. They were mostly peasants—tall, red-bearded men and little, stooping women. They wore grimy *shubas* (sheepskins) of brown or black, worn shiny at the creases, and with the stringy fur hanging in a fringe from the inside. The men had fur caps and the women brownish-gray woolen shawls, folded catercorner, with the points tied under their chins. Some had high felt boots, and many had just bound their feet and legs in swathings of old rags and *lapti* (straw soles). The most bedraggled hadn't even *shubas*, but were clad entirely in these rags. Each was laden with bundles tied in burlap, or milk cans. It was a different picture from our Chauve-Souris concept of the Russian peasantry.

As they passed by, many stopped and stared. Others gathered about in a semi-circle. Time is cheap in Russia.

"*Otkooda?*" (Where from?) they asked us.

"*Nu, iz Ameriki. Tam kharasho zhivoot!* (Oh, from America! There people live well!)" wistfully.

"My father's cousin—*Skazhite, lutche oo Vas ili oo nas?* (Tell us, is it better where you live or here?)" a flashing-eyed young Communist provocates.

We had learned to be careful in answering this question. "It is different," I said noncommittally.

In the group were several "drunks." The government fights it, but liquor has a strong hold on the Slav. One dilapidated roisterer sat down beside me and looked at the English book I was reading.

"*Kakoi bookvi!* (What letters!)" He rocked with laughter. "English letters. Look, Comrades!"

Only one of the crowd evinced any interest. To the others, Russian or English letters were equally unintelligible.

"Can you read, Comrade?" I asked.

Again uncontrollable mirth. The tears ran down his grimy cheeks to his straw-colored beard. He wiped them off with a burlap sleeve. "Oh, you and I can read, Citizeness. We're not Hooligans like these people."

He used the confidential *tyi* (thou) of the peasant and drew closer. I was all for atmosphere, but this vodka breath was overpowering.

"*Kto skazal Hooligani?* (Who said Hooligans?)" an angry voice said from the crowd.

"*Pyan, Pyan* (drunk)."

The insult was waived with tolerance.

The side and end of the waiting-room was piled high with bundles, bales, and sleeping humanity. It was hard to distinguish one from the other.

I made a tour of inspection. Two little girls were asleep, half-buried under skins and rags, and one bundle suddenly squealed—twins, about two months old—not abandoned, just checked. Any one can sleep in the railway station. Sometimes the waiting-room floor is paved with *muzhiks* (peasants) sprawling in a possessive manner over their entire worldly goods.

This habit rather appalled us at first, but the time was to come when we appreciated it.

Three hours passed quickly, fraternizing with the Hooligani, and drinking unhygienic tea in unsanitary glasses. With one hour still to spare I got into line. For every obtainable commodity in Russia there is a long line waiting. It takes the first month to get used to this, but then it becomes automatic, inoffensive, and a matter of course. Outside every bread store from five to seven in the evening the queue winds half-way around the block. They are waiting to have their bread-cards punched and receive their daily rations. It is a depressing sight when the thermometer reads fifty below Fahrenheit and the wind and snow are blowing in gales.

I was highly amused one day, on picking up a government photographic weekly, to see a large heading, "America," surrounded with dollar signs. There were two or three pictures of night clubs, jazz parties, lynching, and other of our national institutions, and under one photograph, showing our deplorable economic conditions, was written,

"The starving New York workers, waiting in line to be fed by the Salvation Army."

I noticed that the "workers" were dressed in fedora hats and overcoats. The rain-streaks appeared to have been scratched on the plate, and I strongly suspect the line of being that outside the Metropolitan Opera House before a matinée.

But in the Kazansky Station I was waiting in line for a *platzkarta*. This entitles a third-class traveler to a whole shelf on which to sleep, by payment of one-third extra. Now, a night in a Russian third-class (there is no other on a provincial train) is by no means ritzy, but it is made bearable by the fact that you can stretch out. It is worth the hour you stand in line for your *platzkarta*.

A BELL rang—our train was announced "Express train, Vladimir! Nizhni-Novgorod!" The Russian trains have a wide gauge. Therefore there is space for shelves in the usual European position, an aisle, and another row of shelves parallel with the direction of the train. There are officially two layers of each, but unofficially four.

You must pick your shelf according to your type. The crossways ones are wide enough but too short, and your feet hang out in the aisle. Here they are jostled by the hands or knees of incoming passengers who can not see in the dark. If you sleep parallel with the train, your bed is long enough, but too narrow. The upper berth is in each case propped up by a more or less flimsy metal bar. So you have also to decide whether you would rather drop with a crash and flatten out some unsuspecting *muzhik*, or have him do the same to you.

In spite of the bad air, though, we had no sense of uncleanliness on the shelves. The entire car was lighted by two tiny oil lamps placed over the door at each end.

Under me was a young boy in the full regalia of the Red army—pointed helmet of khaki with a red star on it, and a khaki coat with red tabs on the collar, very much shaped at the waist and reaching down to the floor. He couldn't have been over sixteen. Was I a foreigner? From America! Well, what did I think of Red Russia? Of course, it was still very poor, but give it time. Why did America hate the Soviets so? We are all brothers and comrades. How wonderful it would be if America could have her own Soviet and then there would be no more capitalist wars! Why

ALCOA ALUMINUM
ROLLED INTO FOIL

ALCOA

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, CHEWING GUM, CANDY—YES, AND FOR OIL TANKS AND TANK CARS, TOO

Millions of the little sheets of foil that wrap, protect and seal in the taste and flavor of your cigars, cigarettes, gum and candy are pure Alcoa Aluminum—rolled out as thin as paper. You will find Alcoa Aluminum Foil in virtually every home, protecting the delicate flavor and purity of cheese, tea, chocolate, yeast, ice cream bars—scores of food products and delicacies.

Reflecting both light and heat, Alcoa Aluminum Foil, of the proper thickness, reduces and keeps uniform oil tank and tank car temperatures. In many other fields of industry Alcoa Aluminum Foil is used because temperature reduction is of first importance—in cold storage houses, on refrigerator cars, refrigerator trucks, cooling towers and boxes.

It is a point of pride with Aluminum Company of America that Alcoa Aluminum Foil retains the strength, ductility, moisture-retardent and non-corrodible qualities that are the outstanding characteristics of Alcoa Aluminum in its many other forms.

We will gladly send you the facts on the many protective uses of Alcoa Aluminum Foil. ALUMINUM COMPANY of AMERICA; 2416 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

New, Delicious Cereal

. . . with a

"Vegetable Effect"

An entirely new creation by **HEINZ** ***of*** **"57"** ***fame.*** **So dainty that it wins every child.**

Children can't resist this flavor so they **don't** ***resist these benefits.***

Here is crunchy, oven-toasted crispness in the daintiest rice flakes you've ever tasted, plus a *new healthfulness* that rice flakes have never offered heretofore.

Vegetables and fruits would form the same healthful habits. But you know how difficult it is to get these essential foods consumed in right amounts.

Serve these luscious *rice flakes* with delicious cream and sugar *to supplement all other foods.* See how whole days are made happier and brighter for everyone concerned.

AN EXCLUSIVE PROCESS

Through a patented process, owned by HEINZ, a fine *cereal-cellulose* is retained in HEINZ Rice Flakes. It is a natural vegetable substance, part of rice itself. It isn't bran. It isn't harsh. Being soft, fluffy and *non-irritant* it forms a mild, gentle, bulk and roughage —exactly the same type, in fact, that *vegetables themselves* provide— yet no one can detect its presence in these luscious flakes.

LET CHILDREN JUDGE

Don't urge the eating of HEINZ Rice Flakes because they are good *for* children . . . simply let the children see how good they *taste.* That's the best method.

In a series of tests by unprejudiced authorities the health-habits of children were greatly improved in this attractive way. (Details on request).

Serve *twice daily* for one week to start the benefits; once daily thereafter to maintain them.

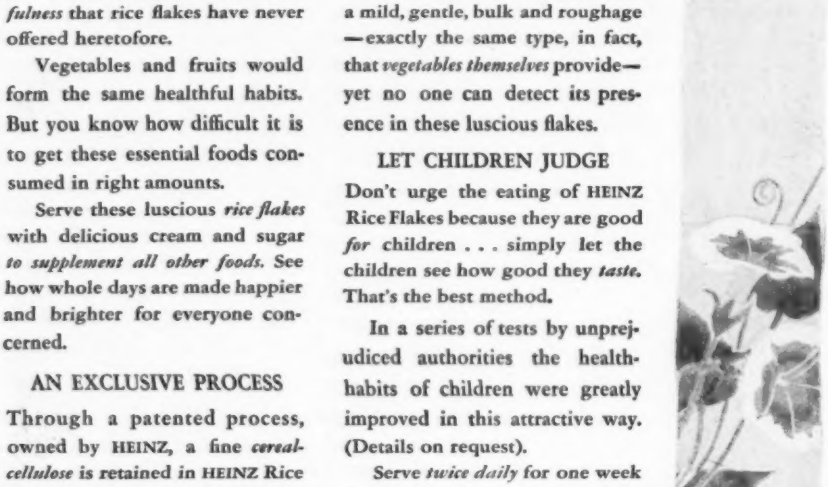
HEINZ Rice Flakes provide all the energizing food value that any other rice food offers, *plus* HEINZ Cereal-Cellulose which no other brands contain. To get the latter feature, therefore you must order definitely by the name, HEINZ. Just as good for adults as for children. Mail coupon below for free booklet "Children's Futures Told In Foods."

ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN

He will know the importance of the effects of HEINZ Cereal-Cellulose in the absorption of moisture and the resulting bulk.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the "57 Varieties"

ENJOY THESE RADIO TALKS: Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Heinz Home Economics Department, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other associated National Broadcasting Company Stations.



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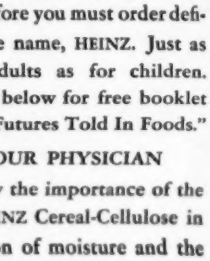
★

ONE OF THE 57



H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. D-5, Pittsburgh, Pa. • Please send me *without charge* your booklet "Children's Futures Told in Foods."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

HEINZ RICE FLAKES

A High Time in Red Russia

were England and America so determined to have a war against their Russian comrades? There must be no war, but revolution—Red revolution—and after that, freedom and education for the oppressed workers.

I asked if he would like to see a revolution in America.

Oh, yes, it would come probably before two years now.

I inquired how he knew.

Why, not so very long ago many Russian people had tried to change their rubles into dollars and hide them away. But the Soviets had heard of it and warned them. They said there would be revolution very soon now, and the American dollar would not be worth a kopeck. The boy's eyes were bright with health and enthusiasm.

I told him in my halting Russian that America was not remotely interested in making war on the Soviets or anybody else, but that she was very much interested in the Soviet experiment. However, I said we resented the Soviet's supporting financially and encouraging propaganda on our shores to tear down our Government. I said that we loved peace more than the Russians, and though we knew that there were some bad things about our system, and occasionally economic conditions which were unsatisfactory, we hoped to correct these things by legislation and not by bloodshed.

He was interested but puzzled. "But, Citizeness, Ilyitch says there can be no revolution without bloodshed." ("Ilyitch" is the pet name of the Communists for their leader Lenin.)

"*Will* you shut up!" whispered Helen from her shelf. "You *fool*, to talk politics with strangers in a train! We'll be in jail in half an hour!"

On the shelf across the aisle were compactly sandwiched a weazened old woman in a shawl, a child of fourteen with two yellow braids, a burlap bundle, and bigger than any, a brown dog. The conductor looked askance at the dog, but let him stay on condition that he did not bark. He did bark.

The old woman had been following our conversation intently. "Oh, *Baroshnaya*" (prerevolutionary form of address for a girl, corresponding to mademoiselle), "do you really think that America will not make war upon us? If I could only believe it! We have suffered so, our people have starved to death, but we can stand anything if only there is not another war. They took my Vanya, my Aloysha, and our little Father Tsar. And here my Vanya's Masha is all I have left. Her mother died of hunger. Oh, what sorrows has God brought on Holy Russia!"

The little soldier looked up at me and winked.

"She believes in God!" he said.

HE SPREAD himself out with a bundle under his head and his coat over him. He took a big yellow pickle from his pocket and munched it as a pacifier. I heard the scrunch and peeped down from my shelf. He offered me a piece, but I couldn't go it. I dived into my pocket for some Moscow caramels. He and the old woman and little girl appreciated them. The Russians have a very sweet tooth. I suggested opening a window, but aroused a storm of protest from all sides. As Maurice Hindus said in "Broken Earth,"

"The simple Russian will fight to the death for his privilege of breathing foul air."

I lay on my back on the hard shelf and slowly unwrapped a caramel . . . I had an idea. I peeked over again to see if the Comrade was asleep. His arms were folded behind his head, and his wide, blue eyes looked up at me. Across from him and under my sister, an enormous *muzhik* was snoring through his red beard.

"Comrade, if the Soviets are so peace-loving, why is it that in the streets of Moscow now one can see more soldiers than in the streets of New York during the war?"

He knitted his eyebrows and said earnestly, "But, Comrade, you forget; we have to be ready for when they attack us—the Capitalists."

I had forgotten. We were back where we had started from. "Well, good-night, Comrade," I said.

"Good-night."

I put the Moscow caramel in my mouth and sunk my teeth into its sticky hardness. My two gold fillings remained imbedded therein. "Helen, do you suppose there's a dentist in Vladimir?"

"No," she snapped, "but I hope the jail is cozy!"

At about two A.M. the conductor pulled our boots and whispered, "Vladimir!" With aching backs we climbed down from our shelves, left our sleeping comrades, and loaded our few bundles. I should have liked to say good-by to the little Red soldier, but could not disturb his sleeping smile. He probably was dreaming of a glorious battlefield where single-handed he had taken J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller prisoners and was bringing them home for the mercy of his comrades.

We came out of the station, and four *izvoschiks* charged up with steeds and sleighs. After a minute or two of competitive price-slashing, we took the lowest offer and started up a long and steep hill.

THERE wasn't a light anywhere or a sound, except for the crunch of the horses' feet and the runners in the brittle snow. On the right was a yellow and white church with golden domes. We came up beside a fortress to the main street. Here the houses were long and whitewashed. We passed an open square, and off at its farthest edge to the left was a great, white stone building rising out of the snow. We clutched each other simultaneously and said,

"It's the Ouspensky!"

We knew our home-work. The Ouspensky, or Assumption Cathedral, at Vladimir is a historical and architectural landmark of all Russia. Its superb arches and gilded domes shone bluish in the moon.

The *izvoschik* asked us which hotel. We weren't particular. There were two whitewashed buildings facing each other, one big, one little. He thought the little one was cleaner, but it had no restaurant. We risked the big one. The entrance led directly to the second story, where we found rows of numbered doors and a bedraggled little chambermaid wound tightly in a red shawl and dangling numerous keys. She showed us a four-ruble room and a three-ruble room—the ruble being about fifty cents. They both looked pretty dubious, but one of the cots in the three-ruble room was endowed with only three legs. So we splurged and took the better.

The chambermaid brought a pillowcase and one sheet each and asked for a night's payment and our passports.

I gingerly lifted the ratty blanket and scanned the mattress. "Bedbugs!" was my verdict, though I had never seen one.

I caught three in the drinking glass and indignantly showed them to the maid.

"Yes, it's too bad," she said, and dumped the contents of the glass on the floor. The glass she returned to the tray beside the drinking water. "You can look at another room if you want, but they are all about the same."

We found another room with six beds but no occupants, and begged the mercy of two sheets. They were reluctantly produced, and we gingerly crawled between them, fully clothed, for our first night in the capital of Russia's greatest industrial province. In front of the door was set what we called our "Russian bear-trap." It was a provincial precaution—a chair with its back to the door, any odd crockery on the seat, and Helen's easel balanced on top of the back. If any one so much as *leaned* against the

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THE MODERN
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make you forget such things as backache and leg cramp. You can actually enjoy trimming your grass.

DOO-KLIP LONG HANDLE GRASS SHEARS

have no levers to operate with your hands or arms and require no adjustments. DOO-KLIPS are easy for women or children to operate. Truly a 1930 tool for modern folks. They're guaranteed.

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A High Time in Red Russia

door, the easel fell on the crockery, and Helen and Adelaide arose fully clothed and grabbed for their only weapons—nail scissors, in the right-hand pocket. The trap went off by itself in Novgorod once, and we nearly died of fright.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, which is well before sunrise during a Russian winter, we breakfasted on two *Boolki* (little brown loaves) and tea. The samovar was brought singing to our room. A samovar is a wonderful thing. If you are cold, or blue, or scared, or miserable, its cheery buzzing and bubbling raise your morale right up to the skies. And if you are alone, you feel all the advantages of a crowd and friends about you, and none of the disadvantages. This was a luxurious breakfast. Of course, there was no butter, and we gnawed our loaves like beavers, but we each had a slice of lemon in our tea. A lemon costs about forty cents in Russia.

Just as we reached the Ouspensky Cathedral the sun peeked out, blood-red among the rolling, white fields. The great church appeared to be made of the snow and ice from which it rose. It had a crimson aureole silhouetted against the sun and cast a long, blue shadow on the snow. The five golden domes, each with a huge filigree cross, were greatly elongated in the early morning light, and reached like grasping arms for the center of the town where the anti-Christian government held sway.

This church is very much a part of old Russia. It was built in 1158, when Vladimir was the capital. Vladimir Monomakh established a principality of Suzdal, which he left in charge of his son, Iuri Dolgorouki. But Iuri's son, Andrei Bogoliubski, developed it. He chose Vladimir for his capital instead of Rostov or Suzdal, where there were many powerful nobles, and became the first despotic prince of Russia. He was not satisfied, however, with his northern principality, and after his father's death marched on and conquered Kiev. When asked why he insisted on retaining his capital, at Vladimir, he replied that the great wonder-working Ikon of the Virgin, which he had brought from Kiev, would reside nowhere else.

This Ikon, the Vladimirskaya Bozhe Mat, or Vladimir Virgin, is the altar of Russia. More than any other single object is its history interwoven with that of the country. It has been to war and brought victory; it has blessed the ceremonies of peace. Countless miracles are attributed to it.

Tradition says that it was painted by the Evangelist Luke, but artistic records trace it to Constantinople in the eleventh century. The faces of the Mother and Child, cheek to cheek, are all that are left of that period. The expressions are moving beyond description. The Mother's eyes have a haunting premonition of the tragedy to come. It is almost impossible to believe that a face of such tenderness and humanity was produced in that early epoch of Greek painting, which is vivid, but stark and grotesquely simple in structure and coloring.

Andrei Bogoliubski placed the Ikon in the Ouspensky Cathedral and adorned it with gold and priceless jewels. He worshiped it to the point of madness and attributed his victory over the Bulgarians to its guiding influence. It watched over him even in death and met his funeral cortege on the way from Bogoliubov after he had been murdered there. It quelled the rioting which followed.

Vladimir was sacked and razed by the Tartars in the thirteenth century, and the cathedral was burned. But the Ikon was saved, and when the capital was eventually moved to Moscow, the Grand Princes still returned to Vladimir to be crowned in its presence. However, when Tamerlane and his infidel hordes threatened Russia, it was carried to Moscow by Grand Prince Vassili Dmitrievitch, and the Tartars retreated in terror. The great Cathedral of the Assumption in the Moscow Kremlin was copied after that in Vladimir, and the Ikon

was venerated there in the place of honor at the left of the altar, until the revolution. No Tsar of all the Russias could be crowned without its blessing.

In 1919 the Soviet Government took it from its shrine and had its repaintings and reglazings removed by the most modern scientific methods. It was placed in an exhibition of Russia's greatest art treasures and for the first time appreciated for its priceless worth. But the appealing Mother's face was suddenly declared contra-revolutionary, and the exhibition was closed as a menace to proletarian ideals. Our Lady of Vladimir was feared as a propagandist for religion, a tool of the upper classes to cow the workers.

Helen and I refused to leave Moscow without seeing this picture. We pleaded and cajoled at the Historical Museum, but were always put off. Finally Helen produced her membership card from the Metropolitan Museum, calling it a Union card in a proletarian land, and this, plus the intervention of the great art historian, Annisimov, who accompanied us, gained us access to inner shrines.

On the top floor of the museum are two spacious galleries in hideous disorder, in which are hung, crated, or stored most of the religious art of Russia—*the* art of Russia, for most later work is negligible in comparison. In the cases of one room alone are six thousand ikons. In the farthest room hang pictures of the third century and on, which are famous in all histories of art, and among these is the Vladimir Virgin herself. The Soviets are right. The picture casts a spell. We looked at it without speaking for half an hour and then tiptoed away. One is stricken to silence in its presence.

A few days later we penetrated this sanctuary again and were told that we were absolutely the last people to get in. The next day the department was to be sealed up for an indefinite period of time. The Government could not occupy itself with ikons in this day of progress. I gave a piece of my mind, in French, to one of the young sub-directors. Thinking I did not understand Russian, he commented in real surprise to a companion,

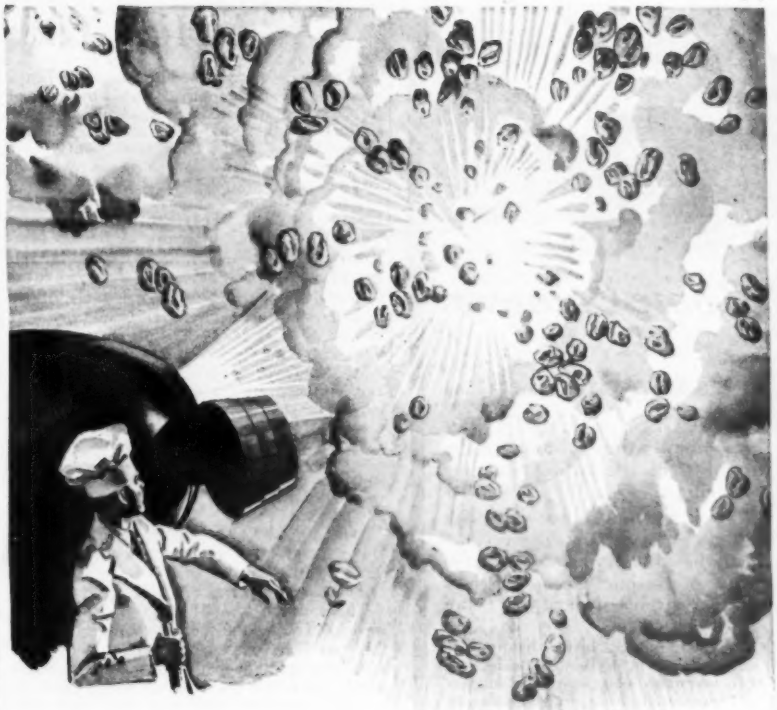
"She thinks the ikons are the greatest art in Russia. Isn't that strange?"

WITH all these thoughts going through our minds, Helen and I had been standing in our felt *Valenki* (boots), watching the sun rise and the blue shadows shorten at Vladimir. We tramped around the Cathedral, sinking above our knees sometimes in the drifting snow, but warming up with the effort.

The grizzly old caretaker, who lived in a hole like a woodchuck under the cathedral, directed us to the town museum, where we must get permission to see the church. We found the director, Comrade Selezniov, who was most generous with his time in showing us about. We made quick work of the rooms containing our pet anathemas—arrowheads and armor—and were greatly impressed by the gorgeous collection of ecclesiastical brocades, vessels, and paintings. There was Rublev's fifteenth-century copy of the Vladimir Virgin. When the original was taken to Moscow, he was commissioned to make its duplicate.

The museum director was reluctant to show this room because of disorder, he said, but we found the disorder most entrancing. The floor was piled with glittering brocades, purple and gold, green and silver—an Arabian Nights orgy. There were luxurious crimson velvets and strips of petit-point, all of them of an obviously ecclesiastical nature. The covetousness of the bourgeois mind immediately took possession of us. What were these dazzling robes and where had they come from? The kindly *Tovarishich* (comrade) explained that they were the church properties, altar cloths and vestments, nationalized by the Government when the churches and monasteries were closed.

These robes were to be looked over and some of them sold to theatrical companies. I told the director that I was also an *Artistka*, and I should like to buy one or two costumes. He



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A High Time in Red Russia

was willing, so we pawed the treasure heaps avariciously. There were some old brocades of softened and mellowed colors, with eighteenth-century designs; some were modern, of silver or gold thread from the looms of twenty years ago, devoted exclusively to the weaving of vestments. A church procession on a holiday before the Revolution must have been an extraordinary sight. They are now forbidden.

We unfolded pile after pile of *diakons* (deacons), and *svescheniki* (priests), and the air reeked with must and incense. Some were torn and stained with candle drippings; others looked as if they had never been worn. It seemed as though the whole province of Vladimir had been unfrocked before our eyes. I laid aside about twelve which I thought I could not live without, but gradually reduced the number. The customary bargaining began. One great deacon's robe of gold thread, which weighed at least fifteen pounds, I was told had cost about three hundred and fifty dollars to make. But now it went for a song. I asked where the priests who were left got vestments nowadays.

"Oh, they buy them back again from the Government," the director nonchalantly admitted.

That seemed to us a bit thick.

There was a paper shortage in Russia that week, and we should have to wander through the streets and travel back to Moscow laden with unwrapped golden vestments. Helen was afraid the simple church-goers would say,

"First came the Bolsheviks, then the Americans."

We overcame our consciences, but left our purchases with the comrade director until just before leaving town.

WE BUNDLED ourselves up to visit the churches. I have no skill to describe the cold of an unheated Russian church in winter. Even in those where a service is being held, two sweaters, two fur coats, a fur hat, three pairs of woolen stockings, boots and rubbers, and a muffler will not keep the cold from creeping up through the floor and chilling your very marrow.

Comrade Selezniov led the way to the Dmitri Cathedral standing near the Ouspensky. It is much smaller than the latter and simply irresistible. Each façade has three exquisitely beveled Roman arches reaching to the roof and supported by delicate Corinthian columns. There is a narrow window in each. The upper half of this façade is entirely covered with little animals and flowers in sculptured relief. They are crowded together in rows surrounding the window slits—perky griffons with flashing tails, the *zhar ptitsa*, or fire-bird, of Russian folk-lore, Scythian lions with threatening tongues, twisted necks, and tails ending in a daisy, a row of squatty angels on horseback—plaques of bulgy-eyed saints in with the griffons, and rows of oak leaves for design. The detail was so primitive that we jumped and squealed with the glee of ten-year-olds, and the whole was so stirringly beautiful in its dead white silence, that the frozen tears on my cheeks were not entirely those of cold. I never realized before seeing the twelfth-century churches of Novgorod and Vladimir-Suzdal that I could be so sensitive to architectural design.

We crossed the court to the Ouspensky Cathedral, and I asked the director what time there would be a service. It is beautiful to hear the Slavonic chanting in these historic spots. But he answered:

"This isn't a church any more. It is an anti-religious museum."

I was surprised but interested.

"We have a fine exhibit." He warmed up with enthusiasm. "The *Bezbozhnik* (Atheist) society is very strong here. We have closed every church in Vladimir but two, and we hope to close them by Easter. It will be hard work, but it will be a triumph."

I thought of the Society of Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries in Moscow and the secretary who told me:

"Russia and America have so much in common. They both have absolute religious freedom."

In the same office one day I met an American woman "gone Bolshie" and living in Moscow, her original birthplace. I asked her,

"Is it true that a Russian schoolteacher is fired for being seen in a church?"

"Yes," she said, "but in America she is fired for not being seen in it."

Our nice Comrade Director struggled with the mammoth lock on the portal. We kicked away the snow piled up at the entrance, and the door finally gave. It didn't seem as if either the Rublev frescoes or the anti-religious exhibit had done much business this winter. A sort of numb apathy seems to have settled on the general mass of Russian people. On top are a limited number of Communists shouting their theories and in absolute control of every method of spreading them. Underneath are a limited number of wretched creatures belonging formerly to bourgeois or aristocratic families, who are barely allowed to scrape together an existence, if they are at liberty at all. In between is the great mass of Russians, oppressed by the Tsars in the name of the Lord, and oppressed by the Bolsheviki in the name of liberty. Pavlov, their greatest scientist, an eighty-year-old seer who honored America with a visit and who is reputed to be the only Soviet citizen who dares to speak his mind, has said,

"The Russians have a reflex of slavery."

The cold inside the church splintered our bones. Here the Rublev fragments were barely more visible than in the other church. We made a few acid remarks, but nothing could be done. It was just one of those things. However, with the cooperation of the *Tovarishtch* and the caretaker, who found a wobbly stepladder and was generous with matches, we managed to see something of their beauties.

The whole church was magnificent with its dingy frescoes of a later period. The Byzantine form remained with its narrow arches of stupendous height reaching up to the five cupolas. And from each cupola stared down the black, haunted eyes of the faces of Christ or the Virgin, perhaps ten feet in diameter—painted in an era of faith, and wondering at this era of skepticism. The altar was marred by a ghastly baroque *ikonostas*, or altar screen—the gift of Catherine the Great, I believe. Isn't it remarkable what people all over the world were able to think of in that period?

I ASKED to see the grave of the wife of Alexander Nevsky, one of the most venerated of Russian-Saint-Princes. His body was removed to the Nevsky lavra monastery in Petrograd many years before, but the graves of his wife and daughter were supposed to be at Vladimir.

"They are in the anti-religious museum," the director said, and he led us back through icy corridors to a chapel near the entrance.

Here he was in his element. On the walls were hung gross caricatures of Christ leading the workers over a precipice, Christ and the Virgin as profiteers, and many others. They were artistically engaging as poster designs, but the subject matter was most repellent. Good taste is a bourgeois quality not fostered by the Bolsheviki.

The director asked us if we belonged to a church in America. We admitted that we had never been christened or confirmed.

"Then be warned in time," he said, and showed us a big poster of a minister as a marionette being tweaked by strings controlled by Lloyd George, Coolidge, Ford, and Rockefeller.

The text said to beware of the insidious teachings of these preachers who would try to draw one away from the Orthodox church and then would plunge one in a still deeper abyss.

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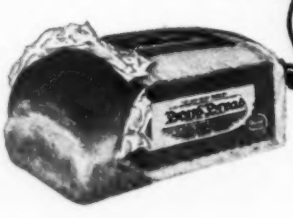

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The *home-like* loaf

A High Time in Red Russia

we were told in fatherly tones. "Protect yourselves from it!"

We came out into the glaring snow, and the thirty-below-zero air seemed warm after that inside. Once more my eye caught the shimmering outlines of the Dmitri Church.

"You're an archaeologist, Comrade Director," I said. "And you know that such beauty can be created only in an age of Faith. Yet you can remain so hostile."

"Religion is the tool of the capitalists to subjugate the workers and make them think of the next world and forget the misery of this," he quoted from Marx. "And anyhow my subject is arrowheads!"

Helen and I shuddered and took refuge in a tea station.

We had a rousing lunch of dubious meat balls and a three-inch slice of black bread each. It is remarkable what you can eat in Russia if you just get cold enough. Coming out into the street we saw a group of boys with empty wood sleds driving toward the station.

"*Mozhno.*" (May I?) I shouted, falling into the back of the sleigh.

"*Mozhno.*" (You may) he answered and cracked his whip.

Helen fell into another, and they proceeded to gallop furiously down the long hill. There was a mad race. Helen rolled neatly off her sled at the station, and I about two hundred feet beyond. We picked ourselves up, waved goodby to our benefactors, and brushed off the snow. We caught the local train which just pulled in, and after twenty minutes ride descended at Bogoliubov.

BOGOLIUBOV was the country-seat of old Prince Andrei. His palace and church are still there, and also his famous Ikon, the Virgin of Bogoliubov. This is the picture he ordered painted of the Virgin's apparition to him in this little town, when he was bearing the Vladimir Ikon to Suzdal.

According to the chronicles the horses stopped dead at Bogoliubov. The gruff old prince was angered and tried to force them, but they would not budge a step further. Suddenly in the night the Virgin appeared and told the awe-struck prince that it was her will that her picture should be at Vladimir and that he should make his capital there. Two hundred years of Russian history were changed by those horses and that vision.

On arriving we tried to buy a leather belt in the village cooperative store, but the storekeeper did not know how to sell it when we had no workers' cards, so we could not carry off our purchase. As per custom we made a beeline for the biggest set of golden domes and tried to find some one who knew where the palace tower was. It was a race against time and daylight. Everybody pointed out the tower, but no one knew where the key was. We finally pounded on a door at random. Those Russian doors are very inhospitable-looking in winter. A wistful little old woman, clutching a shawl about her head, appeared at the inner crack. We told her our wish, and she begged us to come in. She was curious. Had never seen a foreigner before. Begged us to sit down and get warm and let her set the samovar. We were frozen blue, and it was tempting, but daylight was on the wane. We promised to return if we could, after dark.

She directed us to a leather shop in the monastery where the young caretaker was working, and he unchained the tower door for us. Beside the entrance was a well with a big Russian "four-poster" over it, painted bottle blue, orange, and vermillion. A "four-poster" is our name for those porte-cochères with bulgy columns so common in Russia. A white-washed spiral staircase wound up to the prince's chambers. They were small but dazzlingly frescoed on a bright blue background with saints drooping in one direction or another like lilies.

At the monastery entrance was the usual towering belfry with its rows of graduated bells from six feet to six inches in diameter. On the ground in front of it lay one of the monster bells, shattered.

"*Kak Zhal! Kak Zhal!*" (What a shame!), Helen and I both remarked, on seeing it. "How did it happen?"

"I did it," answered the boy proudly. "We don't need them any more. No one wants to hear them but the old women. We are going to throw all the rest down tomorrow. Will you be here? All the young communists are coming for the celebration!"

We protested vigorously, but roused nothing but scorn from him.

Leaving the monastery, we walked around the narrow sledge road to the church where the Ikon was. The priest's son showed us through. He was a thin, pallid boy of fourteen or so and looked a bit hunted. I asked him if he expected to become a priest, too. He didn't know, would like to, but doubted whether they would allow priests at all when he was grown up. Because of his father's profession he couldn't go to school, and the children wouldn't let him be a "pioneer" (children's patriotic organization corresponding to the Boy Scouts).

The church was disappointing. It had a beautiful gate, but ghastly modern decorations inside—as tawdry as the modern Italian churches. And the Ikon of Prince Andrei was hidden by a metal *oklad* leaving only face and hands visible. These metal coverings placed over the Ikons for their preservation and glorification are the bane of a sight-seer's existence in Russia.

THE sun was setting, leaving the countryside streaked with red and lavender. We had still to see the *Pokrov Bogoroditsa*—the Church of the Intercession of the Virgin. It was about three miles away, on a lonely river. We hailed a little boy who was passing in the basket of a rickety old sledge.

"I'll give you two rubles if you will take us to the little church on the River Nerli."

"All right," he agreed lackadaisically.

We fell in the back of the basket, shuffling about until we had made a nest among the rags and hay.

We had gone up and down hill about halfway when our chariot stopped.

"I don't want to go any farther," said the little boy, looking off in the distance at the church sinking in the shadows with just a faint touch of reflected pink. "I don't know the road, and I'm afraid of the dark."

"Are you cold?" I asked.

We were frozen ourselves. A biting wind had set in at sunset, and my fur coat seemed flimsy protection.

"No, I'm not cold, but *mnye nye khochetsya* (It does not please me to go)."

He used an arrogant Russian idiom with his chin high.

There was nothing to be done. No cajoling or offers of more money would change his mind. But we were determined to see the church. He left us standing in the middle of a bridge and turned back home.

An old peasant passed. "There is no road," he said. "You must walk as the bird flies."

So we turned off to the right and picked our way along the little river bank under a railway bridge.

It was practically dark by now, but the snow had an almost phosphorescent glow. We kept our eyes glued on our objective and trudged on. Sometimes the surface was frozen and we could trot, but occasionally the drifts almost reached up to our knees.

After clawing our way down one side of a steep cliff and up the other with the aid of some willow bushes we came at last to the church. Around it was a low white wall, into which were built the belfry and a crumbling, wooden dwelling. We sat huddled together on this wall and contemplated the white picture in front of us. It needed no light. It spread its own, and

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Why Play is the most important single factor in your child's life

Read what a famous American educator says on this all-important subject:

"PLAY is the essential part of a child's education," says Joseph Lee in his valuable book, *Play in Education* (printed by the Macmillan Company). "It is nature's prescribed course," he continues. "Withou' school, a child will not grow up to fit our institutions. Without play, he will not grow up at all."

This attitude on the part of our great educators and psychologists is responsible for the whole change in our methods of bringing up children.

We have learned that, to boys and girls, play is serious. It is their form of work. Watch any boy practicing on a football field or any girl playing basketball. Could *any* school or home tasks call forth the same ability and perseverance?

Since play is so necessary to children, take an interest in your young son's prowess on his baseball nine; in your daughter's Girl Scout achievements.

And be sure to see that they are properly equipped for play—with sweaters and shorts or bloomers and, above all, with the proper play shoes. For, in active sports and games, footwork is all-important in developing skill and poise.

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IN Keds, you have the perfect play shoe. They are designed and built like no other play shoes. They have light-weight porous tops, so active feet can breathe. They have arch and ankle supports and "Feltex" insoles. Many have extra reinforcements at toes and ankles. In fact, Keds give barefoot skill and freedom without barefoot risks of injury and infection.

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A High Time in Red Russia

our eyes were acclimated like a cat's. Even the single golden dome caught a faint radiance from somewhere. The style and decoration are similar to that of the Dmitri Cathedral, but the proportions are more beautiful. There wasn't another building for miles around.

It had a human quality. It seemed little, unprotected, deserted, young, and frail, though it had stood there since the year 1165. The wind whistled through the belfry and roared around the side of the church. We tingled with esthetic satisfaction, but were awed at the loneliness of the place. It was both magnificent and creepy.

There were portals on three sides, but the first two we tried were barred and bolted. The third iron door was hanging loose. We stood beside it and whispered before having the courage to drag it open. Suppose there were "Hooligani" (bandits), the great fear of the Russian peasants, inside! Well, take a chance!

We yanked, and the door gave. Some snow fell on us from above, and an icy draft stormed outward.

A black hole yawned in front of us. I was supremely confident that I would be murdered the next moment. We could see nothing. Snow was swirling down from the high window slips, and the one board we stepped on creaked and snapped in two. I shuddered and closed the portal hurriedly. I told myself how glad I was that I didn't believe in spooks. I caught Helen looking over her shoulder at every sound.

We went back and sat down on the wall and indulged in a few chilly day-dreams. What fun it would be to put it in order, restore the interior, give it an *Ikonostas* of all Rublev Ikons! We would repair the adjoining house and live there in summertime. It would be just another American concession in Russia.

I was slowly solidifying with cold. Snow had got in the open tops of my boots and was caked solid down to the ankles. I know now how ice-cream feels in the freezer. We pulled ourselves away, and the little church pulled us back. Its windy voice begged not to be left alone again. But we had to go—down the cliff, hand over hand, bush by bush, up the other side, always stopping and looking back. I waved a farewell once. Never has cold limestone come so near to speaking.

WE FOUGHT our way against the wind over the snowy fields and reached the main road in about an hour. In the same time again we wearily approached the town. A little band of marching soldiers passed. One is eternally conscious of the military in Russia. I wondered why they were marching thus at midnight. I looked at my wrist-watch. It was only six-thirty.

In Moscow, later, just before leaving for home, I met a famous Russian scholar and archaeologist. I asked him what he considered the most beautiful church in Russia.

"The most beautiful church in Russia is hidden away on a distant plain, far from the prying eyes of tourists. It is on the River Nerli in the Province of Vladimir, and is called *Pokrov Bogoroditsa*."

Helen and I smiled knowingly at each other.

"That, sir, is our American concession," we said.

(*To be continued*)

In the next instalment the Misses Hooker crash the gates of a young Communists' Fancy Dress Ball—and become involved in a political debate. Then they drive over frozen plains in an open sleigh to the small provincial town of Suzdal where Adelaide fell ill with influenza and could get only casual medical care. And into her sick-room one day came an officer and two privates from the Tcheka, or G. P. U., the Soviet secret intelligence service. In the local prison, which Helen had been sketching, are incarcerated the remaining members of the old royalist Duma.

Chua Kidogo

(*Continued from page 67*)

him up one day and carried him into the house. I placed him on my lap and petted his silky fur. I talked to him. He enjoyed this attention immensely.

From that time on Chua became a highly entertaining member of the household. He made a thorough investigation of every corner and cranny in the place. He rubbed his back against Martin's legs. A moth found its way inside the house, and Chua caught it in his clever claws. While I was busy in the kitchen, he continually got in my way, for all the world like a kitten back home in America.

Chua had a great time with the black boys. The boys fixed up a ball of feathers and tied it on the end of a stick. They would shake it at the genet cat, and he would go after it. Chua could leap twice his length into the air, and he was a picture of grace and action when at play.

Genet cats soon became a nuisance, and Martin built a box trap to catch them. This trap was simply a box with a door that would fall closed when a cat went inside after meat that was baited to a string. When we first built the trap, we had no idea how we were to dispose of the animals once we caught them, for of course we did not wish to keep them. Neither could we kill the pretty little nuisances. But they solved the problem for us, for whenever we caught one during the night, we would notice next morning that its nose was sore from rubbing along the box in its effort to get free, so we would turn it lóose. We felt their sore noses would teach them the lesson to keep away from us, and so it proved, for we never caught a genet cat with a sore nose, proving that they never came back again.

But the usefulness of the trap soon gave out, for Chua Kidogo discovered where he could get fresh meat each night, and after a while we would awaken each morning to find Chua curled up asleep inside the box, full of meat, purring and happy. He never rubbed his nose sore, for he knew we would let him out in the morning. After Martin had caught Chua in the box each morning for about a week, he gave up the trap and stopped trying to catch Chua's wild brothers, for Chua always beat his pals to it.

THIS little African kitten developed into a persistent beggar. He would stroll into the dining-room while Martin and I were eating, and watch us. If we did not notice him right away, he would make a "yeoawing" noise and look at us with a grave and injured expression.

Then we would give him a piece of meat or call one of the boys to bring in a pan of milk. Chua would dispose of it and become contented. But he was a vain little creature. He would curl up on his back and fight an imaginary enemy. Then he would get on his feet and jump into the air after a fly. All the time he watched us slyly to see whether we were noticing him. If he felt that our interest lagged, he would rub his sides on our legs and insist on attention.

In the forest around Lake Paradise were eight or nine deep, rocky waterholes. Wide trails led to them from the lake, through the most beautiful forests in the world.

Martin and I went to these waterholes at every opportunity, for not only were the walks delightful, but we were always sure of adventure with wild game.

One day, with a dozen boys carrying our cameras, we came to a clearing with one small dead tree in the center. We had to pass close to it. Most of the safari had already passed, and I was directly under the tree, when I heard a whining, frightened noise. I looked up, and there at the very top was a beautiful genet cat, perched at the highest branch and looking frightened and miserable. The poor fellow was afraid to get down, and there were no other trees close enough for him to jump away into the forest.

The boys all came running up, and one of

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Chua Kidogo

them started to shake the tree, whereupon the little cat cried most pitifully. I made the boy stop and then drew every one away. The little genet cat then came down like a streak of lightning, and with three big bounds he was lost in the woods. I'll bet he was never so frightened before.

Chua grew rapidly into a graceful, sturdy cat. When darkness fell the call of the wild was strong upon him. One evening, just before darkness smothered the last glimmer of daylight, I saw Chua slinking away toward the forest. It was the mating season, and the breath of the woodland had whispered the age-old call of love. From that time on, he was away from the house each night, returning in the early hours of the morning to sleep and drowse through most of the day.

One morning I found the little fellow drooping at the side of my bed. There was a nasty scar across the top of his head, made, probably, by a rival in the night. Dear little Chua seemed ill and exhausted. I took him in my arms and ran my fingers gently over the fur bordering his wound. I talked to him with sympathy.

I called one of the boys and had him bring a pan of milk. Chua seemed to have no appetite, but took a few laps of the food as though to let me know that he was grateful. I folded a blanket in a corner and placed him on it. Chua curled up into a little furry ball and went to sleep.

I GAVE the genet cat little attention that day because of a frightful experience that gave me a dreadful chill. It occurred at the improvised meat cellar which I had had the black boys build out of a gasoline tin back of our house.

The boys made a square container of the tin and arranged a hinged door for it. They covered it with earth so that only the door could be reached. I thought this was a real invention and that it would protect our food from the prowling thieves of the night.

On this particular morning I opened the door and started to place my hand in the box. I heard a slight noise and withdrew my hand. Inside was a cobra, coiled and ready to strike. I am deathly afraid of snakes. Perhaps it is because they are such silent, sneaking, slimy things. I would much prefer to meet an elephant or a lion any day than a snake.

For a second this coiled reptile took all of the life out of me. I trembled with fright and then relieved my nervous tension with a scream. The boys ran to me and killed the snake, but I felt jumpy and nervous the rest of the day.

After the evening meal I sat in my room reading a magazine. I was tired and began to doze a bit when suddenly something struck me in the chest. I was sure that it was a snake fallen from the ceiling and jumped to my feet, yelling as loud as I could. Martin ran to me, and we looked all over the room, but saw no trace of a snake. Chua sat in a corner, watching us with calm, solemn eyes.

I thought perhaps it was just a dream and felt ashamed of my alarm. Then I returned to my reading, determined to get my thoughts away from the cobra in the cellar.

I was wide awake when something fell on me again. It was Chua. The little genet cat had recovered from his rough treatment in the forest and apparently thought he had devised a delightful game. I pushed him away from me and gave him a severe scolding.

Chua sat on the floor gazing at me. His long tail was curled about his feet. His eyes were wide and questioning. The little ears stood erect on his head. He was the picture of attention.

Chua had beautiful eyes. They were of a brownish color with slot-like pupils and seemed to express all the wisdom of the ages. As that little cat watched me through my tantrum I felt that he was studying me with a feeling of patient and tolerant contempt for my weakness.

One night I was awakened by a loud grunt and then a yell from Martin. Chua had dropped from the highest rafter in our hut, directly on Martin's stomach. Martin was so angry that he jumped out of bed and chased the mischievous little cat out of the house, but before morning Chua did his drop again, and this time Martin swore he would shoot the little rascal next morning, but of course I knew he would not, as he was very fond of Chua. But he got a blanket and tied it by the four corners above his bed, so that afterward, when Chua jumped, he landed in the blanket instead of on Martin.

It was Chua that made me realize what perfect hunting beasts and killers the cats are. This spotted little prowler was as patient as old age. His muscles were perfect, strong, quick, and tireless. His jaws were small, but powerful, the teeth sharp and strong.

Chua's paws were soft as velvet, but the ends of his toes concealed sharp, ripping claws that darted from their scabbards at will. Even his whiskers were assets for night hunting. They helped him to slink along silently through the night. A cobweb brushing against one of those innocent whiskers would stop his progress and warn him against carelessness. And his eyes were attuned to the night with pupils that dilated widely and permitted him to see in the dark as clearly as in the light of day.

CHUA resumed his nightly wanderings before the wound on his head had healed. He did not forget his jumping game, however, and in the early hours of the morning he would climb to the ceiling and leap upon my chest. The more I scolded him, the better he seemed to like this trick, and he would keep it up until I got out of bed and chased him from the house.

The little genet cat took possession of our house at Lake Paradise. So much so, in fact, that he became a nuisance. One night I was aroused by a scuffling noise in our kitchen. I went out to see what it was all about and found four genet cats stealing some meat I had prepared for the morrow. My flashlight scared them away.

I have no proof that Chua was one of them, but I am convinced that he was there and had invited some of his friends in to share of the Johnsons' bounty.

A few mornings later I caught Chua redpawed in an act of thievery. I was aroused by the frightened cackling of a hen and went to the chicken coop which we guarded so carefully. And there was Chua. He had chased the hen from her nest and was eating an egg she had laid. I was angry clear through. I scolded the little genet cat and slapped him.

A few nights later he went into the forest and never came back again. I have always felt that disaster overtook him in the dangerous dark of the woodland.

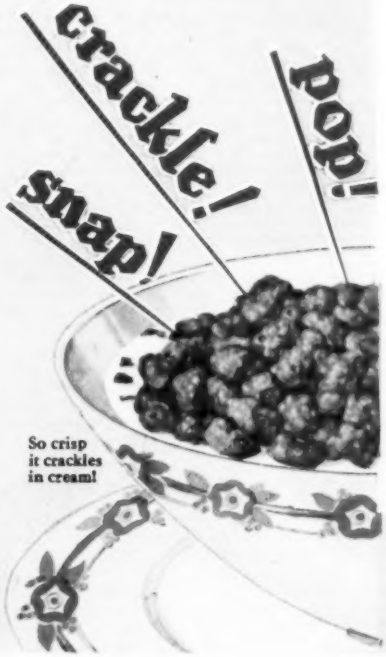
A few weeks later Martin and I were far from our Lake Paradise seeking animal pictures. We had our black boys build a house for us in a tree overlooking a waterhole. It was made of grass and leaves covering sticks tied together with cowhide. A rope ladder gave us access to it.

I slept little the first night in our tree house. Sounds of death, destruction, and terror of the savage country drifted upon me. I was restless. While lying there unable to relax my nerves, I felt a pair of eyes focused upon me. They made me nervous.

I nudged Martin to awaken him. Then I turned on my flashlight. The rays of it fell upon a genet cat which crouched on a tree limb watching us. The light frightened the animal away.

For a minute I thought that it was little Chua returned to us from the mysterious dark. But this could not be. We were miles from Lake Paradise, and I am sure that Chua's nine lives were ended long before we left the friendly forest.

"Mother, listen! It talks out loud!"



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The Little Queen

(*Continued from page 48*)

knightly deeds that I had thought I might expect understanding from you that I can not have from all," and this so much moved Sir John that he stood a moment speechless while the King commanded the book to be taken to his oratory, for now he knew him a broken-hearted man deprived of all earthly comfort.

But the Embassage went to France in all pomp and when the marriage was agreed, demanded of the King of France to see their new liege lady, whom King Richard had himself never seen, and he answered, laughing:

"No, no, my lords! Who can say how such a baby may behave when she is brought to meet strange noblemen? She may shame us all. Wait awhile!"

But still the English insisted that they must see their Queen, and on a given day they were taken to the Queen of France's palace, and there they stood in a great room hung with arras in splendid pictures. And presently they heard a child's clear voice outside crying aloud:

"But where are the gentlemen? Where are they?" and the curtains parted, and a French duchess in a magnificent steeple-high headdress of lawn with a clear veil floating from it like a cloud from a mountain led in a child by the hand.

They leaned forward to see.

The child was dressed like a full-grown lady in a stiff bodice of cherry velvet and a long train of cherry and gold brocade and rosetted shoes with heels on her feet and a little crown on her head like a doll stiff with pride and magnificence. Not one of them looked at that but only at the beautiful little face and the flow of dark curls under her crownlet of gold and the clear darkness of her amazed eyes as she lifted them to the group of men towering so far above her. A child so lovely that there was not one of the English lords who would not gladly have lifted her in his arms and kissed her on the white-rose cheek had she been other than his queen—and too great to be touched.

Presently she looked up at her duchess, turning her head sharply.

"Should they not kneel, madame?"

And immediately the Earl Marshal dropped on his knee saying, "Madame, if it please God you shall be our lady and queen!"

And giving her hand to be kissed the child immediately replied unprompted: "Sir, if it please God I shall be well pleased indeed to be your queen and lady for they tell me that if so I shall then be a very great lady. Please you to rise!"

She took him by the hand and then led him to the Queen her mother.

"And," says Froissart, "the appearance and manners of this young princess were very agreeable to the English ambassadors and they thought among themselves that she would be a lady of high honor and worth. And she was from that time styled the Queen of England and I was at the time told it was pretty to see her, young as she was, practicing how to act the Queen."

VERY shortly afterward Richard the King came to fetch his little bride, and the King of France received him with high honor, saying merrily,

"We wish our daughter were older for then she would love our son of England much more heartily."

But Richard answered: "My father-in-law, the age of my wife pleases me very well. Only I desire very greatly to see her."

It was a strange meeting. The King, tall and beautiful and pure-faced in his rich dress as Sir Galahad in the story of King Arthur, stood with his lords behind him waiting for the little bride. She entered, her father leading her by the hand, dark curls flowing to her waist, magnificently arrayed (for history has preserved that magnificence) in a dress of crimson velvet embossed with birds of pure gold worked by goldsmiths perched upon branches of pearls and emeralds worked by jewelers. Sad splendor for a child, thought Richard, as she stumbled toward him over its trailing folds, pale with terror and excitement, gazing at him as at her doom—a child who should have sat at a mother's knee hearing fairy-tales and holding a doll clasped to her breast.

Standing before him, clinging to her father's hand, she spoke in a hard little voice like a parrot that speaks his lesson well.

"Sir, you are my husband and I your humble wife. I love you well. I beseech you love me."

And even as he stooped low to kiss her hand, beginning, "Madame, I—" as formality demanded, her terror unqueened the mite, and she burst into wild sobs and cries turning and clung to her father as if death were to part them, and in her struggle a doll fell from her sleeve—her sole comfort among all these men.

IT PIERCED his heart. He threw himself on his knees beside her and picked it up. Was he not brutal to have stolen this baby to be the barrier of his fidelity? Yet now it could not be undone.

"My child—come to me. I love you!" he said in a voice unlike his own, holding the doll to her, and knelt, repeating—"Come to me," while all listened amazed and moved with a common emotion. He touched her cheek gently with the *poupée's* head, and feeling it she turned, the tears raining from her eyes, and saw who held it.

At first she shrank, but how leave her treasure in captivity alone? He saw her debating that point in her innocent heart and gently retired it, stretching his other hand to her, her father looking down with a smile all fatherly. With a child's fine instinct she knew the voice was trustworthy—the eyes did not lie to her. Still clinging to her father's hand she adventured two steps forward, looking wistfully first at her doll and then at Richard. He wooed her confidence as one woos a bird with delicate crumb set beyond crumb and smiling silence. And all the Court was dumb—a child's fear awed them, and a mother or two dried tears that started in their eyes.

Presently she dropped her father's hand and made a step alone to the beautiful, kindly young stranger who shone upon her like a crowned St. Michael in the painted panes at Mass. He himself waited breathless—it seemed to him in that moment that all turned upon a child's gesture. Something within him pleaded to Heaven. It answered, and in a moment she walked timidly into his embrace and clasped her treasure once more in her own.

He rose to his full height, lifting her proudly above his shoulder.

"My lords, the Queen!" he said, then laid the silken cheek to his own, kissing it as a young father might kiss his child's.

Relieved, all the noble men and women cheered and applauded, and now she clung to him for comfort and so doing brought to himself the first comfort he had known since death had taken his Anne.

How he guarded her, committing her to the great ladies he had brought from England to receive the precious charge, the duchesses of Ireland, York, Gloucester, and Lancaster! Next day they were to depart for Calais, his own territory in France, where the wedding would be held. But strict command was laid upon them one and all that if the Queen were proud or disobedient none was to chide her, none to correct her but the King.

For suddenly and strangely a whole changed plan of life had opened before the man in which this child should be the apple of his eye, the heart of his heart, his to train into all noble ways suitable to her greatness and beauty and the love she had already inspired in him. It blew through him on a wind of spring charged with hope, and it seemed to him that she responded in some way far beyond a common

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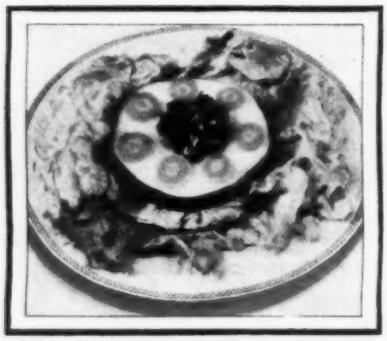
Dressing with a *Dashing, Brilliant Flavor* *makes any salad more enticing!*

SOUR CREAM SALAD DRESSING

1 cup sour cream; 2¾ tablespoons vinegar (or lemon juice); 1 teaspoon sugar; 1 teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon paprika; 1 level teaspoon Colman's Mustard: Mix dry ingredients with vinegar or lemon juice; allow to dissolve, then gradually stir into the heavy sour cream.



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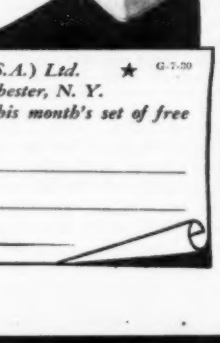
Cut red apple into thin slices, removing core from each slice. Arrange very thin round slices of raw carrots on top. Heap minced dates and nuts in center. Serve with Sour Cream Dressing.

Arrange circle of green peas around cauliflower, and chopped beets around peas. Sour Cream Dressing is particularly delicious with this salad.

By appointment to His Majesty The King



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The Little Queen

childish liking, for she would be with him always, eluding all guard that she might run to him and sit clasping his hand or throned upon his knee, her head upon his shoulder. And so he brought her to Calais, riding beside him or borne in a litter, and they were married in full church and the ring that made them one set upon her finger. And he brought her instantly onward to London, all England seething with curiosity and sympathy to see their little Queen.

He took his treasure to the Tower of London, riding beside him on a led horse gloriously saddled, and all the way the King kept his own hand also on the gemmed bridle. She looked about her with innocent delight—a lovely pageant indeed in his dear presence—he pointed to this and that splendor until she let the bridle fall to clap her hands for joy, and more people cried "God bless the child!" than "God bless the Queen!"

Richard smiled in hearing that tender greeting. It tuned with his own heart. But he was, none the less, prouder of his Queen's beauty than any English King since the beginning, and the royal child wore her noblest dress, blue velvet embossed with pearl roses (the record exists), faced downward the sides with ermine, and a cape and hood of ermine framing her little pale face now warming into roses in the December frosts. The populace talked of the vast treasures she had brought with her—jewels to pave London, chamber-hangings of red and white satin embroidered with shepherdesses and their flocks and gay vintage and harvest scenes—but the King thought not of the treasures but of a happy Christmas by the great fires roaring up the chimneys at Windsor and a child's delight in his store of hidden gifts.

SO THEY rode to Windsor, and by Thames she rode and walked with him, a gallant child full of breeding and courage and love to all the world. Naturally she won all hearts, but his most utterly. At Windsor they were never apart but when they led her reluctant at night to the great chamber where two maids slept beside the stately bed in which she dreamed her child's dreams of him. She called him Richard; and to hear him sing to his lute, to learn skill from him at archery, to gallop beside him with flying curls through the long glades was joy as great as to sit beside him in the Council Chamber, nursing her doll, bidding it listen faithfully to the King, and putting its head above the table to gaze at him while he spoke and bow like a loyal subject in reverence at the end.

"But *I* am no subject," said the little Queen. "I am your wife, Richard, and we are one flesh—I have heard the Bishop say it. You could not marry another wife even if you hated me. Could you?"

"Not I!" answered the King gravely. "You have me chained and fettered for life. Be merciful to your prisoner."

"Dear Heart—Sweet Heart!" she said and drew his head down lovingly upon her little narrow breast, that she might stroke his hair. "If you knew how I love you—I have forgetten France. Tell me another story of your Anne."

For, amazingly to himself, that name of all most sacred which no man had heard him utter since they laid her to sleep in Westminster—came easily to his lips with the child. It began in his desire that she should tread in the path marked out by his beloved's soon-wearied feet, and the child Isabel listened and loved the tales of her pride and courage and frank generosity becoming to the daughter of an Emperor. After that he steered her into obedience and reason always with the name of Anne and loved them both the more. For no one else had any mastery with her but himself and the dead Queen.

The wrench came for both when he must ride abroad from Windsor and about his kingdom and leave her with her ladies. She drooped the moment the castle gates closed behind him. Sweet and tender-hearted to all—yes; but

opening her secret heart to none. He took her spring and sparkle with him. But go he must and often, for the Duke of Gloucester was stirring up trouble everywhere, and Henry of Lancaster had a glittering and covetous eye on the main chance of succession to the throne of a childless King and a very good will to hasten the day of succession before an heir should come. King Richard had hurt himself by his faithfulness to his Anne's memory. A stout brace of boys would have done him more good in England than the Little Queen.

For one thing the people could not see her, for she was hoarded like a treasure in Windsor. She was too small and fragile to be handed about and wearied with great pageants. Stories of her courage and goodness ran about the kingdom, but few saw her, and it was the interest of the King's enemies to represent that pure romance as a folly repented of too late. He had bought his delight—for delight she was—at the price of his kingdom and more.

It had come to seem to him that she only was faithful to him and knew his heart and that outside her there was no pleasure. Therefore it was bitter hard when he must lead an army into Ireland to quell the bloody raids upon the English fermented there by Henry of Lancaster, that in King Richard's absence he might treacherously snatch at England. Of this treachery Richard knew nothing, and yet dark shadows hung about his soul before he went. To Isabel he said:

"Darling Heart, I must go far, but before I go the people must see you, and I shall make a great tournament at Windsor, and you shall give the prizes to the knights that it may go through England that my Queen is a queen indeed."

NEVER was a more splendid tournament than the Little Queen's. Forty knights and forty squires wore her colors—a young green like earliest spring, and she herself wore it and a band of gold about her curls with points of green jewels, and on her throne was perched her tame white falcon with a gold collar and chain ringed about her finger, and every knight and squire had her white falcon embroidered on his breast. And there men maintained the beauty of the Virgin Queen of England against all comers, and they won the day. She gave the rich prizes for valor, carrying herself with a child's courage and majesty that won all hearts.

After that noise and pomp was still, came their parting—a sorrowful day alike to man and child. Together, walking hand in hand, they attended Mass in the noble church of Windsor, and there through rolling music and celestial pealing of the boys' voices she sat on her queenly seat beside him where the golden banners charged with the Lions of England and Fleurs de Lys of France hung above them. She put out a small hand and clutched his. He held it strongly, knowing in every heart-fiber how the lovely helplessness of youth was stronger than all the wisdom of the ages to lift him from despair. She had completed and fulfilled his passion for his Anne, and if he looked to heaven for the one, the little Isabel filled his earth—they two alone and to each other all in all.

When the music was still gloriously storming the arches, he rose and led her to the great door, her ladies trooping after, for there they must part. Those who watched have recorded the scene, for it seemed strange to them that to a man still young and beautiful a child should mean all womanhood. A cup of wine was brought; the stirrup cup, as they called the farewell pledge before foot of knight was set in stirrup. He made her touch her lips to it before he drank. Then, clasping her close in his arms, he lifted her to his breast and kissed her again and again, she weeping. His face was wet with her tears, and still he kissed the child. At last he set her down and kissed the Queen's hands, saying,

"Adieu, Madame, adieu until we meet happily again."

He mounted, and breaking from her ladies,

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The Little Queen

she ran to him and pressed herself against his foot and the great horse's side.

"Take me, sweet Richard. Oh, take me, I beseech you!"

He stooped and swung her to his saddle-bow and for a moment they thought he would obey her. But a man does not peril what he loves best on earth, and he set her down, his face twitching with pain, saying simply,

"I give you to God, Madame," and so rode slowly away, and dared not look back.

She called him always "My sweet Richard," and a year or two later could write him letters in his absence, always beginning thus. Shakespeare has preserved these words of hers in the play that commemorates his sorrow. The King never saw those words but he kissed them. It is the truth that as the sensitive soul in him —a man all nerves and full of Quixotic resolves and impulses—receded from men and women, it drew nearer to the warmth and radiance of this child's mild planet, and hope sprang in him, if not for himself, at least for her.

"My little Love, my Lady," he wrote in answer, signing himself always "Your sweet Richard," and did not tell her how life was darkening round him as more and more Henry of Lancaster thrust his pretensions forward and undermined all his power in England and Ireland. His own charm was not the charm of strength. His face beneath the crown royal is a Galahad's, but not a King's. The slender throat and upward slope of the jaw have a feminine beauty, and Henry Duke of Lancaster had the height and girth, the "lionous," bullet-headed, florid power of the most successful of the fierce Plantagenets. Still, not a finger would he have dared to move had Richard owned an heir, but England chorused Amen to his contention:

"Since the throne must one day be mine, why not now? I am the stronger man. Richard craves for peace. I am for war and plunder and wealth and fair women. I have a gallant son soon to be a fair knight. My blood is as good; the same right Plantagenet like his. I am the King for England."

A GREAT part of England agreed with him, and while Richard warred in Ireland to break the raids of the wild folk, Henry of Lancaster gathered in England a great army to fight him on his return. And between Henry of Lancaster and the Duke of Gloucester a plot was made (you may read this in Shakespeare) to make life-prisoners of Richard and the Little Queen.

Happy at Windsor, she knew nothing of the dark thunder-storm gathering over her King and all her hopes. Why should she? Now a girl of ten, they kept her hard at work with her tutors and the ladies who drilled her in all the queenly graces that must win hearts when she stepped upon the world's great stage. And she learned with a swiftness and docility unlike all their experience of childhood. Why? Because her "sweet Richard's" Queen must out-top all his hopes and be a bright banner to which the country must rally. So it had been with Anne. So it must be with Isabel.

But though there was no sadness in the letters the King wrote her, she had already learned the royal lesson of concealing her heart from all on the steps of the throne and was quick beyond her years to watch the women about her in smiling silence. They whispered much with heads together now, and she caught drifts of words which to her quick senses told her there was danger for her Richard. What, she could not yet tell. But listening afterward with senses unnaturally sharpened, she divined rather than knew that an army was waiting in England to attack him on his landing. She wrote to him instantly by a man in whom he had told her to put all her trust, and that was the first news that Richard had of the welcome preparing in England. For the man to whom it was committed risked his life not once but many times in the speed he made to get the Queen's letter to the King, and love lends wings where duty travels on plodding feet. Therefore it came in time, and but for it they had taken him and killed him in Ireland.

A week after she had sent that letter the Duchess of York came into her chamber and, after making the necessary reverence, said for the first time sharply:

"Madame, it is known that you have written to the King."

Young Isabel was ready, though her heart fluttered in her breast. "My lady Duchess, I write always to the King. Very certainly the world knows that."

The Duchess stood tall and forbidding before her, her stiff horned headdress giving her unnatural height. A big woman in bone and flesh as well as in sweeping robes, she looked a mountain to the dark-eyed elf who confronted her. But fear did not disturb the child. Rather, excitement and resolve gave her understanding keenness.

"That is very well, my lady Queen," said the Duchess, "but it is not known or supposed that you write to the King's grace about great matters."

"I am too young for great matters. I write to the King's grace of pleasure."

"Then I must beseech your Grace to tell me of what pleasures you wrote in the letter which Tyndal carried to Ireland."

Lie the child could not. Even if she had been naturally false, her training would have closed that escape, for Richard had given her a prince's bent there. "You can not lie. It is to untrue the arrow and blunt the sword-edge. You may defy or refuse, but you can not lie. A princess is by birth and calling a knight."

She reflected on this memory a minute, then raised a small, pale face to the towering duchess.

"My lady Duchess, I shall not tell you what I wrote to the King. He is my husband. I do not ask what you write to my Lord of York. And he is *your* king."

It silenced the Duchess, for it must be always remembered that this little Queen was the French King's daughter and therefore France's daughter, and France steadily watched her fate across the Channel.

"I can do nothing with her," the Duchess reported to her Duke, "but be sure little pitchers have long ears, and for all her youth I wager she tells him all he needs to know. She should not be here in Windsor. Wallingford is a strong fortress, and we will hold her as—not as prisoner, but a Queen left in our care."

And the Duke, brooding over his fears answered: "You are right, wife. I am on the King's side now, and the girl is in our charge, and we must treat her like a jewel for our own good as well as hers. But if Henry of Lancaster conquers, as much I fear he will, then I have no choice but to be his man, for he is a hard man to deal with and forgives nothing. As hard as Richard is gentle—and that says much."

THEY hurried her from Windsor to Wallingford, and there they surrounded her with watchful eyes and the forms of respect to the French King's daughter and the English Queen, using these to play their own game; and what that game was the Little Queen learned very swiftly. It is not without reason that Shakespeare has made her a grown woman in his tragedy of Richard the Second, for as a grown woman this child spoke and acted, driven by her natural genius set aflame by love for the King. Shakespeare dared not tell the truth of her age, for if so the truth of her courage and fidelity could not be believed. Yet it is true that at this time she was but ten years old.

And meanwhile Richard, wandering with a few lords in Wales fleeing from castle to castle and sheltering where he could with his faithful friend Glendower, still found help among loyal hearts. But he wrote in vain to the Little Queen for news reached him of this and that brave messenger slaughtered, of his letters

. . . and this little girl went to market

'Fraid I can't stop and talk very long just now. Mother told me to hurry back. You won't think badly of my manners, if I do? Oh yes, we always get both kinds of Bon Ami. Mother tells me, Remember, Bonnie, *both* the Powder and Cake. But she doesn't have to, 'cause I get so much fun cleaning with both of them. Mother and I go round the house together, cleaning the white woodwork, windows and mirrors with the Cake; and the bathtub and all the have-to-be-shiny bathroom tiles with the nice, soft Powder. I never get tired with Bon Ami . . . it's so easy. I'm sorry but I'll have to hurry along now, for we must get the house all fresh and clean before Daddy comes home.

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Finely chop ½ cup raisins. Add 2 tablespoons cracker crumbs, ½ cup sugar, 1 beaten egg yolk, grated lemon rind, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice. Cut 4-inch squares of pastry ⅛ inch thick. Put teaspoon mixture in corner of pastry; cover mixture with slice Pabst-ett. Moisten edges of pastry; fold to make triangle; press edges together with three-tined flour-dipped fork. Brush with water or milk. Bake 5 minutes in hot oven, 450°F.; then 15 minutes in low oven, 350°F. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

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The Little Queen

falling into the hands of Henry of Lancaster who gathered strength daily, and after the warning that saved him, no word came from her for many a long and weary day. Foolish to depend upon a child's constancy, many men would have thought, but not Richard. He had read too deeply in that book of gold, her heart, to doubt her, and though he did not take the Duke of York for a traitor, he knew him weak to the core and dangerously eager to harvest and hoard for Lancastrian success in the future.

"They will watch my darling. She can not write," he said to himself, "and if she can not she will pine. But I think when the truth reaches the child, she will find a way. My heart of hearts!"

IT WAS at this time, sheltering in a rough tower in Wales, sleeping on straw, eating the sour food of the Welsh peasants and glad to get it, that Richard wrote many poems to the Little Queen, for he was a man whose thoughts naturally flowed to music and to the beauty of verse, and it eased his sad heart a little. This one may show that heart:

"Lady of my love and wife,
Sorrowful our parted life.
Cursed be the men who part
Loving heart from loving heart—"

And here, as it seems, verse failed him, and he wrote the rest with a pen that had no wings but stumbled in agony:

"I die of grief. My fair sister, my lady and sole longing, since I have lost the joy of your sight such pain oppresses me that I am near despair. Isabel, royal daughter of France, my joy, hope and consolation, now through the violence of fortune I have lost you—so sharp a pang that day and night I am in danger of bitter death—I who from such a height have fallen so low and lose my solace, my consort."

One may surely in this, across the centuries, feel a man's heart bleeding—half a life at every drop, with none to comfort him.

As for the child herself she lived in complete ignorance of what had befallen him. Friends and enemies joined in that purpose. Why need a helpless child suffer? said her friends. And to her enemies she was a pledge with France and thus of the highest consequence. All hoped alike that she would mother her dolls and be happy and forget the King.

But she who had mothered a man and restored him to life had far other purposes. Knowledge was the first; without it she could do nothing. She watched and waited and steeled her heart in silence.

One day (and Shakespeare tells this, though not accurately because he dares not reveal the Queen's true age of ten years lest the story be thought incredible), she walked in the enclosed garden of Wallingford Castle with two ladies. They relaxed their watchfulness, for none but a bird could overfly those gray, towering walls, and amused themselves talking and laughing with the knights on duty while the crowned child wandered here and there among the trees and at last stood watching a gardener and his man crucifying apricot branches on the walls that they might receive full sunshine and warmth. She stood near them, not apparently listening but straining every nerve to hear, for they came from the outside world.

"Now look you here!" said the old man. "Just you lop off those wild sprays! They do nothing but weaken the trees, and you get no good from them, and I will take a turn at weeding. Those weeds suck up all the good of the ground from the roots."

The man drew out his pruning knife. "Why, Gaffer Green, so I will, but I smile to think how little knowledge our King had of the gardening trade and he the gardener of the whole of England. If he had had more, he would have been the happier man today."

Gaffer Green stared: "And how, fellow? A king is no gardener."

"Better if he were. If Richard had pruned the shoots of pride and power in Henry of Lancaster, he would not have lain in prison today. But he let the time pass."

"And that's God's truth!" said Gaffer Green, pleased at the notion. "And if he had dragged up the weed of Lancaster's treachery as I do these it would not have seeded and raised weeds like itself far and wide and armies to follow him. But so it is! And he a prisoner. Well, get on with our work! But my eyes are wet when I think of him. A gentle king!"

Isabel came forward to them, smiling and holding her doll as if she had no care.

"And is it true, gardeners, that the King is a prisoner? Oh, the strange story! And where?"

The gardener looked at the gaily dressed child, not knowing her for his Queen.

"Why, yes, little lady. And a great pity say I, for he had a gentle heart. As to where—they bring him prisoner to London. But I see no good ahead. This year all the young bay-trees died, and we know what that means! Whenever bay trees die, great people wither."

"Perhaps these trees will die, too, if you are sad and cry while pruning them! They say so! Well, good day, old man!"

She strolled away caressing her doll, then ran through the bushes and up the stone stairs to the room where the Duke and Duchess of York stood talking earnestly together. She stood stiffly before them.

"My lord Duke, I have heard the truth of my husband—that he is made prisoner by Lancaster. And now the Queen and Daughter of France speaks: I say, take me to London that I may be where he is. My father shall hear of it else."

Stark with amazement they looked at the child, hitherto so docile and as they thought contented with the pleasures of childhood. She was tall of her age and now stood looking at them with dignity beyond her years.

"And where are the King's letters to the Queen?" she said. "You have cruelly kept me from all knowledge, and still I have heard!"

They were silent. How should they tell her that at that moment the Commander of a Lancastrian army waited downstairs to accept the surrender of Wallingford Castle, delivered to him without a blow, and that she was as much a prisoner as her King? And before her words were ended the man strode into the room unknowing of her presence, and with the sight of his Lancastrian badge and the careless look he cast at her she knew into what hands she had fallen.

SWIFT as thought she abandoned womanhood and fell back on her childhood, a strong weapon with all but devils, and even in their hearts fear of things celestial may give it power. She stood with helpless tears rolling down her face and little hanging hands:

"I want to be with my Richard! Oh, take me to my Richard! I shall pine and die in this dark castle, and my father will not have me die. Oh, be good to a child! I am in sore fear. Take me to my Richard or I die of fear!"

They tried to soothe her. Indeed they pitied her terror, and always behind her shoulder hovered the angry French King. Also they knew she was better away from Wallingford and that if she had her will she would write what they wished to France and keep the peace. The three talked apart. Certainly her innocence could plot nothing against them, and Henry of Lancaster dreaded the reputation of treating Richard with cruelty. He must abdicate, but seemingly of his own will. There must be no appearance of force and cruelty.

Presently they turned to her, and the Duke spoke:

"My Lady Queen, you say right. You shall go to the King. It is your right place."

"And my doll must come with me," said she clasping it to her bosom.

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Again Presto leads. This time a round or square Mason jar with complete glass top closure, tested and approved by Good Housekeeping, Modern Priscilla, and other leading institutes. The New Presto Glass Top Screw Band Jar is furnished in regular Mason or in wide mouth types. Presto Jars are clear, flint glass, made exclusively by Owens-Illinois Glass Co. Presto Screw Bands are of Alcoa aluminum, made by the Aluminum Company of America. Easily sealed—easily opened. No metal touches the contents. *Price only a fraction of a cent more than Mason jars with old style caps.*

Send for 1 Dozen Jars Today

If your grocer cannot yet supply you with this newest Presto improvement in home canning, send his name and $1.00 for prepaid shipment of 1 dozen Presto Screw Band Glass Top Mason Jars today.

CUPPLES COMPANY—*Distributor*—St. Louis, Mo.

Cuppies Company, Dept. A, Saint Louis, Mo.

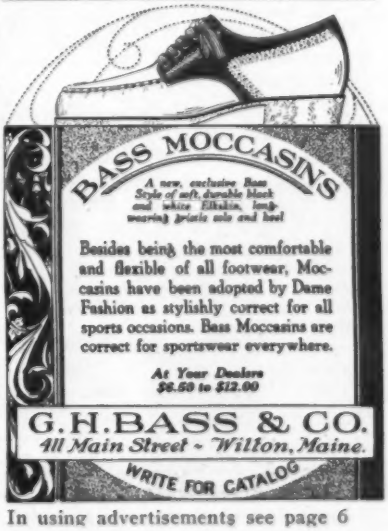
Enclosed find $1.00 for prepaid shipment of 1 dozen quart Presto Screw Band Glass Top Mason Jars. (Please check) Round..... Square.....

Grocer's Name_____

Your Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____


BASS MOCCASINS
A new, exclusive Bass Style of soft, durable black and white Elkskin, long-wearing priels sole and heel
Besides being the most comfortable and flexible of all footwear, Moccasins have been adopted by Dame Fashion as stylishly correct for all sports occasions. Bass Moccasins are correct for sportswear everywhere.
At Your Dealers $6.50 to $12.00
G.H.BASS & CO.
111 Main Street - Wilton, Maine.
WRITE FOR CATALOG

In using advertisements see page 6

Yes . . . mighty careful of the milk . . . but how about the mug?

YOU'RE mighty careful to give your children the best milk—certified, pasteurized, germ-free. And yet, if you pour that milk into a hand-washed glass or cup, the chances are you're mixing it with an invisible army of germs.

Sounds horrible, doesn't it? But it's too, too true. All dishes, to be sanitary and safe, should be washed in water far hotter than any hands can stand. That's why a Walker Dishwasher is now considered a vital health-measure in the modern home.

Physicians have so far been our best customers—more doctors have Walkers than any other single group or profession. This isn't an accident. Doctors have been the first to realize the dangers that lurk in the dish-rag. One look through a microscope at a food-soiled plate . . . and you'd want your family to have the protection that a Walker always assures.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

WHAT A WALKER DOES

It washes, rinses and dries dishes, silverware, pots and pans.

It keeps clean itself because the action which washes the dishes, washes the Walker, too.

It reduces china breakage because the dishes always remain stationary.

It's simple . . . a youngster can operate it.

It actually saves a month of time out of every year.

WALKER*

ELECTRIC DISHWASHERS

Sink and Cabinet Models

Open territory is available to a few progressive representatives.

WALKER DISHWASHER CORPORATION, Syracuse, New York

☐ 1. I'd like to see a Walker work. ☐ 2. I'd like a complete booklet.
☐ 3. I'm thinking of remodeling my kitchen. Please tell me how your Kitchen Planning Institute can help—with no cost to me.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*..... GH-7

The Little Queen

They smiled at each other, well content. The doll counted as much with her as the King! So they set their own ladies about her and sent her to meet Richard at the woodland palace of Shene not far from London and set amongst such loveliness of autumn beeches burning in gold and golden bracken carpeting about them that her heart sang with joy like a lark's who has darted from her cage and springs aloft into heaven.

They ushered her to the room where he sat and let her enter alone. Certainly they listened and peeped, for the very walls were spies upon the captive King. They had not told him she was coming, because they wished to surprise any secrets in his emotion.

He did not hear the door open nor the rushing feet, because with his chin upon his hand he was buried in thoughts of her, and her image blinded and deafened him to herself. Therefore before he knew it she was there, storming him with wild kisses and embraces, speechless for love, winding about him as though not even death should tear them apart. And choking and in passionate silence he clasped his arms about her and even then could not believe he had her.

It was long before they saw each other's faces, so they clung together, and what she saw when at last she freed her eyes scarred her heart until she died. So wan, so changed, the bones of his face standing out and dark shadows encircling his eyes—the first foretaste of death in all her young knowledge.

"My sweet Richard, what have they done to you? O my heart, my heart!" she sobbed.

"They have broken mine," he answered, "because they took you from me. And because I have dragged your radiance and pride into my despair."

"I would sooner have your sorrow than all pleasure," she said proudly and put her thin arms about his neck. "If they leave us together I care nothing for England. Let them leave us here, and in the woods we will be happy as at Windsor and forget the Crown."

And could he undeceive her and bring to her knowledge the sad truth that there is no peace or hope for a discrowned king and that it is but a step to the grave? He could not, and evaded her plea.

"Let us be happy while we may, my sweet, sweet little heart!" he answered. "They will not grudge us that. Not for awhile. Let me look at you and fill my eyes with joy. Why, you are grown since I saw you. Ten!— In six years you will be a maid as fair as summer!"

He caught her to his knee and buried his face on her breast, drinking in like life the pure scent of childhood that surrounded her like mayblossom in sunshine. He grasped her hair to his mouth and breathed through it. Thank God for childhood and heaven! That was all the spies could report, and they were content to leave them together until Henry of Lancaster should have all shaped to his end.

That time came quickly. When it was done and Richard forced into abdication, their doom had struck, and in the dead of night with no chance of farewell (she sleeping sweetly in her own chamber) they hurried him away to Pontefract Castle. They deceived her with lies of his raising a victorious army and marching on Cirencester, and having led her into marching there herself in state to meet him, joy in her eyes as flying in her banners, they delivered the Little Queen to Henry of Lancaster (now Henry the Fourth of England) as a noble bride for his son the Prince of Wales when Richard should be murdered. And, in the dark and evil shadows of Pontefract, that followed soon.

Glory and splendor surrounded her, praise and flattery to win her heart from her husband, but she scorned them. Never was woman more faithful than this valiant child.

At last they said: "She must know that he is dead, for then her folly of fidelity will die. Children forget the dead."

And they told her that a fever had killed

him at Pontefract, hiding the fearful truth that they had slaughtered their King with axes, he fighting for his life and her love's sake like a gallant knight to the last. And when she heard this she turned on them like a lion, her eyes dry and flashing fire.

"And now you will never get me!" said she, "You mistook your place and me. While my King lived, you could have made me your slave by any threat to him, for I would have died or lived to save one hair of his head. But now you have no hold upon me, murderers and traitors to your true King! Tell Henry of Lancaster that I am no more Queen of England. I am a French princess of the most royal blood in the world, and I despise his usurping Prince of Wales that should clean my husband's spurs and proud to do it! Send me to France. I am done with treacherous England."

From this they could not move her. They yearned for the alliance and also for her wealthy portion and great jewels. The first two they could not have, but they stole her jewels—and that was the utmost of their power, and a rich booty for thieves.

They held her in state and splendor at Havering-atte-Bower, for Henry had given orders that nothing should be spared to honor her.

"For young as she is," said he smoothly, "she ought not to be made acquainted with all the changes that happen in this world," concealing at first his resolution to win the girl's heart for his son, afterward the fifth Henry and hero of Agincourt.

They besieged her with his love. There was no way in which they did not woo her and none which she did not reject proudly and with the scorn of a princess. Though faithful friends whom they could not trace she wrote letters to France, telling them the truth of Richard's murder and her own steadfastness, and thus by the three years defiance of a girl of twelve years, England's purpose was conquered, and France demanded her Princess and received her at long last.

THEY sent her, sorely grudging the compulsion, to France most royally accompanied, and now a beautiful maiden of fifteen who had won the hearts of all about her, for her valor and fidelity had touched even the cold ambition of Henry and his son, and it wrung them more than a little to see her go clothed in the deep black of widowhood which she had worn ever since the murder of her King. In London the people wept to see her pass away for ever, for there was not a village where her sad tale and perfect loyalty had not reached them in ballad and story, and not one where the women did not sing the faithful Glendower's song of "Sweet Richard," inspired by the Little Queen's faithful love.

They say that at Dover she turned before she set her foot on the ship and stretched her arms toward London where in Westminster he slept beside his Anne, saying low,

"God bless England because my King lies here and my heart on his breast,"—and thus, standing on deck and looking there to the last, she saw the gray cliffs sink into the sea, and all her joy become a child's dream at dawn.

"At Calais the French lords met her. And (says the record) Queen Isabel whose young heart is full of tenderness and kindliness brought all her English ladies who sorely lamented her into the French tents and bid them to dine with her. And after dinner took all her remaining jewels and divided them among the English lords and ladies who had accompanied her, who all wept mightily at parting from her. Yet still she sweetly bade them be of good cheer, though weeping herself. Then the French led her to their own noble ladies."

And all was over. Yet in one sense, not over. For France received her with wrath and scorn against England that did much to insure future French wars. It went so far that her uncle the Duke of Orléans challenged Henry the Fourth to single combat as "the sweet young Queen's plunderer and the foul murderer of her King."

Here Are the Three Chief Producers of Growth-Promoting Vitamin A

And Here Are the Three Chief Producers of Rickets-Preventing Vitamin D

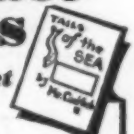
Cod Livers Full of These Vitamins

By a Miracle of Nature, cod liver oil is hundreds of times richer in Vitamin A than either milk, cream, butter or eggs; hundreds of times richer than eggs in the sunshine vitamin D and as potent in that bone-developing element as the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

By a Miracle of Science, the wonderful health-and-growth elements of pure Norwegian cod liver oil are now embodied in all their richness in the pleasant form known as McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Extract Tablets.

For any ailment, rundown or underweight condition for which cod liver oil vitamins are known to be beneficial, McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Extract Tablets are of equal benefit. For sale at all drugstores—60 tablets 60 cents.

McCOY'S Cod Liver Oil Extract Tablets



Write for Free Booklet

USE COUPON

McCoy's Laboratories, Inc.
62-70 West 14th St., New York
Kindly send your FREE booklet, "Tails of the Sea," by Mr. Codfish.

Name .....

Address .....

In using advertisements see page 6

protect their active feet with

FLEXIBLE SHOES

child specialists advise

"NATURE expected young feet to run free—to exercise and grow strong. Foot ills among children are in reality *shoe* ills. Growing feet should not be restrained in stiff, non-porous cases"—says a noted foot specialist.

"But going barefoot nowadays—with its attendant risk of cuts, bruises, possible infections—is, of course, unsafe. However, children can have all the comfort, fun and foot-freedom they need in *flexible canvas shoes*"— the same specialist tells us, "provided the sole and arch are protected."

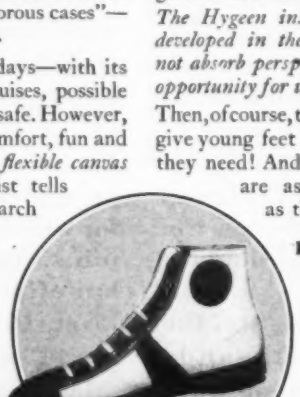
Hood Canvas Shoes are carefully designed to meet *every* requirement of young feet. Extra tough soles guard against cuts, heel bruises and pavement shocks. A narrow shank gives firm arch support.

The Hygeen insole—an exclusive feature developed in the Hood laboratories—does not absorb perspiration and minimizes the opportunity for unpleasant odor.

Then, of course, their flexible canvas uppers give young feet all the ease and freedom they need! And remember—Hood Shoes are as trim and good-looking as they are practical.

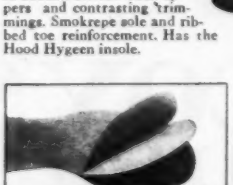
HOOD RUBBER CO., Inc.
Watertown, Massachusetts

Send for the Hood booklet on the care of your children's feet. Written by a well-known orthopedic surgeon.

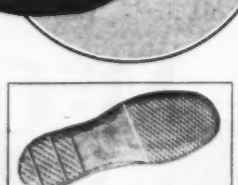


THE SIAK An ideal outdoor sports shoe for girls. Made with white, brown, or neutral colored duck uppers and contrasting trimmings. Smokrepe sole and ribbed toe reinforcement. Has the Hood Hygeen insole.

Look for the Hood Arrow
HOOD



HYGEEN INSOLE—An insole which does not absorb perspiration, but allows it to evaporate gradually—thus minimizing the opportunity for unpleasant odors. This is an exclusive feature developed in the Hood laboratories.



"INSTRUCTOR" LAST—A narrow shank last that hugs the arch of the foot firmly and pulls the canvas uppers under it for proper arch and ankle support. At the same time it allows ample toe room and complete foot freedom.

PNEUMATIC HEEL—An air-cushioned heel designed to absorb the shocks and jars on city pavements and other hard surfaces. This is a feature patented by Hood, and is found in many of the better grade Hood Canvas Shoes.

Let Them Have More Fun in Hoods

HOOD MAKES CANVAS SHOES · RUBBER FOOTWEAR · TIRES
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS · RUBBER FLOOR TILING

The Little Queen

Henry coolly refused the challenge and brooded sullenly over revenge.

They gave her peace in France for two years, hoping that her loyal heart would heal its wounds and dispose her to a marriage, for none could believe that a child's heart could remain bound up for life in the love of a dead man who had never been her husband. But to a loyal soul loyalty is its life and substance, and she steadily refused. Again and again Henry entreated her hand for his son. They knew her worth in England. As often she rejected him.

"Tell Henry of Lancaster that my steady aversion from my husband's murderer still burns and will until I die. Bid him trouble me no more."

And so it was told to him.

But when she was in her eighteenth year they married her by unwavering persistence and enforcement to her cousin, the young Duke of Orléans, she weeping bitterly on the day of her marriage, recalling her lost King with an ache and agony of love as on the cruel day when last she saw him.

NOW, this Duke of Orléans is one of the greatest poets who ever lived in the fair land of France, and amongst all the loveliness that came from his hand still the poems he wrote to his wife smell sweet and blossom in the dust. But he could not win anything but her gentleness and kindness, for she had told him her heart lay in Westminster buried in Richard's breast. She had resisted fear and ambition and importunity for love's sake, and now she resisted the insidious sweetness of a young man's adoration and the graces of a mind noble and great and ringing with the music of immortal verse. She saw its loveliness and loved it, but could not love the man. The towers of Windsor blotted out the fair castle of France, and to her fidelity it was the living hand of Charles d'Orléans that was cold and lifeless, and the other that glowed with Love's eternal fires and with its touch re-lit radiance in her eyes. The soul of the woman was faithful as the child's. Faithfuller it could not be.

Therefore in her twenty-second year she died, going joyfully to meet her Richard and not less his Anne—twin stars in the darkness of her life. And her husband Orléans made funeral verses for her, most beautiful in their natural French, but beautiful also in the rougher English, and with these I end the story of the truest-hearted Queen that ever reigned in England.

"Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue
The gold doth prove her steadfastness
The sapphires mark her true.
For loyalty and truth in her
Were heavenly portrayed
When gracious God with both His hands
Her wondrous beauty made.
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

No more, no more! My heart doth faint
When I her life recall
Who lived so free from mortal taint,
So noble deemed of all,
Who is herself was so complete
I think that she was ta'en
By God to crown His Paradise
And with His saints to reign.
In truth, within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing to mortal eyes."

And yet a word more:

Shall we not believe that her sweet spirit, loyal to a friend as to her love, hovered about this man when the King she had so often rejected, the Fifth Henry of England, took Orléans at Agincourt and held him prisoner for twenty-three long years in the gloom of the Tower? But a happy spirit then, long since one with her true lover.

Richard had trained her well for time and eternity, and her truth irradiates both.

Settling Down in Chile!

(Continued from page 45)

little steamer—the *Esmeralda*—awaiting us.

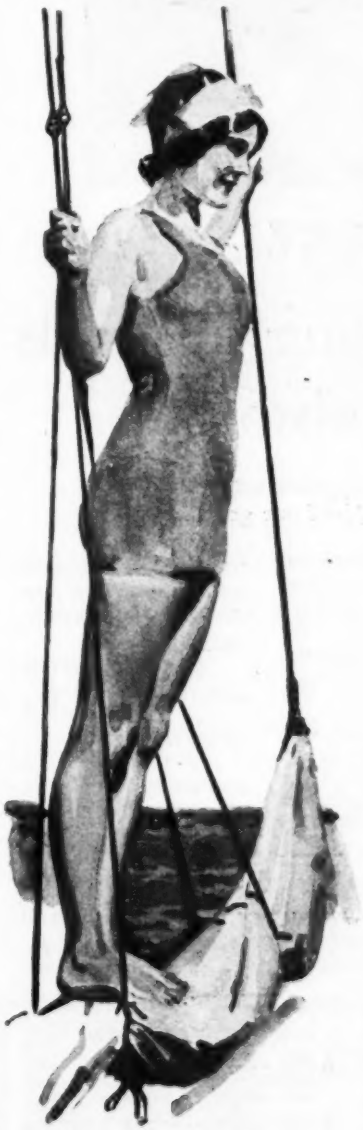
The atmosphere had now entirely cleared; the sky shone with sapphire brilliance; the jade-green water reflected the rich foliage of the luxuriant woods; the mountains seemed molded of smooth and glittering marble dazzling in its whiteness, and the trip down the entire length of Lake Todos Los Santos to Peulla—a settlement not much larger than Ensenada and Petrohue—was one of indescribable beauty. Indeed, John insists that this lake and its encircling mountains—Orsorno which is still visible, though at the opposite side from that seen in Puerta Varas—Puntiagudo, Casa Blanca, Tronador, and others—afford the most magnificent spectacle that we have so far seen in our travels. And though I hesitate to indulge in such a superlative—remembering with undimmed enthusiasm the splendors of the bay of Rio, the cataracts of Iguazu, the territory of Ultima Esperanza, and the Straits of Magellan—I nevertheless feel that no traveler who passes it by can claim complete acquaintance with the natural wonders of South America or the composite character of Chile. It was discovered on All Saints' Day, centuries ago, by one of those intrepid Spaniards who was at one and the same time an explorer and an ecclesiastic; to the date of this discovery it owes its name—*Todos Los Santos*—"All the Saints," and the title seems singularly appropriate. For there is a quality about it transcending the limits of the earthly and attaining the divine. A manifold blessing must rest upon it—how else, through all these years, could it have kept intact its perfect peace, its unblemished purity? In its solitude and stillness an enfolding sanctity can be felt; and surely to a clearer vision than that vouchsafed to human eyes, a heavenly presence would be revealed with greater clarity still.

We stayed in this heavenly spot long enough to be wholly conscious of its benediction; then, in a thankful and exalted mood, we turned our faces to Puerta Varas again, feeling that if we could only see the Andean glow of fiery rose at sunset and the moonrise, we could proceed to Santiago with a sense of complete fulfillment of all our dreams. Our hopes were realized: as the sun disappeared beyond the western border of Lake Llanquihue, a faint film of pink spread like a blush over the blue skies and white mountains; then, deepening to vivid color, it transfigured both with its lambent glory. And when at last this glory had faded and vanished, and the stars had come out—stars so bright that some of them spread slender pathways of radiance across the water—the horizon became translucent with gold, and a great, mellow moon rose triumphantly over the mountain!

En Route to Santiago

With our mood of exaltation still strong upon us, it was not strange that the journey from Puerta Varas to Santiago should have been permeated with the afterglow, so to speak, of our journey through the Chilean lakes. We went by train, and for some hours the intermittent glimpses of Orsorno which the route afforded recalled with vivid intensity the gorgeous hours we had spent beside it. Then as we progressed through a lush and fecund country of wheatfields and vineyards and pastures, we visualized more and more clearly the fertility as well as the sublimity of Chile. All too often the traveler entering it from the north and proceeding south no farther than Valparaiso thinks of it as barren, for the upper part of the coast creates a deceptive impression of general aridity. As a matter of fact, far from being a desert, Chile contains not only the largest natural deposits of nitrate in the world, and deposits of copper ore surpassed in extent by only one other country, but over five million acres under cultivation, with grazing land for thousands of cattle and sheep, and an agricultural and horticultural fertility too little recognized and renowned. Indeed, I believe

Quickest Relief
from sunburn pain
because Unguentine goes as deep as the burn



SPREAD Unguentine on your burning skin. Suave and soothing, it cools the fiery pain—quicker than anything else you could use. And it *heals*—gently, *safely!*

Lotions and toilet creams only reach the outer surface of the skin. But Unguentine penetrates right down to the inflamed tissue in the dermis, or *inner* layer of the skin.

Here Unguentine eases the inflammation—takes out the sting. And being *antiseptic*—it guards against the dangerous infection which any burn invites.

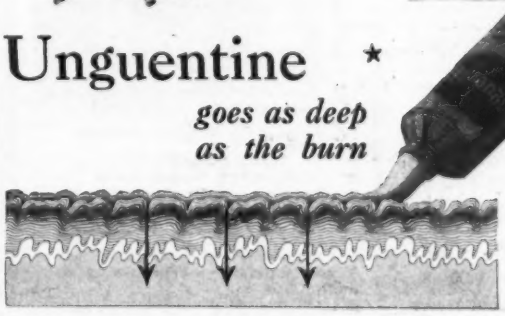
Sunburn is no different from any other kind of burn. It's just as dangerous. So be sure to use Unguentine, the famous remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for burns and scalds.

Unguentine will quickly change smarting red sunburn to a glorious tan. 50 cents for the long-lasting tube. At your druggist's. Use Unguentine for any kind of burn or scald, and for cuts, scratches, insect-bites, etc. Take it on your vacation trips.

Unguentine ★

goes as deep as the burn

Norwich



{ *epidermis, or upper skin.*

{ *dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine goes.*

In using advertisements see page 6

Why 85% of America's leading hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Because of its comfort and hygienic value, Kotex absorbent is used today by 85% of our great hospitals.

IF you are one of the millions of women who prefer Kotex because of its marvelous comfort and convenience, you'll be delighted to know hospitals approve it from the health standpoint, too. More than that—85% of all the leading hospitals of the United States actually use Kotex absorbent in their hospital work!

Please note the list of hospitals at the right. Famous hospitals . . . where patients receive the finest care that medical science can offer. These hospitals select Kotex . . . just as you do . . . for the comfort it assures. But they have another reason, too . . . they know its hygienic value.

Why Kotex is more hygienic

Kotex is made of a remarkable absorbent, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than the finest surgical cotton. It absorbs *away from the surface*, leaving the surface soft and delicate.

Kotex is made of layer on filmy layer of this wonderful Cellucotton. These layers permit circulation of air and keep Kotex light and cool.

Kotex has many other advantages which dainty women know and like. Corners are rounded and tapered so the pad is always inconspicuous. Kotex deodorizes, thus removing another source of embarrassment. And Kotex is disposable . . . there's no laundry, fuss or embarrassment.

These Famous Hospitals are only a few of the hundreds that use Kotex Pads:

CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL *of Chicago*

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL *of Philadelphia*

LENOX HILL HOSPITAL *of New York City*

UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL *of Baltimore*

MT. SINAI HOSPITAL *of Milwaukee*

CENTRAL DISPENSARY AND EMERGENCY HOSPITAL *of Washington, D. C.*

BAPTIST HOSPITAL *of Houston, Texas*

KOTEX IS SOFT...

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *Safe, secure* . . . Keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes*, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable*, completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

July 1930 Good Housekeeping

Settling Down in Chile!

that geographically speaking it is the most interesting country in the world: its immense length of nearly three thousand miles—a distance equal to that between Norway and Aden on the Red Sea; its extreme narrowness—for it is nowhere more than one hundred and thirty miles wide; its boundaries—a tropical desert on the north, the glacial currents of the Antarctic at its south, the largest ocean in the world at the west, and on the east a mountain range exceeded in height only by the Himalayas; the variety of climate, productiveness, and scenery which such extremities entail; and the effect that all have had upon the population—these conditions combine to arrest the attention and challenge the understanding of any thoughtful mind, even when its undiscovered regions, its unconquered and unassimilated Indian tribes, and the annals of its glorious and romantic history are overlooked.

A City of Sunshine

The Chilean capital has not the inescapable beauty of Rio de Janeiro, where at every turn fresh vistas of delight and loveliness are uncovered; on the contrary, the bustling business sections provide no outlook that might not be discovered in similar districts anywhere in the world. But you will find the situation very different if you pass beyond these, traversing the splendid *Avenida de las Delicias*—the Alameda, as it is colloquially known—and mount the Cerro Santa Lucia, the heart-shaped hill in the very center of the metropolis, where Valdivia, the first Spanish colonizer of Chile, established a stronghold, with his band of conquerors, nearly four hundred years ago, and which was transformed, within the last half-century, to a terraced garden through the efforts of Vicuña McKenna, the great Chilean publicist. It is slightly rococo in its prettiness; there are almost too many cliffs, grottoes, pavilions, rustic seats, secluded nooks, winding steps, hanging balconies, vines, shrubs, flowerbeds, and urns overflowing with the gorgeous geraniums which are so common in Chile that they are called *carne de perro* (dog's meat). But it is a pleasant place for all that; the undergraduates from the two large universities bring their books here, and study and stroll simultaneously; while other youths, less seriously inclined, indulge in an unabashed demonstration of the fact that in the spring a "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Beyond the strolling students and the seated sweethearts, beyond the winding walks, the mossy grottoes, and the clustering flowers, the city in its vernal dress, the *parques* and *plazas* and *avenidas*, green and gay; the business blocks and rows of residences; the race course in which the Santiagans feel such inordinate pride, and where the *señoritas* display the "Paris wrinkles" in their frocks—no traveler need feel abashed in going to the *hipodromo* before she has had time to get her gowns pressed, for unpressed gowns are fashionable in Santiago; the Public Library where the priceless archives of the *Conquistadores* are preserved with such guarded care; the *Congreso Nacional* with its vast and magnificent central hall, used for joint assemblies of the two national legislative bodies, for presidential inaugurations and other significant functions; the two great cemeteries which are so truly "Cities of the Dead" with avenues and fountains, trees and flowers, and which are so blessedly devoid of the more sinister and gruesome attributes of mourning—all this and much besides may be seen from Santa Lucia, and all permeated with the brilliance of the incandescent sunshine.

But in the end, alas! we were always obliged to descend from these heights of refreshment and tranquillity and inspiration and return to that crowded, noisy, nondescript section of the city where our hotel was located—not to sleep, for sleep is impossible in the midst of an uproar which never ceases, but at least to go to bed.

We could not remedy our situation by moving to another hotel, for the hotels were all situated

in this same quarter—which seems incomprehensible, in view of the many delightful locations where caravanseries might have been built.

After a week of unrelieved insomnia our desperation found vent in the vehement but entirely unstudied and hopeless exclamation that unless we could find a little house on a quiet street which might serve as a temporary home, we should have to leave Santiago, lovely as it is in many of its aspects, and interesting as it is in nearly all of them.

A Wish—and its Fulfillment

Of all human failings, hopelessness in any form is one of the most ridiculous and the most unnecessary. The morning after I had made my rash exclamation, a caller was announced—a young and charming lady, who offered me a large bunch of scarlet sweetpeas, and without circumlocution stated the object of her visit.

"I heard you say yesterday at Mrs. Lay's tea that you would like a house," she remarked. "I have come to offer you mine."

I have such intense admiration for that rare form of genius inadequately known as brevity that I always try to emulate it to the best of my poor ability.

"Thank you so much," I said. "When can I move in?"

"Oh, immediately," was the reply. "My husband is on the point of starting off to southern Chile on a professional trip, and I should love to go with him."

The arrangement was completed, as far as I was concerned, before the lovely little lady had finished speaking; and it was cemented with the first glimpse I had of the *casita*, a house of gray stone and gray stucco with narrow balconies paved in black and white tiles and a grillwork of wrought iron shielding its arched windows; a house set demurely down among other small houses with narrow balconies and smooth tiles and twisted grills, on a cobblestoned street banded—like a gray ribbon with bright edges—by diminutive sidewalks of bright mosaic; a house whose wide-paneled front door of dark wood, with iron knockers hanging in heavy loops on either side, opened to reveal a stone staircase lighted by a hanging lantern and curving upward toward a hall from which led a small *salon* furnished with the formal and elegant restraint of the best Latin traditions, and a smaller writing room—an *escritorio*—furnished largely and literally with a commodious and capacious desk. Beyond the *escritorio* the hall widened to form a living room where there was a large, comfortable fireplace, a large, comfortable sofa, and an adequate number of large, comfortable chairs with convenient tables and shaded reading lights placed beside them; and from the living room, through folding doors, led the dining room, with an immense carved sideboard and high-backed chairs upholstered in red brocade. Upstairs there were three small bedrooms and two large dressing rooms, all furnished amply, and two bathrooms, where hot water, dependent upon the ministrations of a gas-heater, was available after a match had been perilously applied to the inner regions of a menacing, rectangular copper tank which stood in the corner, and a volcanic explosion had taken place!

Belowstairs, in the basement, were the quarters where Alejandrina, Abelina, and Otilla, the three maids, lived, moved, and had their being. There was no dumb waiter, there was not a ray of natural light in the kitchen or any visible means of ventilation, there was no laundry, no tub or shower for the maids; and their three slitlike bedrooms each contained only a narrow bed, a straight-backed chair, a trunk with an old-fashioned china washbowl on it, and a large number of highly colored lithographs of a pseudo-religious nature. I was appalled at the lack of comfort under which they labored, and became even more so when I afterward learned that the Chilean domestic is always obliged to furnish her own room, and even to supply the bedlinen and towels which she uses; but I found that the retinue which

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Settling Down in Chile!

I had so unexpectedly acquired were highly contented with both their quarters and their pay!

Into the gray, grilled *casita* on the curving, cobblestoned street the boys and I accordingly moved almost at a moment's notice; and having taken possession of it, I began my housekeeping with zest. Alejandrina, I speedily discovered, needed neither suggestions nor guidance. Upon my arrival she inquired how many different dishes I wished to have at each meal, but this question, it appeared, was inspired by a careful concern as to how much I was willing to spend on the necessities and pleasures of the table, and not by any disinclination to prepare an indefinite number of delicacies. After this first consultation she presented herself to me smilingly about three times a week and reported that she was out of money; and this being furnished her, in surprisingly modest sums, she sallied forth—apparently she never went out at any other time—and purchased provender, converting it, upon her return, into tempting and delicious repasts.

These repasts were not elaborate, but they were well-balanced, well-varied, and attractive. She had a genius for muffins, which, with coffee, always constituted my breakfast; sometimes they were flaky with coconut, or surmounted by proud and immense walnuts. Their unexpected diversity transformed the morning meal into a series of delightful surprises. The same thing was true of her afternoon teas, at which one mound of wafer-thin, piquant sandwiches, one generous pile of hot, buttered toast, and one fat, fluffy cake succeeded each other in regular and ravishing succession; while her luncheons and dinners were uniformly excellent.

The Flower Market

Once I decided to go to the Central Market with her; but I was so intrigued with the exquisite and intricate little multicolored baskets that are sold there that I bought extravagant numbers of these; and I saw so many delectable vegetables and fruits of which I had never even heard before that I insisted upon bringing home samples of most of these as well. The result was that I spent more in one morning than Alejandrina ever spent in a week; so after that I decided to limit myself to the Flower Market on the Alameda just beyond the ancient church of San Francisco, where the lovely little image of the Virgin that the *conquistador* Valdivia always carried with him on the pommel of his saddle, as he penetrated into the regions which he colonized, rises triumphant above the main altar, supported by twin angels, and the ancient and musical bells still ring from the tower, as they have ever since colonial days.

Our little street curved quietly into the Avenida just at the point where the flower-market and the church face each other; and within five minutes after closing my dark-paneled door with its hooped knockers behind me, I could stand between the stacked and shaded stalls arching around a tiled *plazita* and a bubbling fountain, confronted with such a profusion of Annunciation lilies and gladioli, of dahlias and daisies, of roses and sweetpeas, of carnations and *sultanas*, that I was bewildered by their abundance and dizzy with their scent. The youthful organ grinder who seemed imbued with the idea that I must make my selections to music, the small bootblack who indirectly and unwittingly cast aspersions on the care which Otilla gave my footwear, the little girl who offered her services to carry bundled selections—all added pleasantly to my confusion; and my impulse was to buy hastily everything in sight. But finally I gathered up enough snowy lilies, fuzzy sultanas, fluttering sweetpeas, and quilled dahlias to fill fourteen vases, in exchange for a total expenditure of about dollar and a half, bestowed two or three glittering but infinitesimal coins upon the small organ grinder, the smaller bootblack, and the little girl who was smallest of all, and proceeded triumphantly down the street pursued by invitations to return the following day.

Having brought my flowers home, I spent considerable time in their arrangement; and I also spent considerable time in the supervision of Otilla and Abelina, whose functions were not fulfilled with quite the same faithfulness as those of Alejandrina. It was true that they had no regular time off; but they took a good deal of irregular time off, and the fact that there seemed to be no way of learning beforehand just when this would occur added a quality of stimulating uncertainty to household arrangements.

Otilla made beds, cleaned bathrooms, pressed clothes, and did light laundrywork and trifling mending, and the quality of her work was excellent; but she was apt to begin her activities about noon devoting the earlier morning hours to slumber, or to "going for a walk"; and the latter part of her day to the entertainment of her sister, who was a constant visitor, and of the *lavandera* who did the heavier washing and who took it back and forth from her abode on the instalment plan—a few towels one day, a few sheets the next, a few napkins the next, and so on! Consequently the pressing of one garment, in addition to the chamberwork, often represented the sum total Otilla's labors for the day; and it never seemed to occur to her that a request for cleansing or repairs indicated an immediate desire for such service; if a button were sewed on, or a spot removed, within a week, that constituted rapidity.

Springtime in Chile

Abelina accomplished more work and did it more smilingly, with a certain merriness and sturdiness that were attractive; but the time of day meant nothing to her; and though she usually asked for permission before "going for a walk," the hour of her return proved problematical. The first time we gave a modest dinner we did it—unexpectedly—without a waitress; the second time the company had all come before she had changed from the dingy overall, beloved by Chilean domestics and worn over an ordinary and usually brilliant dress, to the uniform which she donned without question when serving at table and in which her appearance was most creditable. She was interested in guests and efficient in waiting upon them, but she could see no cause for concern if their arrival preceded her own; and if it coincided with the appearance of a certain stalwart *roto* for whose appreciation of Alejandrina's cooking I can vouch as a chance eye-witness, the *visita* in the kitchen was apt to receive more attention than the *visitas* in the drawing-room. I ventured to ask Abelina if this husky individual were her *novio* (sweetheart); and though she disclaimed this with a hearty laugh, she admitted that he was a *primo* (cousin). I may as well confess that I found something contagious in her laughter and joined in it. Instead of saying anything critical about the *primo's* appetite—which, after all, could be satisfied for a few *pesos*, since a five-course dinner for twelve persons came to less than a dollar apiece!—I went and looked out of the window at the apricot tree in the vacant lot across the way, which was hung with small golden balls, and listened to the flute-like call of the itinerant vender coming down the street. As I stood there, he suddenly left his cart, sprang across the gay, narrow, mosaic sidewalk, and crouched down beside the grilled basement window of a near-by house, calling out words of endearment. He must have been somebody's *primo*, too—and this was springtime and Chile. . . .

I think I could have been contented to remain indefinitely within the four walls of my *casita*, or at least to venture no farther from it than the flower-market; but it was essential to go out enough not only to establish and maintain the usual social contacts, but also to do the necessary shopping—aside from foodstuffs

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Settling Down in Chile!

—for the family; and necessary shopping, aside from foodstuffs in Santiago, is one of the hardest things in the world to achieve. You can buy all sorts of exquisite luxuries at a moderate figure; and the antiques, usually shown by appointment only, in collections gathered together in private houses instead of shops, and sold with a show of great reluctance, are beautiful enough to undermine the sternest sense of economy. But I hunted for days in search of a carpet-sweeper—finally finding one in a remote grocery store!—and weeks for unfringed towels, sheer white handkerchiefs, and a white flower to replace a crushed ornament on an evening dress.

All this consumed a good deal of time and strength, and therefore I welcomed with more cordiality than I should have believed possible beforehand the appearance of an applicant for the position of chauffeur, who came bearing an impeccable reference from a family whom he had served faithfully for two generations, and from whom he had at last partially severed his relations in order to invest his savings in a huge and gaudy automobile which he rented out by the month to a *distinguida clientela*. He was immaculate in appearance and respectful in bearing; a short test drive revealed the fact that he knew the city and suburbs like a book, that he did not drive with his clutch out, and that he shifted into second on hills—two virtues rare in South American drivers as far as my experience with them is concerned; and when we returned to the *casita* he stood, cap in hand, awaiting my verdict with a wistful expression on his pleasant face that was very appealing. Not since Ko, the Pekin coolie who sat patiently in the courtyard waiting for me until I finally flung my prejudices against rickshaws to the winds, have I felt so helpless in the face of a request for employment.

"What is your name?" I asked weakly.

"It is Manuel. I will be here at nine in the morning to begin work."

"I never go out at that hour," I said still weakly. "I study Spanish."

"It is evident," said Manuel with adroit flattery, "but perhaps the young *caballeros* may wish to go out."

"They also study Spanish," I rejoined.

But I knew by this time that any further argument was useless, and Manuel was added to our "retinue." It was—for us, at least—a most happy addition. He was always prompt; he was always polite; he was always reliable and resourceful; and it was to him that we owed the crowning adventure of our Chilean spring.

We had approached Chile with two primary purposes; first, to go through the Straits of Magellan; and second, to go to the Christ of the Andes, that colossal statue made, at the instigation of a group of peace-loving women, from the melted bullets of two disbanded armies, and placed as a symbol of everlasting peace between two countries—Chile and Argentina—which had long been enemies, on the mountain pass which forms part of their boundary line.

The first purpose had already been fulfilled, under conditions which had surpassed our every expectation; the second seemed impossible to fulfill under any conditions whatever. The Transandine train runs only three time a week, and there is no semblance of an inn at Caracoles, the last station at which the train stops before plunging into the tunnel through which it rushes on its way to Argentina, and above which winds the tortuous road to the Christ. Juncal, the station before Caracoles, is equally devoid of accommodations; and Rio Blanco, at which there is shelter of sorts, is too far away to serve as a practical starting point for the climb, even if one can be assured of securing mules or a small car with which to ascend—and we could obtain no such assurance. Indeed, the only assurance that we could secure was that the roads were very rough, that swollen mountain streams were rushing over them, that drifts of snow were blocking them—in short, that they were impassable and would remain so indefinitely. We waited for weeks in the tenuous hope—all that had been given us—that later in the spring conditions might be better; but this hope was killed by a severe and unseasonable snowstorm.

The lovely little lady who had loaned us her *casita* wrote to say that her husband's business in the south was completed and that she hoped it might be convenient for us to give up the house by the tenth; the "borrowed boy" whose company had been such a source of pleasure to John and me ever since he joined us in Rio six months before received a cable calling him home earlier than he had expected to go. It was evident that the situation called for emergency measures, and I appealed to the person who I thought would be most helpful in such a crisis.

"Manuel," I said one night as he was driving me home from a party, "I want to go to the Christus."

"*Como no?*" (Why not?) responded Manuel cheerfully. It was his usual reply to any suggestion.

"Have you ever been there?" I asked.

"No, *Señorita*. But I can find the way."

"I am told that the road is very rough—impassable in places. No *coche* has been over it this season."

"My *coche* will get through," said Manuel confidently.

"I do not know whether it will or not. I am also told that even in summer, when the road is comparatively good, it is better to take a small *coche* on account of the short, sharp turns."

"*Señorita!*" exclaimed Manuel reproachfully. It was evident that I had wounded him by the mere intimation that any other form of conveyance could be more dependable than the huge yellow touring car in which he had invested the savings of a lifetime. "When do we start?" he added.

I do not think it is necessary to dwell at length on the discomforts of the journey which followed. I may say in passing that twice we forded deep streams from which the bridges had been swept away; that the atmospheric pressure became so low that six times Manuel sucked the gasoline out with his mouth in order to siphon it from the supply tank and fill the vacuum tank in the car; that a hundred times at least we stopped at a sharp bend in the road and backed and turned and backed and turned again, and that, as many of these turns are entirely unfenced, this was a somewhat precarious process; that we wedged our way through drifts of snow which towered above us and hemmed us in; and that we were so badly burned—for sun and wind and high altitude combine to produce the effect of fire—that our hands were bandaged for a week afterward, our faces swollen and distorted almost past recognition, and that this condition caused high fever and untold suffering. But such incidentals have a way of fading from one's memory; and by the time this letter reaches you I know that I shall remember only how we alighted from the faithful *coche* at the first *cumbre* of the *Cordillera* over which we passed, and ate our picnic tea on the site of the famous battle of Chacapucho; how we suddenly caught sight of Aconcagua—the highest peak in this hemisphere, the highest in the world after Everest—rising clear and unclouded and glorious above four tiers of lesser mountains; how we sped through the town of Los Andes, where the walls seem to merge into houses and the houses into walls; past the Soldier's Leap, the tawny, rocky gorge through which the foaming waters rush and roar sixty feet below the road, and the Lake of the Inca, cold and clear beneath the sharp and savage peaks around it; how the yellows and pinks of the Andean flowers blended with the shades of purple and gray on the hillsides to which they clung, and the mountains folded into each other in long triangles of deep mysterious blue and glittering white; how we went on and on and on and up—thousands and thousands and thousands of feet, until it seemed over and over again as if we could go no farther; and how suddenly, at the sharpest and highest curve of all, Manuel suddenly took both hands off the steering wheel, exclaiming:

"*There is the Christus! I told you we would get here, Señorita, and we have.*"

It was true. Directly in front of us, surrounded by the eternal snows which sloped away in dazzling brilliance to soft, dark shadows, surmounting the perilous pass of Uspallata, through which had marched a detachment of the victorious, liberating army of San Martin, over ridges twice as high and twice as far from the haunts of men as any over which Hannibal or Napoleon led their soldiers, rose the benign and beautiful figure of the Christ of the Andes.

It faces north, in order that it may overlook both the countries which it blesses with uplifted hand. The attitude is all-encompassing; the expression all-forgiving; and placed in this sublime and significant position, it seems, literally as well as figuratively, to stand on the summit of the world, in revelation and redemption and resurrection. Standing beside it, I felt uplifted as with the presence and power of a Risen Lord; and coming from it—though still feeling very close to it—I have tried to share with you the inspiration which it gives to all the world in the promise of peace and of life everlasting.

With much love always,

Devotedly yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

By Catherine Parmenter

SOONER *shall mountains crumble into dust*
Beneath the throes of some titanic quake
Born out of hell—than these two peoples break
Their peace and friendship . . . their immortal trust
Pledged at the feet of the Redeemer . . . spoken
With full and fervent hearts for Him Who lifts
His hand to bless. What though an eon drifts
Across the hills?—The pledge shall not be broken!
Two nations heard amid the whirlwind's roar
The still small voice . . . They dared to understand,
And melted for the sculptor's eager hand
The shining metal of the guns of war:
The panoply of conflict sacrificed
To build this image of the deathless Christ!

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What Is It the Mom Does?

(*Continued from page 77*)

hurtled up the street like a giant greyhound and stopped. Rita Meadows sat there with her lazy smile. The careless perfection of her outfit made Marigold Brown in a sun-and-suds-faded linen wince with envy. A white crêpe dress with distorted Egyptian figures in reds and yellows. Why, even Rita's shoes carried out the same pattern. Her lips were cerise. She was so insolently lovely.

"Why all the flutter?"

Dr. Darrow told her. Before he had finished, Rita Meadows yawned luxuriously. Marigold would have reproved any of her Neighborhood House children had they yawned so widely without covering their mouth.

"What'd you expect. The mother will go on in her pig-headed way, and this Sextetta kid will finally pass out, and they'll have a swell funeral and say God took her . . . That new mountain inn is opening today. The Pig and Whistle. I stopped to get you. The gang is going out there for the opening."

"One of the Lanky women has been having pains all day," hesitated Dr. Darrow. "They're not the right kind of pains either. I'd better stay here."

"Good luck to you," again Rita yawned over the wheel. It wasn't put on either, that indifference, and Marigold, whose own heart was flippety-flopping just to be standing close to the Big Doc, envied her it. "This new place is serving old English dishes—that stew that Thackeray was crazy about, with fish and seaweed in it."

She whirled the car adeptly. Some barefooted youngsters scampered out of her way as she backed swiftly. A puff of black dust.

The Big Doc looked after her. Something like a little boy looking after departing picnickers when irksome duties hold him home.

"I told the Lanky woman to send one of the kids for me when her pains got worse," he said.

BASKET weaving at the Neighborhood that evening. There was Secondina's little lopsided basket only half done. Secondina was not there, and usually she babbled all over the place.

"Oh, Mr. Gold, Grandma Lederer is ninety-two years old today, and the store man he sent her a sack of bananas . . . Last night my Aunt Rosa's Benny came home crocked. First Rosa she threw a pan. My God, it was a keen fight."

Marigold visited an old friend of her mother's the next day and returned with yellow and purple iris and lacy baby's breath. Marigold carried her bouquet to the DeAlysio home. Angelo opened the door for her, but his grin of welcome seemed restricted.

Suddenly the mom thrust him aside, took the doorknob herself.

"What you want?" she asked bluntly.

"I just thought I'd run up and see Secondina. I brought these flowers."

"We have flowers of our own."

This wasn't quite true. Any flowers that graced the DeAlysio house were the ones Secondina took off the graves in the cemetery.

Secondina's shaggy black head peered around the militant bulk of the mom.

"Oh, Mr. Gold, I can sing it. Almost I can sing the sleep song. Only what is it the mom does?"

What the mom in the song did might be in doubt, but the mom in the door pulled it shut all but an inch. "You make trouble," she said. "You put fool notions in the heads of them keeds—all of them. You and the Big Doc have damfool notions. I raise my own keeds."

And the door was banged on Marigold Brown and her smile and her offering of iris and baby's breath.

The DeAlysios came no more to the Neighborhood House, not even for swimming.

And so the days passed, and Mr. Gold taught basket weaving and playground games.

She missed little Tony DeAlysio and his falling-off shoes; and Angelo DeAlysio and his pilfering of towels and soap—even the scissors in the reading room. But most of all she missed Secondina. Loyal little Secondina. On the corner vacant lot was a billboard advertisement of a girl diver who indorsed some brand of cigarettes. And on the blue of the sky Secondina's childish handwriting proclaimed,

"Our Mr. Gold can dive better."

The days passed, and Mr. Gold tried to wad back in her heart the things that kept bobbing up.

"Gosh sakes, child," the Big Doc had said, "but that dress makes your eyes blue—blue as the sky is 'most any place except Globeville."

Foolish. Because he was just as pleasant to poor, grumbling Felicia who cleaned the Neighborhood House. Didn't he tell her that her Italian *salsizza* made his new mustache grow an inch overnight? But Marigold kept pressing the plaits in that blue dress and wore it again and again.

ONE rainy evening he came to the Neighborhood House. Marigold had made some fudge to send to her kid brother back home. Her fingers trembled as she put some on a plate. Foolish. He came only because there was no place else to go.

"Did your Lanky woman's pains get to be the right kind of pains?" she asked.

Again that exasperated grin, this time with hurt in it. "She didn't call me at all. Some of the women came in, and they all decided she'd be better off without me. I could have saved her a day and night of suffering . . . I can't seem to get a foothold here. If they have to have a doctor, they call that old fellow from Tinker. I'm just full of damfool notions," he ended flatly.

The fire sputtered and crackled around the broken boxes from the Globe Merc. Oh, if only some of its warmth could lessen the disheartened chill in the Big Doc's face!

"I'm leaving tomorrow for a few days," he said. "Rita's having a week-end party. Her birthday. Guess what her dad gave her? A new swimming pool is all."

Even here in this Globeville room with its dyed burlap and painted chairs the magnetic pull of the Dr. Aubrey Meadowses was felt.

"Did you meet Rita at college?"

"High school. I've always been crazy about her. Guess it looks funny to most people—her going with me, my going with a rich girl. But money doesn't mean a thing to Rita."

Something inside Marigold wanted to snap out cattishly, "Take it away from her and see what it means to her."

"If I can't afford to go one place, she goes another," went on the Big Doc. "And you know yourself she doesn't dress like a lot of girls—always wears plain things."

Marigold's heart groaned. Wasn't that like a man not to know that the neckline, the fit over hips, the just-rightness of clothes affected the price tags, not the trimmings?

Dr. Fitzhugh Darrow ate one piece of fudge right after another with absent unappreciation. Marigold knew a great uneasiness.

"Have you—thought any more about going in with Dr. Aubrey Meadows?"

"We're to talk it over when I go in to this doings he's throwing for Rita."

He stood up, suddenly restless. A fear leaped palpitant in Marigold. If he went, would he come back? She hated the Dr. Aubrey Meadowses. She hated Globeville, which by its very aloofness had taken away the Big Doc's dreams. She ached to grab his big hand, hold it tight—maybe against her cheek—and say:

"Don't go. Don't go. Just stick it out, and there'll be rooms yet that are breathless, waiting for what the doctor says."

But instead she said, "I hope—you have a good time at Rita's party."

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What Is It the Mom Does?

THE next day there was a whir of a car. Rita and her crowd had come for him. A puff of black dust. The Big Doc was gone.

Mr. Gold's heart felt flat and withered like the basketball bladder out of air. She went out to her mother's friend and came back laden with flowers. And still her heart had no bound to it. The present was colorless as dishwater, and so was the future. She would go on wiping noses, and reading stories about beautiful princesses, and inhaling garlicky breaths— And when her hair—like old gold, he had said—was streaky gray and she was edgy with routine and heart-emptiness, perhaps she would call on Dr. Fitzhugh Darrow, neurologist; perhaps he would explain that her nervous system was too highly keyed for her physical strength. And she would tell all her friends how much he charged for that.

She went to bed. But the emptiness of Globeville—of life—was like a vacuum about her . . .

SOME one was pounding on the door. She opened it on a little boy, panting, half-crying. It was Angelo DeAlysio.

"Oh, Mr. Gold, all day long she asks for you. All day she sings—"

"You mean Secondina? What's the matter—is she sick?"

"She is so much sick, Mr. Gold. Me, she does not know. The mom she does not know. So hard she looks at us, but her eyes don't see us—"

"Did you have the doctor?"

"We had the doc from Tinker. He put a telephone on his ears and thumped her, and he said she should rest. If she doesn't rest—oh, something awful will happen. But she can't rest. All the time she wants to know what it is the mom does. And me, I have forgot. Mr. Gold, what is it the mom does?"

"I'll call the Big Doc," said Marigold, "and then I'll go with you. Wait just a minute."

She called the home of Dr. Aubrey Meadows. A man-servant answered. Dr. Fitzhugh was out on the grounds. Yes, he would take him a message. Marigold made him repeat it, corrected him twice on the name, Secondina. He repeated it accurately, but his voice held no interest.

THE stove in the DeAlysio home glistened blackly. The house was in an unprecedented state of order. Neighbor women sat in the kitchen. Rose walked up and down with the baby, Violet, lest she cry. Little Tony sat on Pop's lap; at each sound Pop sh-h'd him to silence.

Mom's face held no animosity now. Only a bewildered fright in her black eyes that turned to Marigold, then pulled back to the bed which looked so big with just a thin, little figure crumpled down on it.

"Is she asleep?" whispered Marigold.

"She is like that for just a minute," Mom whispered back. "and then she sings. She wants you and the Big Doc."

Through the room where tired figures sat straight, where eyes reddened from smelter dust were wide and strained, it rose—a little, croaking, sighing song,

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
The pop, he tends the goats—"

Secondina might take liberties with the words, but Selma Lingenfelter's blunt fingers had never found such true melody in Lesson Number XV.

"The mom, she—"

The melody broke into tangled despair. "Oh, what is it the mom does? It was so keen—so nice. What is it— Oh, Mr. Gold—"

Marigold was by her side, and Secondina's thin arms reached out to her. Her hand touched Marigold's smooth, caught-back hair, and recognition came with the touch.

"The sleep song, Mr. Gold, that makes—the—eyes—shut."

Marigold cradled her in her arms. Secon-

dina, the flower, ever swaying to the breezes blowing through Globeville. Soft breezes some— "Old Grandma Lederer is ninety-two today—." Vicious breezes some, "My aunt Rosa's Benny come home crocked—" Softly Marigold nestled her. One had to be careful to prop up a flower so that its poor, bruised stem would heal.

"There now, Secondina, Mr. Gold will sing it:

" 'Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree
That happy dreams may fall on thee'."

A hand of peace smoothed the drawn worry out of the feverish face.

"Tree," Secondina whispered blissfully.

Marigold's ear caught the chugging of a car up the hill. If only the Big Doc would come!

"Tell about the tree like you did before," prompted Angelo.

Marigold told her again about the dreamland tree with its white blossoms—no, that car went on past!—something like the tree in Lingenfelter's back yard; and the blossoms fall softly—

"So that you smile," again supplemented Angelo.

Secondina slept. A smile touched her closed eyes, parted her lips.

MARIGOLD sang on and on, softly, so that sometimes the squeak of the rocker was the louder. Sang on and on. Surely the man with the unconcerned voice had taken the message to Dr. Darrow—Globeville's Big Doc. Out in the new swimming pool he would be with Rita and Rita's crowd that called him "Fitzie."

Was it that vision, or was it the lax heaviness of Secondina in her arms, that yanked the music out of the song! She shifted her weight to see if perhaps she would stir. She didn't. Marigold sang very low to listen—why, at first that breathing had been so quivery, so labored. A too-big, faded wrapper was pinned across the narrow chest. Was the bit of wrapper moving at all? . . . That short cut across the tracks . . . If only the Big Doc would take it!

Suddenly Angelo gripped her arm in hurting terror. "Mr. Gold—say, *can* she wake up?"

Marigold looked up. The room was full of stricken fear. Pop slid Tony down, stumbled toward her. Mom came. She picked up one of Secondina's hands, and as it lay lax in her own pudgy one, began to sob,

"Holy Mother in heaven! Holy Mother—"

Marigold's heart sobbed with her: "Holy Mother in heaven, hurry the Big Doc. Hurry him."

Tony whimpered, but Pop did not hear him. He stared down at Marigold and the smiling child; his lips twisted, mumbled.

"Holy Mother in heaven," Marigold's heart was aching on, "hurry him—"

Angelo swung the kitchen door wide. The Big Doc stood there blinking in the light. His hair was wet. So big, so sure of himself. The women fell back to make a path for him. The healer. Every eye full of entreaty. And that hushed air of waiting thick in the room.

Dr. Darrow took the child from Marigold's arms, laid her gently on the bed. His big fingers found her pulse. And all the time Mom was wailing:

"She never sleeps sound like that. Honest, Mr. Doc, she wakes up at the drop of a hat."

He poured a few drops of liquid in a spoon, eased it between soft lips. Hand on pulse again. He turned from the bed. "She's coming fine—just fine. She was exhausted completely, poor little tyke, but now she's resting."

"Because Mr. Gold told her what the mom does," said Angelo.

The Big Doc had said it himself, "—and when he turned from the bed it depended on what he said whether life went on."

Some one rattled the stove.

The mom said, "Rosie, you dump all the old coffee grounds out in the alley."

Secondina's cracked lips smiled weakly. "My God, ain't it keen—what the mom does?"

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In using advertisements see page 6

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ALUMINUM WASHER

What Is It the Mom Does?

AT LAST the Big Doc and Marigold stepped off the sagging De Alysio porch into the night. Pop's goat bleated softly as they passed. Marigold was full of coffee and hearth-baked bread and an inner trembling. For the Big Doc seemed all a man tonight, not a boy; a man who had hesitated at a crossroads and then chosen one.

"I'd have been here sooner, but I had trouble rustling a car to come in. I asked Rita to drive me over . . . but she told me if I came back to Globeville, I'd come alone" . . .

Suddenly he stopped. One hand had been tight on Marigold's arm guiding her down the slope. They were down now, and both hands reached out to her.

"I'm glad you called me back, Mr. Gold. Lord alive, child, I'm—in love with you . . . I don't know how long I've been. I knew it when I saw you there—so doggoned beautiful—holding that little kid."

Marigold bent over. Tears hurried to her eyes, black dirt crunched in her shoes, ecstasy poured in where only a sodden lump of wishing had been. When she rose up, both his arms closed about her. And they felt as she knew—somehow—they would.

"Globeville—has a m-moon tonight," she sobbed.

Milk is Milk

(Continued from page 83)

contents will remain fresh and sweet almost indefinitely.

There are two methods of using powdered milk. It may be reliquefied by placing the powdered milk *on top of the water* and beating for a few seconds, until completely dissolved, or the powdered milk may be mixed with the dry ingredients and water added for the liquid. In either case use the proportion of four tablespoonfuls of powdered milk to every cupful of water.

Powdered whole milk may be prepared for whipping as follows: *Use powdered milk and water in the proportion of 3 to 4 (i.e. 6 tablespoonfuls of powdered milk to 8 tablespoonfuls of water.) Place the required amount of water in a bowl. Place the powdered milk on top and beat until entirely blended and smooth. Place in the top of a double-boiler and scald for 3 minutes. Chill immediately by setting in ice and salt as for evaporated milk, for half an hour. Whip until it will form a peak (about 3 minutes). It will increase to 3 times its bulk. The amounts mentioned here will produce 1 cupful of whipped milk.*

In the manufacture of *condensed milk* about forty percent of cane sugar is dissolved in the fresh tested milk, and the mixture is then heated to evaporate one-half its water content. About three-fifths of the resulting mixture is milk, about two-fifths sugar. This milk, then, is not so exact a substitute for fresh, whole milk as evaporated or powdered milk. The percentage of sugar which it contains is high when compared with that of its protein, fat, and mineral salts.

While sweetened condensed milk has long been used commercially in making ice-cream and candy, housekeepers find it convenient in cooking where milk and sugar are both necessary. The use of this milk must be confined to dishes where sweetening is required, and recipes must be adapted accordingly.

In any discussion of milk, *malted milk*, plain or chocolate flavored, has an important place. This product, however, is a story in itself and will be considered later.

The following recipes, tested, tasted, and approved in our Institute kitchens, illustrate how evaporated, powdered, and condensed milk can be used in recipes containing milk:

To make *Coffee Soufflé* mix 1 cupful of strong coffee, ¼ cupful evaporated milk diluted with ¼ cupful of water, ⅓ cupful of sugar, and 2 teaspoonfuls of granulated gelatine; heat in the top of a double-boiler, stirring until the sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Add ⅓ cupful

of sugar, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, and the yolk of one egg slightly beaten. Cook until the mixture thickens slightly. Remove from the heat and cool. Add ½ teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour over the stiffly beaten white of the egg and mix thoroughly. Cool, and when the mixture begins to thicken, fold in ½ cupful of evaporated milk whipped. Pour into cold, wet individual molds and chill. Serves 6.

Chicken à la King: Cook the caps from 1 lb. of mushrooms for 5 minutes in 5 tablespoonfuls of salad oil. Meanwhile cook the stems in 2 cupfuls of boiling water for 20 minutes, strain, and save the liquor. Add the mushroom caps to a mixture of 2 cupfuls of diced chicken meat, 3 tablespoonfuls chopped pimientoes, 6 tablespoonfuls chopped green peppers, 1 tablespoonful capers. Season with 1 teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika. Make a white sauce of 2 tablespoonfuls fat, 5 tablespoonfuls flour, 2 cupfuls evaporated milk diluted with 1 cupful water, and mushroom liquor. Pour on the beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Add the chicken mixture, heat thoroughly, and serve on slices of buttered toast. Serves 6.

To prepare *Eggless Mayonnaise* mix 1 teaspoonful powdered sugar, ¼ teaspoonful dry mustard, ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful paprika, and a dash of cayenne in a mixing bowl. Add ½ cupful evaporated milk and beat vigorously. Add 1 cupful chilled salad oil, 1 teaspoonful at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. When the mixture begins to thicken slightly, add 1 tablespoonful each of vinegar and lemon juice alternately with the rest of the oil, beating vigorously after each addition. Makes 1½ cupfuls mayonnaise.

Corn Chowder: Cook 1 slice of bacon; add ½ small onion finely minced. Cook 5 minutes, stirring often. Strain fat into a kettle. Parboil 2 cupfuls of raw potato cubes for 5 minutes, drain, and add to the fat. Add 1 cupful of boiling water and cook until potatoes are soft. Blend ¼ cupful of powdered whole milk with 1 cupful canned corn and add to the potatoes. Stir in 1 cupful of water and bring to boiling point. Remove from the heat; add 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful salt, and ¼ teaspoonful pepper. Serves 5.

Two-Egg Cake: Cream ⅓ cupful butter or fat; add 1 cupful sugar and the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Beat until light and fluffy. Add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix and sift 1¾ cupfuls pastry flour, 2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ teaspoonful of salt, and 4 tablespoonfuls powdered whole milk. Add dry ingredients alternately with ½ cupful of water to first mixture. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into greased cake pan and bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 45 minutes.

Baked Custard: Dilute ¾ cupful of condensed milk with 2¼ cupfuls of hot water and pour gradually on 3 eggs, slightly beaten. Add ¼ teaspoonful salt, and 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Pour into a greased baking dish or custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg and bake in a slow oven of 350° F. for 40 minutes or until a silver knife inserted in the custard comes out clean.

Fruit Salad Dressing: Beat 2 eggs until light and add 1 teaspoonful each of salt and dry mustard. Add 1 cupful of vinegar slowly, while beating. Add one 8 oz. can of condensed milk, while beating constantly.

Frozen Delicacies

(*Continued from page 81*)

have a very low temperature in the freezing compartment.

PEACH MOUSSE: Peel and slice thin 2 cupfuls of soft, well-ripened peaches. Mash and put through a potato ricer or coarse sieve. Add 1 cupful of sugar and let stand one hour. Soak 1 tablespoonful of gelatine for five minutes in ¼ cupful cold water and thoroughly dissolve by placing it over a pan of boiling water. Add to the crushed peaches; chill. When the mixture is thoroughly chilled and is beginning to congeal, fold in 2 cupfuls of heavy cream which has been whipped stiff. Pour into freezing trays and freeze without stirring. Serves 6 to 8.

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In using advertisements see page 6

(*Continued from page 55*)

"How did *she* get in here?" she asked.

"She walked in," said the Marquis, "just as I was going downstairs."

"Then now she'll walk out," said Josephine, and she opened the door wide. "And please remember, Mademoiselle," she said in her most incisive Normal School manner, "you must never do this again. When you want to see my brother, you will see him downstairs."

"But they will not let me see him downstairs. All last night that Lady Phoebe keep us separate."

Across the hall another door opened, and Grandma quickly appeared. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Josephine coolly. "This young lady made a slight mistake in her calling hours, that's all. Now, Miss Athenie to your room, please."

"I will not be ordered around by you—"

Glancing around as though for reinforcements, the indomitable Josephine caught sight of the bell-pull which hung by the side of the Marquis's nearest bed; and striding to it, she pulled the braided handle—once, twice, and again.

"I haven't the least intention of arguing with you," she said, "but if you won't go for me, you will go for some one else."

Recognizing perhaps that she had met her master, Athenie suddenly left the room, her head bowed low, her arms crossed over her bosom like those of a young tragedy queen who is being kept out of her own.

"How did she get in his room?" demanded Grandma.

"She walked in, Lucius says," replied Josephine. "I was only half dressed when I heard her crying through the wall. So I slipped on my dressing-gown and came to see what it was all about. You'll have to send her away, Lucius," she continued, turning to her brother. "She'll only keep worrying you, acting like this."

"But I can't send her away," said the Marquis in a troubled voice. "She told me last night that she has no money. What can I do? I can't turn her out."

"Then you'll have to pay her passage back to Greece," said Josephine. "You can't have her coming in here like this—crying all over your shoulder—"

They were interrupted by Barslow, Grandma catching sight of him through the partly open door.

"Did you ring, my lord?" he asked.

"Oh—yes—" said the Marquis. "A little hot water, Barslow— As soon as you can, please."

"Very well, my lord."

Barslow returned to the pantry a minute later, almost with a touch of exaltation on his face. " 'Ot water 'e said 'e wanted," he breathlessly reported, as he donned his apron again, "but it wasn't 'ot water that 'ad made him ring his bell—at least, not *that* kind of 'ot water!"

"Now what do you mean?" demanded the butler.

"Well, I 'ave a light step, as you know, Mr. Sowersby, and when I got near the Marquis's room, I could 'ear Miss Josephine in there, telling 'im 'e'd 'ave to send 'er away.

" 'You'll 'ave to send 'er away,' she was saying.

" 'But I can't send 'er away,' the Marquis told her back. 'She 'as no money. She told me so larst night. I can't turn 'er out to graze with the rabbits in the fields.'

" 'Then you'll 'ave to pay 'er passage back to Greece,' Miss Josephine told 'im. 'You can't 'ave 'er coming in 'ere like this whenever she feels like it—crying all over your shoulder!'

"And then, of course, I knew what 'ad 'appened," concluded Barslow, resuming his work on the silver with a speed which promised soon to make up for lost time. "Miss Josephine 'ad 'eard Miss Athenie weeping in the Marquis's room, and she 'ad gone in and rung the bell. So Miss Athenie 'ad 'opped it; and when I went in, the Marquis pretended they only wanted 'ot water. But out of the tail of my eye—"

For the second time his narrative was interrupted—this time by Mizpah's appearance at the pantry door—Mizpah who evidently wasn't in the best of tempers and who was carrying a large mixing spoon—possibly as a token of her office—much as a monarch carries a sceptre and a field-marshal bears a baton.

"Is either of you gentlemen Mr. Sowersby, the butler?" she asked.

"Yes," said the butler. "I am Mr. Sowersby."

"Then will you please come and speak to this here cook in the kitchen downstairs," said Mizpah, pointing with her spoon. "She and me, we've had an argument, and I can't do nothing with her. Jedge—the Marquis—he told me yesterday he'd like some griddle-cakes for his breakfast this mawning, and here I go to mix my batter, and she won't let me have no flour!"

After Mr. Sowersby had disappeared with Mizpah, the second man drew a deep, quick sigh of utter content.

"Yes, sir!" he told himself briskly, rubbing the chamois in the whiting. "There's life in old Marlebone Towers again. I'm thankful now that I stayed!"

FROM AFAR

By Helen Welshimer

I THOUGHT *that we would have a house,*
A cookie jar, and swing,
And I would bake your favorite cakes—
But that was 'way last spring!

AND *when I left in autumn*
Your lips and hands and eyes
Kept clinging in a wonderment
Of some deep-hurt surprise.

AND *now I'm gone I'll tell you—*
Before, I was afraid—
If you had asked me to in words,
Of course, I would have stayed!

CHAPTER XVII

THE new Marquis of Marlebone—or the American Marquis, as they were still calling him in the kitchen—was the first to appear for breakfast. But Grandma wasn't far behind.

"I wonder what time they have breakfast here," said Grandma, vainly sniffing for a trace of coffee in the air.

"They didn't tell me," said the Marquis, "but I can soon find out."

He had already been initiated into the mystery of the bell-pulls; and taking hold of the tasseled cord, he gave it a vigorous tweak—feeling, perhaps, as Aladdin must have felt the first time he rubbed the lamp.

"Yes, m' lord?" said Barslow, briskly appearing in the doorway.

"What is the customary hour for breakfast here?" asked the Marquis.

"There's 'ardly any customary hour, m' lord," said the second man. "Lady Phoebe generally has hers in her room, and sometimes Master Archey comes down and sometimes 'e doesn't. And when there's guests, they generally come down to suit themselves—say any time from 'arf parst eight up till ten o'clock."

"We can have it now, then, if we so desire?"

"Oh, yes, m' lord. Any time."

"Josephine and the girls won't be long," said Grandma after Barslow had vanished. "I looked in their rooms just before I came down." In a lower voice she added, "Lucius, you'll have to be careful with that Athenie woman. She'll do anything now!"

"Yes, yes; I know," said the Marquis uneasily. "I shall write Mr. Chilthorn about her today. I think perhaps if she had money enough to return to Greece—"

"Don't you fool yourself," said Grandma the Grim. "She hasn't any more idea of going to Greece than I have. You lock your door nights. That's the best advice I can give you."

Aunt Josephine and the girls appeared then, the latter looking around the room as though the picture which it presented—while a very good picture in its way—was hardly complete.

"Aren't any of the others down yet?" asked Coral.

"I suppose you mean those two young men," said Grandma, who had heard about them from Aunt Joe the night before. "No, they aren't down yet, and the butler—or the deputy butler, or whatever you call him—says they sometimes have their breakfast in their bedrooms. So we'll have ours now in the dining room, like Christians; and if they want to come down later and take a nap on the table, we'll be out of their way."

"Mother!" said Aunt Josephine. "Don't you know that breakfast in bed is one of the charming little *luxuries* of life? I only wish that some one had offered to bring *mine!* A rosebud on the way . . . The morning letters . . . A maid opening the curtains . . . Haven't you ever seen—"

She was interrupted by Archey and his friend Romney Waring, both evidently ready for the day's activities.

"Haven't had your breakfast yet, have you?" asked Archey. "Splendid! What do you say then? Shall we up and at it?"

It was a leisurely, lazy breakfast—a thoroughly British breakfast, too, with its oatmeal, kippered herrings, bacon and eggs, racks of toast, and pots of jam and marmalade. Grandma didn't think much of the coffee, though. She took one sip and looked wryly at Josephine, as though to say, "Taste yours . . ." Whereupon Aunt Josephine gave her a look of warning and drank her coffee as though she loved it.

After breakfast it had been planned that they should make a tour of inspection—beginning with the grounds around the castle, and then riding to the town and along the shore to the ruined abbey from which the place had originally derived its name.

"You'll love that," said Romney to Alicia in a low voice. "You're the saintly type, you know. 'The slumbering abbey, bosomed deep in vines.' A sacrilege, though, to see it so immediately after bacon and eggs. The moon's unclouded grandeur is the proper sunlight there."

"If he stays here long enough," thought Alicia, "he may write me a poem—the way he looked then. But what does he mean—that I'm the saintly type?"

Lady Phoebe, dressed for the morning adventure, appeared in the doorway. "The

"—if an Italian recommended it—I knew I could ask for nothing better!"

....Writes Mrs. Fox

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The American Marquis

rain is holding off beautifully," she exclaimed after her mornings' greetings. "You will soon be ready?"

"We are ready now," said Aunt Josephine.

So off they went—first to the flower-garden, which was in a sunken rectangle to the south of the Towers. Generation after generation of gardeners had worked among those beds so that the Marquis of Marlebone might have some proper flowers. Roses, peonies, tulips, snap-dragons, Canterbury bells, enclosed in borders of mignonette and daisies and heliotrope, while in the center played a fountain—a mermaid riding on a dolphin, and the dolphin covering them both with silvery spray.

"Whenever you can't find me anywhere else," said Coral, "look for me here."

Meanwhile Lady Phoebe had stopped at a climbing rose arbor and was breaking off a shell-pink bud. "The first flower from your garden," she said to the Marquis, fastening it in his buttonhole.

"Now this one's at him," muttered Grandma to Josephine, back near the fountain. "They'll wear him down, between them!"

After the garden they visited the greenhouse—where they saw trellises of grapes and tomatoes in addition to the more usual flowers and plants—and then, strolling along a winding, sunken path which was almost buried by a double row of ruby-colored rhododendrons, they found themselves looking at a rambling stone building on the other side of a small pond.

"What's this?" asked the Marquis, stopping. "Not the Towers again?"

"No," said Lady Phoebe, "this is the old stable. But now we use it for a garage."

Two cars were waiting, the chauffeur in the Marlebone livery: a gray whipcord suit with plum-colored facings, and a glimpse of a scarlet waistcoat underneath. Lady Phoebe seated herself by the Marquis's side in the back seat of the first car, and Grandma immediately climbed in (with Josephine's assistance) and seated herself on his other side. Aunt Josephine, taking her place beside the chauffeur, noticed that in the other car Archey was driving, with Coral by his side, and that Alicia and Romney Waring were in the back seat.

"First," said Lady Phoebe, "we'll drive around the private road."

IT WAS a peaceful scene. The Marquis's sheep, lying under his trees and thoughtfully enjoying their second breakfasts, didn't even bother to turn their heads as their master rolled by. And his deer on the edge of the gorge, they, too, calmly continued about their business, a few young ones nervously lifting heads for a moment, but soon reassured by the conduct of their elders. Here and there gigantic oaks shaded the grass—oaks which looked as though they had been there since the beginning of time and would be there till the end.

"How large is the place altogether?" asked the Marquis, beginning to wonder if this private road of his would never end.

"About twenty thousand acres," said Lady Phoebe. "Too large, really; but you can't sell any of it, or the whole place reverts to the Crown. The Marlebones have always been eaten up by taxes; and since the war I can't begin to tell you how we've suffered. The people in America will probably never understand that."

Aunt Joe bridled, but she didn't say anything.

"It's like our Civil War," said Grandma. "The South suffered terribly, but the people in Europe will probably never understand that."

"Good for Mom!" thought Josephine in the front seat. "Wait till she feels more at home here. She'll talk to them like one of the family."

Indeed it was probably just as well that the car, following the road around a clump of trees, suddenly came to a wrought-iron gate standing by the side of a low, comfortable-looking stone house.

"This is the gate-keeper's lodge, I presume?" said Josephine, raising her lorgnettes.

"Yes," said Lady Phoebe. "And I assure you he has a busy time keeping tourists and trippers off the place."

Again Aunt Joe bridled—though she couldn't have told why—but again she didn't say anything.

"This road is busy enough," said the Marquis, as they cautiously swung out into the public highway.

"The highway to London," nodded Lady Phoebe, frowning unconsciously at the traffic, "one of the busiest roads in England."

The Marquis, though, enjoyed it. "Reminds me of the cement road from Belleview to Springfield on Sunday afternoon," he thought. "Hello; where are we going now?"

Catching sight of a signboard, he saw that they were leaving the main road for a less traveled one leading to Marlebone-super-Mare.

"Very well," he thought, settling back with more of his old air of dignified importance. "Let's have a look at the family town."

IT WAS, he presently confessed to himself, not to be compared to Belleview. There was none of the nervous activity of Main Street, for instance—none of the restless excitement of Franklin Square when the trolley-cars came together every fifteen minutes throughout the day. Most of the shops were in reconstructed half-timbered houses, with small bay-windows showing a few of the wares which could be bought within.

"Your local solicitor, Mr. Lorrabee, is away for his health, or we'd drop in and see him," said Lady Phoebe. "He was in Egypt the last I heard of him, and the clerks in his office know next to nothing." She looked over her shoulder through the back window. "We seem to have lost our second car. I hope nothing happened to them on the London road."

Lady Phoebe needn't have worried. Instead of turning out on the London road, Archey had swung to the left before reaching the lodge-gates, and had driven the car down a winding road to the ruins of an abbey overlooking the sea. Here they had strolled up and down the beach, throwing pebbles into the water, wandering through the old walls of the abbey, until gradually the two couples had become separated in that accidental, innocent manner which is probably as old as the human race.

"Do you know—or do you care—" said Romney Waring to Alicia, "that I'm getting quite mad about you?"

"He seems to like the saintly type," thought Alicia. But aloud she only said, "I should hate to see you lose your reason."

"It's slipping," he warned her. "Frankly, I thought I was immune; but I found it hard to go to sleep last night—caught myself mooning over you half a dozen times while I was dressing this morning. These, I imagine, are only preliminary symptoms. I'm telling you so you won't be alarmed when the real fever comes. I only hope it's catching."

"I don't," she hastily told him. "And you—instead of finding it dangerous, you may just break out into nice, warm poetry and soon get over it."

They were sitting on the sand, watching the sea, their backs against a conveniently shaped boulder. Romney's dark hair had fallen as usual down one side of his forehead, and against this sable fringe his sensitive features stood out with the clearness of marble against a velvet background.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "This isn't the first time I've had it. But always before I've inoculated myself, for poetical purposes only, and have kept the thing under control. But this disorder which is coming on now I have caught from you; and if some day you find me apparently delirious, you mustn't hold it too harshly against me."

Archey meanwhile was wandering with Coral farther along the shore—wandering, too, it might be said, on lighter, brighter paths.

"A queer thing," he was saying, "but I've always had the wrong idea of American girls."

"Tell me some of your wrong ideas," said Coral, speaking as deeply as she could, *à la Mrs. Carruthers*, "and if I may do so discreetly, I will tell you some of mine."

"For one thing," he told her, "I was sure—in fact, I could have sworn—that American girls talk through their noses."

"Oh, we do!" said Coral in tones which had suddenly become richly nasal. "That is, of course, all except a small, cultural group, the members of which talk through their ears. But I don't belong to them," she wistfully sighed. "I had too much trouble with my V's and W's."

Archey continued his confession. "And I thought American girls spoke nothing but slang," he continued. "That they were always receiving earfuls, or eyefuls, or saying mouthfuls, or parking themselves instead of sitting down."

"That is true now only of our upper classes," said Coral as earnestly as before. "Since the 'No Parking' edicts went into effect, the poorer Americans, of course, are obliged to keep standing."

"And I thought that except in the larger cities they wore leather aprons and—er—floppy leather trousers—tastefully trimmed, mind you, with beads and feathers—but—er—leather, nevertheless."

"Sounds like something he has seen in a Wild West show," thought Coral. But aloud she said seriously enough, "Alicia and I haven't worn ours yet, because they needed cobbling."

Whereupon Archey cheerfully laughed aloud. "I say—Coral."

"Yes?"

"You don't mind my calling you Coral?"

"Not when you say it respectfully."

"What I want to say is—that you—well, I'm awfully glad you came. It was getting a bit thick—a bit tragic—what with one thing and another—but you and I working together—I think we can put a bit of life—a bit of ginger in the old place yet. What do you say?"

THEY shook hands on it, a smiling tenderness suddenly appearing in the eyes of both—but the next bit of life at Marlebone Towers came from an utterly unexpected quarter. They had all returned and had finished their lunch—sitting around the table yet, and chatting of this and that—when the sound of a muffled bell was heard in the butler's pantry. A minute later Sowersby appeared and noiselessly made his way to the back of Alicia's chair.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," he said in a low voice, "but a young man wishes to see you. He wouldn't give his name, but said I was to tell you that he came from America. I have shown him into the little reception room."

"To see me?" repeated Alicia. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, my lady. 'Miss Alicia Marlebone,' he said, 'and please tell her that a young man from America would like to see her for a few minutes.'"

"Somebody from Belleview, perhaps," said Aunt Joe, who had been listening. "Is he alone, Sowersby?"

"Yes, my lady. He drove up in a car—an American car, now you speak of it."

Alicia had risen—already dimly beginning to guess who it was—and a few moments later, when she entered the reception room by the side of the front door, there was Ed Wyman waiting to see her—Ed Wyman of Wyman's Motor Mart, back home—whom last she had seen at the station at Belleview, a good four thousand miles away from Marlebone Towers . . .

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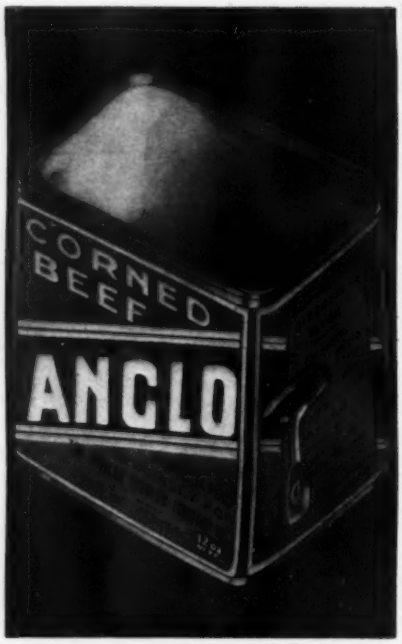

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The American Marquis

CHAPTER VIII

"ED!" EXCLAIMED Alicia, advancing into the room and holding out both hands.

"Hello," beamed Ed. "Some place you've got here. Thought maybe you wouldn't know me."

"Know you?" said Alicia, as they shook hands. "I'd know you anywhere. But how on earth did you get here?"

"Came over on the *Laurania*—sailed the day before you did. Only it was a slower boat, and I traveled Third Class Tourist. Brought my yellow phaeton with me. And say—what do you think?"

"What?" asked Alicia, guessing from his manner that it was something good.

"I've got a job."

"You've got a job? You mean here in England?"

"Ye-ah. Right here in Marlebone at the Crown Garage. Believe me, too, they were glad to get an American mechanic, with all the American cars that are running over here. So what I've called for—or partly what I've called for—is to see if there's any chance of the Crown Garage getting some of your business. We do all sorts of repairing, including tires and radiators," he continued in a louder tone as voices were heard approaching along the gallery, "and we also make a specialty of livery work, both open and closed models. Our work is not only good, but our charges are moderate; and we absolutely guarantee that you will be perfectly satisfied."

Aunt Josephine and Grandma strolled past, but the door being partly closed, they couldn't see inside.

"Who is it?" whispered Grandma, when they reached the end of the gallery. "Could you hear?"

"Sounds like a drummer," said Aunt Joe, "and yet his voice is familiar."

"Probably because he's an American," said Grandma. "Well, we'd better go back now. It isn't safe to leave Lucius alone any longer than we have to."

But when they turned, they saw Alicia standing in the doorway of the reception room eagerly beckoning.

"Go on in and see who's calling," she whispered. "I've got to find Dad."

SHE returned a few minutes later with the Marquis; and if you had been there when the latter entered, you would have seen that the young visitor was properly impressed.

"Hello, Judge," he said in a hushed voice.

The Marquis lifted his eyeglasses, and spanning them over his beaky nose, he took a long, dignified look at Alicia's caller.

"Am I mistaken," he said then, turning to the others, "or is this one of Ed Wyman's boys?"

"This is young Ed, the oldest," said Grandma. "Don't you remember, Lucius, the morning his mother came running in with him and thought he was dying, and all the time it was nothing but a touch of colic, and I patted his back, and rubbed his little stomach . . ."

"Mother!" said Aunt Joe with an apprehensive glance toward the door.

"But I thought I saw this same young man in Belleview the morning we came away," protested the Marquis. "Didn't he drive us down to the station?"

"Yes," said Alicia. "And he came over on the *Laurania* the day before we did—and brought his car with him—and he's working now in a garage in Marlebone—"

"But why? Why?" asked the Marquis.

"Oh, I suppose he wanted a change," said Aunt Joe dryly. "Why does anybody travel?"

"You may well ask," said Grandma more dryly yet. And then to the visitor: "Are you going to stay with us, Eddie? We've plenty of room, if you think you'd be comfortable here."

"No, no; that's all right, Mrs. Marlebone," said Ed somewhat hurriedly. "I'm boarding down in the town, right close to the garage. I

just dropped in to see if there was any chance of getting any of your repairs—or doing some of your livery work, if you ever need extra cars—"

"You say you have a car out front here?" said Alicia after a thoughtful moment.

"Yes; the one I brought over with me—that canary-colored phaeton with the wire wheels."

"All right," she said, suddenly rising. "I'll try it out—to see if I can recommend it to the rest of the family if they ever need an extra car. Just a moment till I get my hat and coat."

Sowersby let them out and hurried down the stone steps to open the rear door of the car for Alicia.

"Thank you, Sowersby," she said, as the latch clicked after her.

"Thank *you*, my lady," he said with one of his grave and perfect bows.

The canary-colored car rolled silently down the winding road until it could no longer be seen from the windows of the Towers.

"Any particular orders, my lady?" asked Ed with a quick glance over his shoulder.

"Yes," she said. "You stop this car."

As soon as the wheels stopped rolling, she left the back seat and critically settled herself by the driver's side.

"Now, Ed Wyman," she said in her earnest way, "you drive along slowly—if you *can* drive slowly—and tell me all about it . . ."

CHAPTER XIX

BACK in the Towers, Aunt Joe followed the Marquis to his study, the door closing behind them on its silent springs.

"Well!" she began. "What do you think of that?"

"Not much," said the Marquis shortly.

"Of course, Ed's a nice boy, and all that," said Josephine, lowering her voice, "but I wouldn't want him to start talking to Lady Phoebe . . . You know, every once in a while, Lucius, I can feel her bragging to me; and whenever she starts that—well, it doesn't take me long to begin bragging back. I think she's got a pretty rich idea, for instance, of how we stood in Belleview—things like that—you know what I mean."

"I know," moodily answered the Marquis.

"And it would be just like her to start pumping Eddie, if she ever found out that he came from Belleview."

"She may pump Mom, for that matter," said the Marquis still in his moody manner.

"Don't you worry about anybody pumping Mom," said Josephine with quiet confidence. "But Ed's different."

"Of course, he was all right in Belleview," continued the Marquis—in the tone of one who feels more and more uncertain of his ground. "Henry Ford worked in a machine-shop once."

"Yes, but Eddie Wyman isn't Henry Ford," said Aunt Josephine decisively. "And speaking of Henry Ford, Lucius," she continued more thoughtfully, "when are we going to get some money here?"

"That's what I'd like to know," he answered, with a rueful look. "Lady Phoebe's been paying the bills. Of course, when the estate is settled, she'll get her money back, and there'll be plenty for everybody."

Aunt Josephine made an earnest gesture. "You be careful of that woman, Lucius," she solemnly warned him. "If she ever finds out that you have no money, she'll lord it all over us!"

The Marquis plunged his hand in his trousers pocket and brought up a miscellaneous collection of American and English silver coins—half-crowns and fifty-cent pieces—dimes and sixpences—together with a few of those large, copper medals which are sometimes described as "English pennies."

"That's all I've got," he said. "And when that's gone—"

"You needn't come borrowing from me," Josephine hastily warned him.

She left at that, and the Marquis turned to the pile of mail which had been placed on his desk that morning.

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The American Marquis

"Now this," he thought, picking up a letter opener and attacking the top envelope, "is more like old times."

The top envelope contained a circular letter, the next one a bill, and more than ever it seemed like old times. But the third had something to do with the Marlebone Church; the fourth, with local politics; the fifth—"On His Majesty's Service"—announced the date of the opening of the next County assizes.

"Perhaps I ought to be there," he uncertainly told himself. "I may be the Judge, for all I know. And yet I hate to go running to Lady Phoebe all the time, asking her questions. She might misunderstand it and think that I was running after her—"

His thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of Lady Phoebe in the doorway—Lady Phoebe smiling charmingly and carrying a letter file under her arm.

"Are you busy?" she asked.

"No, no!" said the Marquis hurriedly. "Come in."

She closed the door after her, smilingly remarking: "You don't mind, I hope? This is confidential." Then, drawing a chair more closely to the desk, she opened her file and said: "I want to show you how I keep my receipts. Now, let me see where I'd better begin . . ."

As she thoughtfully opened the file, the Marquis began mopping his head again. And yet there was no fire on the hearth. Outside, indeed, the sun had gone in, and spots of rain were beginning to splash upon the windows . . .

CHAPTER XX

LADY PHOEBE was dressed for the afternoon in a deceptively simple frock—a soft gray crêpe relieved with a pastel shade of old rose. These colors, combined with the creamy pink of her cheeks and her amber-colored hair, gave her a soothing, a disarming appearance. In other words, if the events of the Marquis's life at Marlebone Towers that day could be likened to a disturbing sequence of Wagnerian themes—beginning with the troubled thunder of Athenie's unconventional visit to his room and continuing to the discordant motif of Ed Wyman's call—Lady Phoebe now appeared in the guise of a simple melody, like the Evening Star in *Tannhäuser's* agitating distractions.

"I've lived in this room so much," she said in her gentlest voice, "that the day wouldn't seem complete unless I have been here. I fear that sooner or later you will simply have to break me of the habit. Just one majestic frown—and I imagine you could do that very well—"

"Not at all," said the Marquis, already beginning to feel the soothing effect of her dress, her voice, and her glance. And with a rather stately attempt at gallantry to match the compliment which he felt implied in her last remark, he added, "Now if you had said 'a majestic smile'—"

"You're a love," she said, but she was walking toward the window and spoke as though she were thinking of something else—so although in a legal sense it might be said that the remark went upon the record, Lady Phoebe didn't seem to attach any particular importance to it.

"I've always liked to look at the ships from this window," she added. "And here in the bookcase—you see?—I keep a pair of Noll's field-glasses."

She adjusted them to her eyes and stood there silently gazing out at the sea—stood there so long that finally the Marquis came to look, too. Four steamers were in sight at various distances from the shore, ranging in size from a small cargo boat to a trim passenger ship which seemed to be headed for the invisible coast of France.

"That white one," she said, handing him the glasses, "is one of the Channel ferries—the one that goes to Dieppe. London, Newhaven, Dieppe, and Paris, you know. I think that's one of the charms of this window. It's so easy to stand here and imagine oneself on the

way to Paris. You have been there many times, I suppose."

"Er—not yet. Paris, you know, is a little farther from Belleview than it is from Marlebone."

"I'm glad you haven't been yet," she said, "because one never quite regains the thrill of the first visit. But I'd love to show it to you sometime—if we ever happen to be there together—"

This again was in her quietest voice, and she was standing now by the side of the window, facing him, so that when he lowered the field-glasses and looked at her, he was conscious only of her gently smiling eyes and—presently—the pleasant color and arrangement of her hair.

"Do you know," she said, "I've been wondering something—"

"Yes?" he encouraged her when she paused.

"I don't know whether I should bother you about it," she continued, "but I have about twenty thousand pounds waiting for investment—idle funds, that ought to be put to work—and I've been wondering if you could recommend a few good American securities."

The Marquis drew a deep breath, pleased that she had touched upon a subject which he knew so well, proud that she should have come to him for advice. Twenty thousand pounds—a hundred thousand dollars! And "idle funds," too—evidently only a fraction of her capital.

"First of all," he said in his deep judicial voice, "you must let me know the type of investment which would best round out your list. I suppose, of course, that you want something very conservative?"

"I'm not so sure," she thoughtfully answered. "Nearly all the rest of my money is in government securities, so I feel that perhaps I can take a reasonable amount of speculative risk with this twenty thousand pounds."

"I don't like to advise any woman to take financial risks."

"But you Americans do so enormously well with your investments. Mind you, I'm not promising to follow your advice to the letter. But some time within the next few days, I wish you would make me up a list of, say, ten American securities, with the idea that I may possibly invest about two thousand pounds in each item."

It was a problem dear to the Marquis's heart, and it pleased him that he could be so useful to the gently smiling Lady Phoebe who had such respect for his financial judgment. He would give her a good list, too—a classical list—including none of the miserable cats and dogs which had been his own undoing. General Telephone, for instance, had more than doubled in value the last few years. He would include that. And American Electric, in which every hundred dollars invested five years ago was now worth a thousand . . .

Lady Phoebe's quiet voice recalled him.

"What stocks have you personally found the most lucrative during the past few years?"

She had slightly turned, so that now he caught a glimpse of the profile of her commanding nose. The next moment she was fully facing him again, but that instant had been enough to put him on his guard—to remind him of what Josephine had told him only a few minutes before, " 'If she ever finds out that you have no money, she'll lord it all over us.' "

"The stocks I own," he cautiously replied, "would not necessarily be the best for you. A man, for instance, can take risks, because if he loses, he knows how to restore his capital. But when a woman loses, she has lost for good."

LADY PHOEBE nodded—somewhat absently, if the truth be told. Obviously she couldn't press the question of the Marquis's holdings too closely.

"Your sister," she said—"I expect she has been fortunate in her investments? But there," she quickly continued without waiting for a reply, "let us talk of something besides money. Speaking of your sister, do you know, I think she is charming. Is she planning to stay in England? Do you suppose she will take an apartment in London, if she does?"

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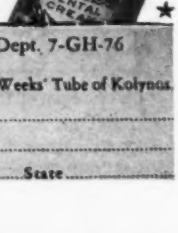

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The American Marquis

Again the Marquis felt a warning wave sweep over him. Lady Phoebe's voice, he imagined, was just a shade too careless—that tone which he himself had often tried to capture when as Justice of the Peace in Belleview he had been examining a witness whom he wished to surprise into a damaging admission.

"Josephine has always been more or less a law unto herself," he replied. "It would be difficult to prophesy what she will do, even from one day to the next."

Perhaps Lady Phoebe caught the cautious note in his voice, for again she quickly turned the subject.

"Another boat!" she exclaimed, glancing out of the window. "A yacht, this time. Isn't that the American flag at her stern?"

She handed him the field-glasses; and while he was focussing them upon the distant ship, she looked at him with puzzled uncertainty. It would be so easy to decide the question of his means. She had only to point to the account book and say,

"I expect that you will want to take care of these payments from now on—?"

But suppose he promptly answered "Yes." And if the tales of that black woman downstairs were true, that is precisely what he would answer. Lady Phoebe would thereupon immediately be deprived of her power and authority—or, for that matter, of any further reason for staying longer at Marlebone Towers. No, it would be better to handle the question more obliquely. Clynes had been talking lately of the necessity of a new car. Perhaps if she referred him to the Marquis . . .

"Yes," he said, lowering the glasses again. "She's flying the American flag."

Another trim American craft sailed past the window at that moment—the clipper Lady Coral accompanied by the convoy Archey.

"Do you know," said Lady Phoebe, watching them until they disappeared toward the garage, "I think you must have had the two most beautiful girls in America!"

Unconsciously she had touched upon one of the Marquis's weakest points, and equally unconsciously he warmed to her again, answering the smile in her eyes with one which was quite as friendly.

"I often wish I had a daughter," she said in a low voice. "I was only eighteen, you know, when Archey was born."

They turned from the window together, and the Marquis arranged two chairs side by side at the desk.

"Oh, bother the accounts this afternoon!" said Lady Phoebe, impetuously seating herself on the couch in front of the fire. "Come and sit here, and tell me about that wonderful country of yours."

Half an hour later Barslow looked into the butler's pantry, an empty coal-hod in his hand.

"You remember those turtle-doves that I told you about yesterday, Mr. Sowersby?" he whispered. "They're cooing in the study again. They've changed their perch from the desk to the sofa. They're getting on a bit!"

CHAPTER XXI

BY THREE o'clock Lady Phoebe had finished the exposition of her method of keeping accounts. Alicia—somewhat wet—had returned from her drive with Ed Wyman, and while she was changing her clothes, she had told Aunt Josephine and Coral some of the things which Ed had said. Alicia's eyes were unusually bright throughout this recital—a detail which didn't escape Aunt Josephine's attentive glance.

"Well, I think Ed Wyman has a nerve—coming over here and gumming things up."

"But Aunt Joe," protested Alicia. "He isn't gumming anything up. He just works in the Crown Garage, and any time we want an extra car or anything—well—he'll bring it up."

"Yes, and you'll go out riding with him. Lady Alicia Marlebone going out riding with a garage worker. A nice how-do-you-do."

"I went out riding with him often enough in Belleview," Alicia protested.

"Yes, but this is different. Can't you see that this is different? If not, it is utterly useless even to attempt to continue this conversation."

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Belleview Normal School. Rah! Rah! Rah!" exclaimed Coral.

"You be quiet!"

"I don't care," said Grandma, who had been listening in. "Ed Wyman always appealed to me as a nice boy—quite a little gentleman in his way—and if he had spunk enough to cross the ocean in that terrible steerage—"

" 'Steerage!' " repeated Aunt Joe. "It's bad enough already, Mom, but it takes you to make it worse. 'Have you met the Marquis of Marlebone yet—the new Marquis and his family?' 'No, not yet; but do you know, I heard the other day that their friends are coming over in the steerage.' "

"Who said that?" demanded Grandma indignantly.

"Nobody said it yet, but—"

"Then why do you repeat it?"

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Aunt Joe. "Let's get downstairs. Major Middlemass—and maybe the Rawleys—are coming over for bridge this afternoon, and I want to have a few wits left in my head."

"Well, then," said Grandma sternly, "you be more careful with your tongue, Josephine, and don't misconstrue what I say, another time!"

AFTER Aunt Joe had flounced her way out of the room, the two girls delightedly kissed their martial grandmother and then more demurely made their way down the stairs to the drawing-room below.

Archey and Romney Waring were already waiting for them—Archey at the piano, rippling out the tender little bits from Chopin's Third Sonata, and Romney Waring knotted over a volume of Proust. The Marquis sat near the window, alternately scowling out at the weather and frowning at the financial pages of the London *Times*. An abbreviated report of the New York Stock Exchange, unexpectedly encountered, had affected him almost to tears . . . As soon as the money came in, he would buy a few shares now and then. General Steel, for instance, was certainly due for a rise. And Southern Copper . . .

"Are there any stock brokers in Marlebone, Archey?" he had called out. "Or do you have to go to London?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Archey, still rippling away under the muting felts of the soft pedals. "When Lorrabee's back, though, he'll tell you anything you want to know about the Stock Exchange. He's a wiz at things like that!"

That was the point at which the girls had entered—Mr. Chopin's trilling ripples suddenly crescending into "The Star Spangled Banner" with Variations by Archibald Marlebone, Esq.

"Well, what shall we do?" he asked, when that was over.

"Make it stop raining," said Alicia. "I'd like to go out again."

"This is nothing," said Romney. "Wait till you get caught in a rainy week-end—in a strange house—with so many guests that some of them have to sleep on sofas downstairs. Then you'll know real suffering."

Lady Coral suddenly clapped her hands.

"Listen," she said. "Now you've reminded me of something. Would it be awfully difficult to get up a week-end party? Ever since I can remember, I've been reading of English week-end parties in places like this."

Her voice was so wistful that possibly Archey pretended an enthusiasm which he did not altogether feel.

"A ripping idea," said he. "A frightful lot of people would like to meet you, I know, and with the Marlebone Races coming along on Monday we could get the pick of the Kingdom. The point, of course, is to invite the right ones."

Lady Phoebe and Aunt Joe, languidly sparring on the sofa underneath the Romney, were invited into the conference; and as soon as

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The American Marquis

the Marquis's sister heard what was in the wind, she lost her ennui to such an extent that she almost bounced up and down.

"An English house-party!" she excitedly exclaimed. "When I was a girl, I remember seeing a play, 'The Gay Lord Quex'—and ever since then I've been simply crazy to be at an English house-party."

"I'm afraid we can't promise you any Gay Lord Quex," said Romney.

"Well, what about a gay Major Middlemass?" asked Josephine archly.

"He's coming over this afternoon," said Lady Phoebe somewhat coldly. "You can examine him then for gaiety, if you wish."

Josephine stared at Coral for a moment, as though to say:

"Do you suppose she meant that for something subtle? Or was it just a mean crack?"

At that moment, however, Athenie entered the drawing-room—Athenie who hadn't been seen since her misadventure in the Marquis's room early in the morning.

"What we want," Archey continued to the others, "is a lively, smart, good-looking crowd with plenty of ginger—or pepper, as I believe you call it in the States."

Lady Alicia gave the word its more affectionate abbreviation.

"Pep—ah—yes," said Archey. "It would take the Americans to do that—even to put pep in pepper."

For the next few moments he communed with himself and the keyboard—and was still at it when Sowersby led Major Middlemass into the living-room.

"A splendid afternoon for bridge—with all this rain about," began the Major; and when Aunt Joe had finished her girlish laughter at this, Lady Phoebe, somewhat puzzled, rang for the card-table.

It was soon set up in front of the fire, and "Now, who's going to play?" asked Lady Phoebe.

"Miss Josephine and I are going to be partners," said Major Middlemass. "So your problem is limited to our two opponents."

"Will you play with me, then?" asked Lady Phoebe, smilingly raising her eyebrows at the Marquis. "The younger ones can have another table, if they wish."

"No, thanks, dear," said Archey. "We're still busy making plans for the week-end. Perhaps Athenie would like to play, though—?"

"No— No—" said Athenie in her tragic voice. "I was not asked. I will stay where I am."

It seemed to Grandma that Lady Phoebe seated herself at the card-table without further delay, as though afraid that Athenie might change her mind.

"What do you usually play for, in America?" asked the Major, leaning over the table and addressing the Marquis. Without waiting for an answer, he somewhat quickly continued: "You must go easy with us, over here. We aren't all millionaires, you know. Er—what do you say to a penny a point?"

"A nice little game," almost purred Aunt Joe, knowing that Lucius wasn't any better player than he ought to be. And looking at a magnificent, square-cut diamond on Lady Phoebe's finger, as the latter sat there smilingly shuffling the cards, she thought to herself, "Well—if I only take five dollars away from you, that's something!"

IN NO time at all Aunt Joe and the Major were eighty points ahead, and the Marquis was thinking to himself,

"Well . . . whatever Joe wins from Lady Phoebe, I shall have to borrow it from her to pay Major Middlemass!"

"You played that splendidly, Miss Josephine!" the Major was beaming over the table. "Myself, you know—I should hardly have had the courage to bid on the hand you had."

"Ah, Major!" roguishly exclaimed Aunt Joe, shaking her pencil at him. "You know what they say—in love and cards—'*Toujours l'audace*—' "

"Rather!" said the Major, contentedly stroking his mustache.

The Marquis was about to cut the cards for the next deal, when Sowersby silently approached from the gallery.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," he murmured, bending over his master's chair, "but Mr. Chilthorn, of Cheltenham & Chilthorn, is calling. He asks if he can see you in the study, and says he wouldn't disturb you at your card-game if it were not a matter of the most urgent importance."

(To be continued)

Luncheon a Mile Up

(Continued from page 84)

colored glass added a sparkle to the setting.

The luncheon did not consist of airy nothings. Here was chicken consommé with crisp cheese wafers, and following it a flavorsome salad of pineapple in mint jelly with sliced tomatoes lightly marinated with French dressing. Bran muffins and celery, radishes and olives, green and ripe, in attractive grapefruit baskets were served with the salad. For dessert we had coffee and macaroons so delicious that, like true luncheon guests, we all wanted the recipe, which I shall be glad to pass on to you upon request. I have called them Sky Macaroons. As yet there has been little discussion as to what types of meals are particularly suitable for serving in air liners. This may be a new problem for dietitians to solve, and as Miss Barber's guests, we are ready to contribute one menu that sat well.

As we came down to earth in a long, graceful glide we found ourselves talking again and were conscious of the forced silence we had kept under the steady hum of the motors. We had used the language of gestures very effectively, but when we found our voices we reverted to type. We chattered, in the vernacular of aviation, of what had happened since we had taken off. We had nosed up over 6000 feet, we had bumped over a few rough places on the sky-road, and there was an occasional tip to the side as we banked. But for the most part our air trip was as smooth as if we had been sailing on quiet waters. We had not even dipped into an air pocket.

We admitted to each other that before we had hopped off we had been vaguely concerned about nose dives and tail spins. But under the brilliant piloting of W. W. Mounts our faith in air travel was established. We touched earth so lightly that the plane had taxied some distance before we realized that our trip was over. A great freight plane taxied ahead of us into the hangar, mail planes were leaving, passenger planes were getting ready to soar. What, in the nineteenth century, was a poet's vision, a flight of fancy, was now a flight of fact. Doubtless Tennyson did not think that his dream would so soon become a reality when he

> "Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
> argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
> down with costly bales."

A month later I celebrated May Day by going up for a second sky luncheon, this time over New York City, as a guest of the Ford Motor Company, and with our charming hostess, Miss Mary Barber. This, my third air journey, found me a seasoned air traveler.

Our May Day luncheon included a crisp, refreshing salad of head lettuce and endive, with assorted sandwiches and bran muffins. And we all voted that the luncheon deserved first place in any list of meals tested, tasted, and approved for air service.

As we flew over New York, the Chrysler Building with its pointed, shining tower was a shrapnel shell, and the streets of Upper Manhattan were canals cutting through rows and rows of flat roofs. Our plane, with Mr. Mounts in command, sailed smoothly over the New York sky roads with not a dip or a tip, and before we landed most of us were fired with the ambition to fly our own plane.

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TURN to PAGE 6

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Illusion

(Continued from page 36)

"'She's just a little girl going to dancing school!' "

Sammy Schwartz leaned forward on the table, his chin mournfully supported by two cupped palms. The force of that first disillusionment was still strong enough to sadden him.

"After that," Sammy continued, "my father went there every month. When he took me, I used to try to see that he got there around eleven o'clock—because that was the time the little girl always came out of the house. Sometimes she had a tambourine in her hand, and sometimes she had them things Spanish dancers use."

"Castanets?" I said.

"Yes, that's it. Every month there was a terrible pile of bottles. I always remember what my father used to say. He said, 'Some day the man who owns that house is going broke.' And he did. The old Judge went broke, and then he died. They sold everything in the house at auction. My father and I went around and bought all kinds of things. I was a big boy by that time. I was nearly sixteen. The little girl had grown up, too."

"And you never saw her again—I mean, until she came back a famous dancer." I said this with an absurd air of satisfaction at my insight.

"I saw her a lot of times after that," he corrected sadly. "You remember when she took that big house on Van Ness avenue? Where she started a dancing school? By that time I had a junk cart of my own and I went around calling 'Rags!—Bottles!—Sacks!' like my father. One day I saw her going into that house. The next day I went up and rang the bell.

"She came to the door. I was kinda rattled, but I said, 'Got any junk for sale, lady?' She laughed. "Not for *sale!*" she said and closed the door.

"I used to go there once a week and ask this question. Just to have her open the door. At first, her dresses were pretty and stylish. But they got shabbier and shabbier. I could see she was getting pretty thin, too. I said to myself, 'She ain't getting enough to eat!' So one day I said to her, 'You must have some junk for sale now, lady!' So she began selling me things—pictures and china, statuary and silk curtains. Then she started on the furniture. Finally, there wasn't anything left but old rags and newspapers. They wasn't worth much, but I bought them. And then one day the house was vacant. The owner was getting ready to tear it down.

"I remember going through it for the last time. It had once been a grand house with hardwood mantels. It had been built for a Hawaiian princess. But the mantels had been chopped down. The neighbors couldn't seem to make out who had done it. But I knew that she had chopped them for firewood—to keep warm."

HIS cigar was done. I handed him another.

I must confess I was feeling a little abashed. "*If you had known her all your life as I have!*" How flat these words of mine must have sounded in the ears of a man who had helped the incomparable Marcella keep body and soul alive!

"Certainly you didn't see her again after that!" I found myself saying, with the hope of encouraging him to further revelations.

"No—but I heard of her!"

"As we all did! She was gone for about four years, wasn't it? Swallowed up as completely as if she were dead. Then suddenly her name appeared on the front page of the newspaper. Marcella Delmont—taking Berlin and London and Paris by storm. I can remember as if it were yesterday. How astonished we all were!"

"*I* wasn't astonished!" said Sammy Schwartz.

I felt the quick color fly to my face. An inconceivably mean impulse to put him in his place assailed me.

"You didn't stay with the junk business, did you?" I ventured.

"No—I never was good at buying old stuff. I paid too much for it. So my father let me go to work in a candy shop instead. Candy—that's a nice, clean business."

"Have you ever told Miss Delmont that you 'knew her when'?"

"Told her! I hope I'm a gentleman, Mr. Farrish."

I blushed again.

I DID not see Marcella Delmont for a week. She was busy with rehearsals, for one thing. But when I did call upon her, she was twittering with a mixture of amusement and irritation. Sammy Schwartz had been hounding her. He didn't approve of the mechanical flight in her ballet, and he had put himself in her path a hundred times to tell her so.

"It's extraordinary!" she cried. "His persistence, I mean. Before this, he's always hidden himself in a corner and gaped. Now he throws himself in front of me like a condemned man asking for a pardon. For some unknown reason he's terrified over the whole business. But he's too clever to stress that point. He says the idea isn't artistic! *Sammy Schwartz!* Isn't that rare? Isn't that too amusing!"

"You underestimate Sammy Schwartz," I replied coolly. "He knows all about Stravinsky and the Russian ballet. And a lot of other things that would surprise you. By the way, what does Chet think of it? Does he approve of letting a mechanical device hurl your lovely body through the air?"

"Chet approves of anything I do! Besides, you couldn't imagine a man like Chet being all hot and bothered over whether it was better art to have the Firebird fly up on a taut wire or just use a runway."

"But I thought you said that fear was really at the bottom of Sammy's protests."

"Well, Chet isn't a neurotic, either. That's why I adore him. In my business I've met so many silly men. You know what I mean—full of nerves and hysteria. Just when you want to put your finger on them—that's the moment they fail you. Chet's too much of a thoroughbred to fill me with a lot of rubbishy fears about a thing I'm committed to. That's where he differs from a poor fish like Schwartz. Chet's the sort who cheers you on to victory. Sammy Schwartz just stands on the side lines and sniffles and wrings his hands. Fancy Schwartz in an emergency!"

"He'd have his own way of meeting it," I returned with a tinge of warmth. "You may be sure of that!"

She let my tribute to Schwartz glance off. "Yes," she tossed back gaily. "I can imagine!"

She was standing before a window so high up that it cleared all the ugly clutter of a town careless of its roof-tops. The bay, blue-green like a peacock's tail, spread itself eastward in a murky yellow light.

"You can't fancy," she went on, "how thrilled I am to be back again in this funny old city. Only it isn't old at all, come to think of it. Why does it give that impression?"

"I suppose it's the mists from the sea," I said. "They gray it and green it and soften its outlines. The desert towns—the sun-kissed towns—they're always harsh and glittering. And they always will be."

"The people who are born here are born old, too. Not that they aren't gay. But they know things. They know London and Paris and Athens so well that they don't even have to get acquainted. And when they come back home they see London and Paris and Athens born again out of sand-hills and wooden shacks. It's extraordinary! I feel now as if I shall never want to leave it!"

"Yet it treated you pretty shabbily before you went away. Took you sort of for granted,

the way it always does with its stay-at-homes. The way the prodigal's father did the elder son. I was thinking only the other day what a hard time you had after your father died."

She gave a little shiver. "Ah, if you only knew! That terrible old barn of a house on Van Ness Avenue—where I taught the insolent brats of bonanza millionaires polka and waltz steps . . . It was just too incredible!"

"Selling your remnants of furniture bit by bit to keep body and soul alive," I supplemented. "And chopping down the hardwood mantels for firewood."

She stared at me. "Who told you that?" she demanded.

"A friend who helped you live through those days," I answered calmly.

She shook her head. "That's impossible! There wasn't any such animal then!"

"You mean that those who should have stood by you were conspicuously missing—Myself among them? I've been wondering all week where I was then. What I was doing while you were starving! Where was Chet Salisbury? Where were we all?"

"Going to cotillions—being young and gay!"

"All the more reason—"

"Don't be silly!" she said. "I was an *artiste*. Starving is part of the game."

"You starved in Paris, too, I suppose."

"In Paris and Berlin and Munich and Brussels and several way stations. But that was different! I was free. I wouldn't want to do it again, though."

"You'll forgive me, Marcella, but is that why you're giving it all up—marrying?"

"One of the reasons."

"And the other?"

"The other is that I happen to be very much in love."

"I'm glad of that," I said. "Last week, when you first told me, I wasn't sure."

"I suppose it's a reversion to type, really. There's the established-order side of me. A person can't have a judge for a father and not pay the price. I've had all the other things, and now I want security. I want security and a man I can adore! You see, I'm very much of a woman, deep down."

"It's really all settled then?"

"Absolutely. I'm having a little dinner before the show. We're going to announce it then, and next day, after it's all over—the farewell, the glitter, the last public triumph—Chet and I are going to slip away and be married. It's too thrilling!"

"Whom are you going to invite?"

"Not a single woman. Just my manager, and a critic or two, and you, and Sammy Schwartz!"

"Sammy Schwartz!" I echoed.

"Yes—he's Chet's suggestion! He finds him terribly amusing! He always refers to him as 'my rival'."

"I wouldn't invite Schwartz, if I were you!" I protested. "It—it would be sort of cruel."

"Oh, rubbish! Why?"

I TRIED to be casual. "Why, don't you realize—the man adores you? It isn't going to be easy for him to—"

"Nonsense! He's got a case, of course. But it isn't me—it's the glitter of the footlights. I know his type. Once the theatre is dark, he'll hang around for the lights to go up again. He'll be in the wings spotting the most likely chorus girl in the next musical comedy."

"Just the same, I wouldn't—"

"Well, I'm going to."

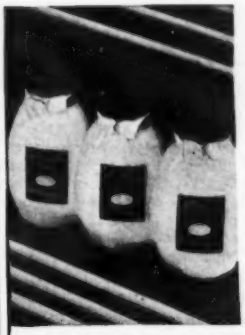
"But I thought he annoyed you."

"Not when there are a lot of other people present. Besides, I want you to hear him deliver his cultural lecture on the incongruity of mechanical contrivances in relation to the dance. You'll die laughing!"

I saw that further protest on my part was ridiculous, but I did manage to say, "I'm afraid I don't see anything funny about Sammy Schwartz!"

"I didn't at first. But I do now—ever since Chet pointed it out to me!"

"You'll make an excellent wife!" I said dryly.



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Illusion

THE NIGHT of Marcella's farewell performance, I went to the theatre with Sammy Schwartz. We sat in his box alone, in spite of the hundreds being turned away by the management, the four empty chairs gaping at us with a sort of melancholy reproach. Sammy had wanted them filled, of course; in fact he had hoped to fill them with guests from the dinner party; but the regrets had been continuous and disheartening until he had asked me. I had made other plans, but I couldn't turn him down. He had seemed so alone and friendless. I could see, too, that the announcement of Marcella's marriage had crushed him completely. Not that he had ever dared lift his own hopes in Marcella's direction; she was to him an apple out of reach, but at least no one else had plucked her. Up to this point he had had her in his view; she had been there, where he could see her, rosy and perfect and fragrant. And now, as he passed along the garden wall, he would find her missing.

SAMMY SCHWARTZ had been the only blemish on the dinner party. Not that he had been in the least obtrusive, but that was just it. One would scarcely have sensed his presence if Chet had not taken such pains to include him at every turn. On the surface it was the gesture of a well-bred man putting an incongruous guest at his ease, but I knew better. I knew that Chet was harrying him, not with consciousness or deliberation, but as a man sitting idly in a garden harries an insect by drawing a twig in front of its path. No matter what the conversation turned on, whether it was the high-lights of polo ponies or the most effective golf stroke, Chet asked Sammy Schwartz for an opinion. With me, Sammy had always had the good sense to admit his ignorance frankly, but Chet did something to him, loomed so large on the horizon that the moving twig in his hand seemed likewise enormous. The result was that Sammy Schwartz ran back and forth, back and forth, like the insect Chet Salisbury conceived him to be. It could scarcely have been otherwise—Chet Salisbury, cool-blond and lean-flanked at forty, with the blood of pioneers and soldiers and statesmen and even kings in his veins; and Sammy Schwartz, undersized and watery-eyed, about whom hung still a ghetto memory of midnight massacres and the steerage.

But if the subjects of polo ponies and golf strokes and racing yachts were confusing to Sammy Schwartz, there was one topic upon which he felt no confusion. He was against flying ballets in both theory and practice. And he said so, the night of the dinner party, in no uncertain terms. He thought them dangerous, he thought them ridiculous, he thought them inartistic. He said that they fooled nobody. He grew almost vehement on the subject. He asked Marcella to throw up the venture even at this late moment. He begged us all to use our influence with her. In fact, he grew so tiresome that Marcella silenced him effectively by saying brutally:

"Don't scream so, please! I couldn't back out now, if I wanted to. I wouldn't be yellow enough to do that!"

Sammy gave up in despair. With all his second-hand prattle about the thing being inartistic, he had fooled nobody. He was frightened, but he hadn't wanted any of us to suspect it. After this he sat huddled in his accustomed silence until Marcella herself rose to make the most important announcement of her career . . .

When she finished, the table naturally broke into applause, glasses were raised, we all stood up in our places. All except Sammy Schwartz—he had slid down in his seat and was staring ahead like a man waiting for the executioner to drag him to the block.

I kicked him in the ankles. He shivered, gave a gasp, and rose to his feet, spilling champagne down his shirt front . . . Chet Salisbury looked at me with an amused smile.

WE HAD a proscenium box, and I am sure that, until the curtain rose, Sammy Schwartz and I drew our share of attention from the house. The audience was wondering about us—many of them knew me, but none of them knew Sammy Schwartz. Or if they did, our presence together only sharpened their curiosity. Everybody who was anybody in San Francisco was there—it was what the society reporters always refer to as a "brilliant audience." It was so brilliant, in fact, that I realized for the first time, the greatness of Marcella's achievement. San Francisco had been always notably cold to its own. I remembered, with a shiver, the icy home-coming of Sibyl Sanderson, once the songbird idol of Massenet and Paris, and the indifference that had met lesser breeds who had returned with a flourish of trumpets from foreign triumphs. Not that San Francisco hadn't turned out, but it had turned out only once, to damn. This was Marcella's sixth offering, and the house was not only full, but glittering. A little thrill of pride ran down my spine.

But Sammy Schwartz was impressed by nothing but the anticipation of a raised curtain. He leaned forward, his two elbows on the plush-lined rim of the box, staring at the sheet of asbestos that for the moment shut him out of fairyland . . . When it finally rose, and the solitary figure of Marcella Delmont stepped bare-footed from the sudden rent in the black velvet curtains, I saw a spasm of joy that was almost pain shake his ignoble frame. She was clad in a simple white tunic, and she had on a wig of short, golden curls massed on her head like a coiffure from a Greek vase. The applause surged and receded, surged and receded, like a sea that wished to spend itself in an overwhelming upward thrust, but could not. For a quarter of an hour this futile attempt to reach a climax continued. Then Marcella stepped forward and raised her hand. A silence fell. She began to dance . . .

I shall never forget that night as long as I live. The beauty of it, the wonder of it—its mystery . . . If I were to try with one word to give the essence of Marcella Delmont, that one word would be "mystery." Mystery, illusion, phantasy—are they not the only realities of life? . . .

The first half of the program she danced alone, disappearing behind the black velvet curtains after each number, to return in a fresh costume more charming, more daring, more resplendent than the one that had gone before. At each entrance Sammy Schwartz became articulate. He turned toward me and said always the same thing:

"God, ain't she great! . . . I ask you, ain't she the greatest of them all?"

THE first half of the program over, the tumult from the audience began again. It grew tiresome and meaningless, and even Sammy was glad to escape to the foyer. Chet Salisbury was there, and Marcella's manager, and all the critics and artistic notables.

Chet came over to me and whispered:

"Can you believe it?—I mean, fancy her leaving all this for me!"

But though his words were humble enough, there was nothing humble in their intention. Chet Salisbury was a man who knew his quality. Looking down, he saw Schwartz at my elbow.

"Well, what do you think of the incomparable Marcella now?"

"What I always have thought!" returned Sammy, flashing a curiously prideful glance at his adversary.

And I remembered his picture of the little girl emerging from the front door of that old mansion on California street, in a fancy dress under her cloak, carrying a tambourine. "She was so pretty I thought she was some kind of a fairy!" I could see now that he had never believed his father when he had said that she was just a little girl going to dancing school.

"Well," said Chet, sensing the admiration in Sammy's tone, "if you think this is good, wait until the second half. I saw a dress rehearsal—it's a knockout!"

But Sammy shook his head. "She oughta stop now!" he said.

For answer Chet laughingly twirled a finger in front of his right temple.

The bell calling us back into the theatre began to ring.

SITTING next to Sammy Schwartz, waiting for the curtain to rise again, I began myself to question the wisdom of the second half of that never-to-be-forgotten performance. But it was not fear that moved me. It was the risk of an anti-climax in Marcella turning her incomparable art into a literary pantomime. Her single figure against black velvet curtains had been so sharply defined, so vibrant, that it seemed a pity to think of it blurred and partially submerged by an ensemble of only moderate quality. But once the curtain was up I recanted. Marcella's spirit infused even the scenes in which she had no participation, while whenever she swept upon the stage, her genius ran like a fluid flame through the mediocrity surrounding her, and gave it transient authority and power.

The ballet opened with a hunting scene exuding barbaric splendors. Group after group flew past to the lure of hunting horns, each more dazzling than its predecessor. A cleared stage found the forest gloom suddenly pricked by a bird-like creature who trembled with luminous iridescences, figuratively leaping from one jeweled branch to another. Into this effulgent presence stumbled Prince Ivan, parted from his valiant company and seeking to catch up with them. There followed his pursuit of the Bird, her capture and her pleadings for release. Without a word spoken, a strange, indefinable pathos pervaded the whole scene.

I looked at Sammy Schwartz. His eyes were glittering, his submerged oriental love of splendor awakened by the beauty of the scenes assaulting his senses. I fancied that all his imaginary fears had been burned up in this flame of art. For myself, I felt that the supreme moment of Marcella's whole career was impending. Presently the Fire-bird would dart upward, letting a single feather flutter down into the upraised hands of the compassionate prince, as Marcella herself would fly from the public's thrall, leaving only a feather of exquisite memory. Had the force of the allegory made itself plain to Marcella? Was it for this reason that she had planned a stage exit that was to be a flight in fact as well as fancy? I wondered.

As she translated terror and entreaty into physical rhythm, the audience sat breathless. Suddenly, with an upward leap, the Prince released her. For an instant her figure poised motionless in midair. She was like a captured bird inert under the dazzling promise of unexpected freedom. But her inactivity was brief—with outspread wings she gave a darting movement, mounting up, *up, UP!* . . .

A gasp of astonishment and delight came from the audience, then instinctive applause. I leaned forward and said to Sammy Schwartz,

"You see—she was right!"

He turned to say something, but at that moment a woman's shriek sounded from the front row. We both came to our feet. Marcella Delmont's body was hurtling downward. We heard a nauseating thud.

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning Chet Salisbury and I left the hospital—Sammy Schwartz followed at our heels. We took a cab to Chet's apartments. During the entire drive not a word was spoken. Grouped around Chet's dining-room table we began to talk. It was Sammy who first touched upon the subject that we had all been avoiding: What were Marcella's chances? I sparred for time by using technical phrases. I couldn't bear to pronounce a clinical sentence upon her. I dreaded the moment when I must put her fate into plain

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In using advertisements see page 6

Advice *on* Gardens

Good Housekeeping's GARDEN CALENDAR

The Good Housekeeping Garden Calendar is an expertly prepared course of instruction in the practical care of gardens. It outlines a month by month schedule for doing the right thing at the right time throughout the entire year. It makes the fun of gardening last a twelve month rather than only for the short span of summer. Practicable and easily followed instructions. Decoratively bound. Price 50c.

Send stamps, check, money order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(For a complete list of bulletins, see page 206)

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Modern styles emphasize the figure. The graceful, slender lines of faultless loveliness are easily within your reach.

Ware's Youth-Form Girdle restrains the hips and abdomen. It makes you look smarter and feel younger. Every movement of the body causes a gentle massaging action which helps to take off unwanted fat. Beneficial and comfortable. Every Ware Youth-Form Girdle is custom-made to your own measurements. The cost is amazingly small. Write for descriptive booklet.

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Makers of Approved Surgical Appliances
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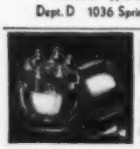

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Approved by leading authorities as a NECESSITY in preparation and care of food. **Aids busy mothers. Safeguards babies' health.** Serves as sterilizer, mixer and filler. Unequalled for sterilizestoring of whole day's feedings. Holds oval, round or hexagon bottles. **Pack with ice, carry anywhere. Write for testimonials and particulars of our 10-day trial offer.**
THERMA PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 7, 1138 Ohio Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

Illusion

words. There is always something so irrevocable about giving voice to a doom. But in the end I had to tell the truth.

Chet turned white. Sammy Schwartz dropped his eyes and began to sway gently back and forth, back and forth.

"I knew it all the time," Sammy said in a sort of whispering wail. "I knew it all the time!"

Presently Chet spoke. "An invalid for life! . . . In a wheel chair, I suppose . . . It's—horrible! . . . Thank God, though, she'll never want for anything. Thank God, I can always take care of her—provide her with every luxury! . . . You'll tell her that, won't you Monty! . . . She mustn't have any worry on the score of money."

"I'll tell her, of course," I answered. "But she'll know it instinctively, Chet. She won't have to be told where you stand in a matter of this kind. She'll know we're all back of her. I'm sure of that!"

Chet rose to his feet dramatically. "I can't believe it—I simply can't believe it! Just think, we were to be married today. I can't believe it's all over."

Sammy Schwartz stopped his rhythmic grief. An incredulous light shone in his eyes. "But if she isn't going to die—" he was protesting.

Chet did not even hear him. "The 'incomparable Marcella'—in a wheel chair for life! . . . And only yesterday she—she—"

"She was flying through the air!" finished Sammy with accusing bitterness.

This time Chet turned on him. "Look here, Schwartz, I'll have to ask you not to say that again. Any one would think from your tone that this was our fault!" He included me in his gesture. "It's always easy to forecast trouble. Mostly it doesn't arrive on schedule. This time it did. But crying 'I told you so' won't alter the situation. We've got to stop wringing our hands and think of what's to be done. Except that it doesn't require any thought. There's only one thing you can do in a case like this: Make her comfortable. That's about all you can do for invalids. See that they have every luxury. That's to be my aim in life from this moment on. I'm going to devote the rest of my life to making Marcella comfortable. A man can't do more than that!"

Sammy Schwartz looked steadily at the man who had just rebuked him.

"Comfortable!" he said. "*Comfortable!*"

And somehow, in the mouth of Sammy Schwartz, the word had a bleak sound.

IT WAS dawn when Sammy and I left Chet's apartments. We decided against a cab.

"Come a little ways with me," said Sammy. "I want to talk to you."

We scarcely had gone a block before Sammy opened up.

"Mr. Salisbury—from what he said, he's not going to marry Miss Delmont now."

"He's doing the next best thing," I said irritably. "He's going to see that she—that she has every comfort."

"Still—he ain't going to marry her."

"Well, that wouldn't be exactly suitable now, do you think?" I countered defensively. "Chet Salisbury is a vigorous man with the best years of his life still before him. He has a duty to himself."

"Suppose he had married her yesterday morning?" insisted Sammy. "What then?"

"He'd have stood by his bargain!" I flared back. "You may depend on that!"

"Well, I guess it's all right. I ain't your class, so I don't understand everything. But I know something about bargains, myself. A man's either a good loser or a bad one. I don't say I've always been a good loser. Maybe that's why I know the difference. Mr. Salisbury didn't marry Miss Delmont yesterday morning—but he promised to marry her today. I can't see the difference."

I tried the expedient of confusing him. "After all—there's Miss Delmont. I can't fancy her allowing a man to make any such sacrifice."

"He's afraid to risk it, though, ain't he? I mean, he's afraid she *will* hold him to it!"

"Come, come!" I threw back impatiently. "This conversation is going around in circles. You wouldn't want a cripple for a wife, yourself!"

He stopped suddenly. "Oh, yes, I would—if—if— That's what I wanted to tell you. I don't suppose she'd want me, even now. But anyway I'm willing. *I* can make her comfortable, too!—I'm going to ask you to tell her that . . . When she gets better."

"You—you can't be serious!"

"Why not?" He smiled sadly. "I ain't taking much of a risk. It's just a hundred-to one-shot with the odds all against me."

I made no reply, but the thought that leaped up in my mind was: "I wonder— You never can tell about women."

I DID not have to tell Marcella Delmont in so many words that she would never walk again. She knew the truth, and yet she avoided having it put on record. Her first thought was of Chet. She said:

"I want you to talk to him. He's going to be full of absurd heroics, of course. He's going to want to immure himself with me. We mustn't have that, Monty . . . I dread seeing him for the first time. He's going to insist and try to beat down my resistance . . . And I've got so little, Monty . . . You've got to help me be firm. You know how wrong the whole thing would all be, don't you?— You'll help me to fight him off, won't you?"

After this I dreaded their first meeting, too. Time upon time I resolved to go talk to Chet Salisbury. I resolved to tell him what Marcella expected of him. In prospect I saw no reason why I shouldn't go to Chet and say:

"You've got to play up, Chet, old dear. You've got to stage a regular sacrificial rite. Offer yourself up to her—protest, entreat, insist. Just to give her the sad thrill of refusing."

But face to face with him the words stuck in my throat. Face to face with him I realized that any advice from me would be an impertinence, bad form. Was I glossing over my cowardice with high-sounding phrases? Perhaps. It is strange the rules which chivalry has invented to defeat its original purpose.

But with all her expressed assurance of Chet Salisbury's line of conduct, Marcella kept putting off the fateful day of their meeting. Could it be possible that she had moments of doubt, herself? Finally one afternoon she said to me:

"I think I'm ready to see Chet, now. Will you ask him to come to-morrow? But you must stand by, Monty. I want you to stand close beside me and hold my hand. I mustn't weaken. I'd always hate myself if I weakened now!"

I promised to stay with her, but I had no intention of keeping that promise. I knew only too well that she would have no need of me. I called for Chet next afternoon, and we drove in silence to the hospital together. Even at that late moment I had an impulse to entreat him to put on an heroic act. But it remained merely an impulse . . .

I took him to her door, opened it, and gently thrust him into her presence. For an hour I walked up and down the corridor.

When Chet came out, his face was beaming. "God, she's a brave little woman!" he cried. "You can't know, old man, how I dreaded this first meeting. But it's all right! She understands everything—perfectly. I didn't have to tell her a thing!"

He swung down the hall, waving me a farewell that was almost a gesture of triumph. I went in to Marcella.

She put out a wan hand and took mine. "Thanks, Monty, old dear!" she said.

"Thanks?" I queried.

"Yes—for not coming in!"

She gave a cracked laugh. "He was just a

little frightened at first. But he soon got over that."

I sat down upon the bed beside her.

"You made him very happy!" I said inadequately.

"Naturally!" I felt her body shaken with laughter. "Naturally!— He thinks he's going to make me comfortable! Aren't men amusing!"

She lay inert for some time. I stroked her hand.

"Whatever became of Sammy Schwartz?" she suddenly demanded.

"Sammy Schwartz—what made you think of him?"

"I don't know. From the sublime to the ridiculous, I suppose. He was right, wasn't he? You know, that night, when the wire snapped, my first thought was of him. I remember thinking, "Why didn't you listen to Sammy Schwartz?" And then I went out. Do you ever see him?"

"Not since you were hurt! He walked home with me next morning."

"I suppose there's a new favorite on the horizon. I hope she's not a *blonde* chorus girl."

"No," I said slowly, "I don't think she is."

"But there *is* a new one?"

"In a way . . . A woman who was *once* a dancer . . . He's crazy to marry her . . . He told me about it that morning—as we walked home."

"And what does she say?"

"He's never told her . . . He left that for me." I felt her hand contract. "I don't know how she feels about it. But there's one thing certain—she would make him the happiest man in the whole world!"

She lay there in a quivering silence. When she finally spoke, she said, "You should tell him to go and see her, Monty, old dear!"

I WENT at once and found him. He seemed more ridiculous and more ineffectual and balder than ever. I was filled with misgivings. But when he came into Marcella's presence, I knew the treasures that the future held for her. He stood for a moment before the shattered figure on the cruel bed, then dropped to his knees in perfect adoration. *"She was so pretty, I thought she was some kind of a fairy."* He had thought that when he had first seen her. And he thought so still!

Stains in Season

(Continued from page 85)

coffee, tea, or fruit may be stretched over a bowl and removed by pouring boiling water from the kettle through them. Difficult stains on white cotton or linen may be bleached with Javelle water. Unwashable materials may be sponged carefully with denatured alcohol to remove the sugary spots.

Salad Dressings, Cream, and other foods oily or greasy in nature will not leave unsightly spots on our table linen if the stains are first treated with carbon tetrachloride to dissolve most of the grease.

Automobile Grease will usually come out when laundered if first treated with carbon tetrachloride. Sponging with a grease solvent will remove these stains from unwashable material if a pad is placed under the stain to absorb the dissolved grease and is changed or turned as it becomes soiled. The cloth used for sponging must be folded over also, as used.

Mud Spots are combinations of grease or oil and dirt, and may be treated like grease. Brisk brushing will usually remove the dust or dirt after the grease has been dissolved out of these stains if the garment is not to be laundered.

Water Spots from a sudden shower may dot a new silk dress. Washing will remove such spots, but if it is not desirable to wash the dress, a cloth wrung tightly out of clear water may be laid on the material and pressed until dry.

Non-inflammable, patent cleaning fluids may be bought in most drug stores if you can not find carbon tetrachloride. These cleansers are used in the same way as the one we use, and are satisfactory if the directions are followed.

On Nose.. Chin..

Forehead...

The three places you must watch constantly for conspicuous face pores

Shrink Large Pores *to fineness with this wonderful soap*

IT'S the close-ups of life that count! Don't let big pores on your nose, chin, forehead, make your skin unattractive at close range!

You can keep your face pores small and fine by daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap, for Woodbury's actually *shrinks large pores to fineness.* The first time you use Woodbury's you will notice its astringent action on your skin; you will feel how much finer and smoother, how much more penetrating it is than ordinary soaps.

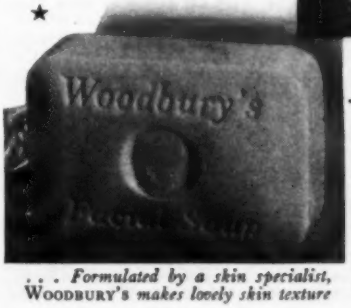
Formulated by a skin specialist who spent a lifetime studying the skin and its needs — Woodbury's makes lovely skin texture. It reduces the size of the pores by freeing them of hardened fatty substance that has caused them to enlarge. It contracts them to natural size and keeps them clean and active.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See what a wonderful improvement a few weeks' use will make!

Keep lovely skin texture by keeping your face pores small and fine!

To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a soap for the face, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

WOODBURY'S *is 25¢ a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.*



. . . Formulated by a skin specialist, WOODBURY'S *makes lovely skin texture*

Send for the large-size trial set

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 2913 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2913 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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In using advertisements see page 6

Cabbages and Kings

(*Continued from page 71*)

though, it was easy enough to figure where the shot had been fired from. It had been fired from somewhere up on a rather steep little hill which rose on the far side of the street and faced the county square. There was a store and a harness-shop directly across from the courthouse, but the shot couldn't have come from that level. The course of the wound proved that—the shot had slanted downward at rather a steep angle, proving that it must have been fired from well above the opposite house-line. Now, above the shops, up on the face of the hill, were two buildings and only two—both of them dwellings, one stuck in the side of the hill a few yards above the other, and both reached by footpaths from the street. Otherwise the hill was bare—no trees on it, no thick bushes, no place where a human being could hide. What's more, the clerk stuck to it that he glanced at that hill a moment after he reached Trout's side. In fact, he said he searched the whole side of it with his eye and saw nothing moving.

"Measurements showed that if Trout was sitting down on a bench that stood just outside the courtroom doorway, the shot might very well have come from the general direction of the lower one of the two hillside houses opposite; from inside it or from behind it or from under it—it stood on posts a foot and a half off the ground—or even from just over the ridge-pole of its roof. On the other hand, if he was standing up, the shot might have come from the approximate direction of the uppermost of the two houses. But nobody could testify whether he was standing or sitting, and that complicated things. No weapon was found in or near either of these two houses, no footprints either, although the grass being fairly thick in places and the footpaths hard and dry, it would have been difficult to find foottracks if they were there. And, so far as the residents of the two houses were concerned—I'll come to them individually in a minute—there wasn't any earthly reason for anybody to suspect that they or any one of them could have had a hand in the killing or any knowledge of it before or after. There wasn't any earthly reason to suspect anybody at all.

"THE most commonly accepted theory was that the assassin must have been lying in ambush under or behind one or the other of the houses and either that he got away unobserved in the first hullabaloo of excitement, or that he stayed concealed right where he was until things had quieted down, and then escaped. But to offset that, the county clerk—and a reasonably alert, intelligent chap he was—said his first scrutiny of the face of the hill had been thorough, even though it was a hasty one, and besides, inside of five minutes after Trout dropped, searchers led by a deputy sheriff who happened to be in the back part of the courthouse building were swarming all over the slope. It was exactly as though death had come leaping at the man from the rounded slant of that hill—like a bolt of lightning, like a dart out of the earth.

"But wait, that wasn't the freakiest feature of it, not by a long shot it wasn't. They had an autopsy on the body—sort of an autopsy, anyhow. The bullet, passing through the body at that downward slant it took, had stopped just under the skin in the small of the back, almost touching the spinal column. They dug it out, and it wasn't a regular bullet at all. It wasn't even lead. It was a roughly circular slug or chunk of some dull, hard metal. At first they thought it might be brass. Afterwards it turned out to be a bronze composition. It might have been a mutilated button, or a pounded-up scrap of a badge or a lodge emblem—something of that nature. There was no telling for sure."

Thorne stopped and tamped a fresh charge into his pipe and borrowed a match from me. There was hardly a breath of air stirring; the blue smoke of his tobacco rose straight up in a solid-looking little spindle. There in the shelter of our ambuscade it was almost like an August day for warmth and stillness. He went on:

"That's a rough sketch of how matters stood when I struck this little town of Uniondale. I slept on it that night, and next morning I climbed the knoll and met the members of the two households that lived up there. I'll take the first house first. I'll boil the facts down: First house—three rooms, plank construction, unpainted, fairly new. Owned by one Anderson Padgett, carpenter by trade. He built it himself, odd times. He lives there with his wife and a new baby. Straightforward, hard-working young pair; stand well with their neighbors.

"HERE'S Padgett's story to me: He's sitting in the middle room, minding the baby, while his wife, back in the kitchen, is washing up the dinner dishes. He hears a shot and knows it must have been fired from close by, but can't make up his mind exactly where it came from owing to being indoors and owing also to the echo against the hill. For the moment he isn't deeply concerned; in a country where shooting at a mark is still a favorite outdoor pursuit of the inhabitants, a shot generally doesn't mean much. After a minute or two, though, he decides to see what's doing, if anything. Puts the baby on the bed, goes to the front door, and across the way he sees the county clerk alongside a body and sees people coming at a run.

"His wife confirms his account. Her experience is practically the same as his, except that she rather thinks the gun cracked at the back of their house toward the left, whereas he's inclined to say it might have been slightly below and, if anything, off to the right. Innocence written all over both of them; both formerly acquainted with Trout, but no record that either of them ever had any dealings with him or bore him any grudge. That's that. Let's temporarily eliminate Padgett.

"Now then, we're going to climb sixty feet up the slope to the second house. It's an old-time log cabin—what they call a double cabin. You know the style—two rooms, separate cabins really, set side by side with one roof to cover 'em both and an open space or 'gallery'—to give it the country name—in between. Two women live here—a sick young woman that's bedfast, and an old crippled woman that's looking after her. The young woman's name is Byers—Martha Byers, according to the data in my hands. She's married, but she's shy a husband. His name is Tobe Byers, harmless enough, but a pretty tolerably worthless party by all accounts.

"They've been married less than two years. She'd always been in poor health, but lately, when she became a confirmed invalid, he just up and ran off and left her, and nobody knows his present whereabouts—the trifling scoundrel! After he abandons her, she gets word to the old crippled woman, who's no kin to her but was a sort of foster-mother to her before her marriage, and the old woman leaves her own shack back up in the mountains somewhere and comes down to nurse her and look after her. Other than this old woman, there isn't a soul to whom the young woman can turn. One look at her, and you can write this poor little thing's ticket. She's got consumption and is almost through. The death look is on her.

"The old woman is a character. Everybody calls her 'Aunt Lizzie' except the dying girl and she calls her 'Mom'; on Gaither's notes she's down as 'Lizzie Johnson, unmarried, commonly known as Aunt Lizzie.' She's close to seventy, I'd say, but well-preserved for her age. Before she fell off a mule years before and broke her hip, she could do a man's work, so they say, and could handle tools almost like a man. Now she hobbles about on a crutch—an awkward-looking thing, painted a bright red and heavily padded at the arm-crotch and the hand-grip with red rags; evidently a home-made crutch. Offhand my guess is that it's one she made herself. Considering her weight—she's a broad, heavy woman—she gets about on it pretty briskly.

"She can do a woman's work, too—that's plain to be seen. That little shanty is clean as a pin inside and out, and everything's in apple-pie order. She's absolutely devoted to the sick woman; anybody can see that. She wears a pair of rusty old glasses, and she still has all her teeth, and she has a broad, placid face, and she chews tobacco just like a man, and she talks like a house afire—I never met such a chronic old chatterbox in my life—and altogether impresses me as a competent, honest, ignorant, not very shrewd old female—loose-tongued, but well-meaning.

"Now you'd say that here wasn't very promising material to work on when you were looking for a cold-blooded assassin—a dying girl and a garrulous, gossipy old countrywoman—and that's the way it struck me.

"Still, I made 'em both go over their stories. There isn't much to the deserted wife's evidence; she gave it to me in a whisper, with coughing spells in between. She was asleep in the bedroom; didn't hear the shot, although she had a sort of drowsy feeling that something was happening outside. Then Mom came and roused her and told her about the shooting, and right after that there were posse men searching the house and searching all about it. I asked her as few questions as possible.

"I didn't have to ask the old crippled woman any—no need to prompt her; she was primed to go. Right away I found out that there was no hope of pumping her dry—hers was a bottomless reservoir of talk. And you couldn't steer her in any given direction. You just had to let nature take its course. And so, eventually, by scraps and fragments, and all mixed in with about a thousand topics that had no bearing on the main subject, I got her story out of her. I pieced it together afterward:

"SHE had just crossed the gallery from the sickroom to the twin cabins where the cooking was done, when she heard the shot close by somewhere. She was as vague as the Padgetts had been as to the direction—couldn't be sure, she said, whether it sounded from this side or that side, from above or below. I remember her description:

" 'Mister,' she says, 'hit didn't crack nice and sharpish, it seemed more to quote.'

"Now, if you'll look it up in Marlowe—or maybe it's Spenser—you'll find that she was using 'quote' in the sense that our Elizabethan ancestors—and hers—used it to denote a reverberating sound, a sound handed on. Up in the mountains they still speak Chaucerian English, as you know.

"Anyhow, she tells me that she turned around on her crutch, and looked out of a little front window, and saw what Padgett also claimed he saw, except that in her case no citizens had as yet begun to appear, and there was no one in her sight for the moment except the dazed county clerk and the dead man spraddled out in the courthouse door.

"She made no bones of not caring for the late unlamented Trout. An outspoken old party, this was, thumping about over the cabin floor while I listened, with her shiny red crutch under her arm, and the big brass ferrule on the bottom of it striking against the loose boards, and her lower jaw working overtime. She said more than once that she'd known him from the time he was a child, and that he was from childhood an 'onlikely one' meaning by that, I took it, of an unpleasant or a sinister personality. She didn't stress her feelings against him, nor did she minimize them. She merely had the candid, matter-of-fact air of expressing a common prejudice which she shared with numbers of others. And then immediately she'd be off down some side-alley, airing her own views of

1855 · SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY · 1930

"Do over" your bathroom on the Crane Budget Plan

You will find new and charming fixtures and fittings certainly, when you visit the nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms. Also a wealth of suggestions for decorating a new bathroom or "doing over" an old one. Further, you'll learn about convenient terms of payment under the Crane Budget Plan. Anyone can now have a modern bathroom, inexpensive or sumptuous as the one above, with its Nile Green *Ipswich* lavatory, *Saneto* closet, and *Corwith* bath. A Crane Qualified Contractor-Dealer will make the installation. Pay only 10% down, a few dollars monthly. Let us send you our 1930 book of modern plumbing, *Homes of Comfort.*

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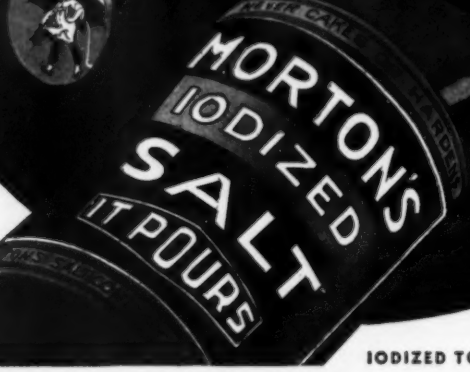
WHEN lightning is crackling overhead, it's nice to have Morton's Iodized Salt in the house. Because it's made with cube-shaped crystals, which tumble off one another in damp weather instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of ordinary salts, it pours as freely on rainy days as it does on dry.

Another nice thing about Morton's Iodized Salt is that it protects children from simple goiter. Better change to it for safety's sake!

WHEN IT RAINS

it pours



Says the American Medical Association: "One of the best mouth washes known is a solution of table salt." It stimulates the flow of saliva and acts as a prophylactic, banishing germs and leaving the mouth in a clean, sweet, healthy condition.

IODIZED TO PREVENT GOITER, ALSO PLAIN

this and that or dragging in some perfectly irrelevant neighborhood reminiscence.

"I came down off that hill with my eardrums throbbing—and feeling licked. So far as these households were concerned, I told myself I'd have to count them out of the equation; would have to look elsewhere for clues, if any. I'd given the terrain surrounding the two places only the most cursory of examinations. After nearly four weeks there'd be no use looking for physical evidences on the flank of that bleak little knob sticking up out of the center of the town like a sore thumb. I certainly was up against it.

"DO YOU ever have hunches? Well, I do, and sometimes they've yielded dividends when I've been up against a hard proposition. I wouldn't exactly call it intuition; I'll swear it's not deduction, because the reasoning process doesn't enter into it at all. I guess the right word is just hunch. Well, while I was eating dinner—they called it dinner—at the Grand, all of a sudden a hunch came. And what the hunch told me to do was to go back up the hill. I followed the urge, too—didn't even wait for the choice of green-apple pie or baked custard—and in less than an hour from that time that murder mystery was all wrapped up, signed, sealed, and delivered, and I was packing my bag to leave Uniondale for good and all and ever.

"I stopped first by the Padgetts; made them repeat their statements; tried to draw them out along new lines. There weren't any new lines to draw them out on. So I knew—somehow I knew it—that my hunch hadn't sent me here. Then it must be the log house higher up. It just naturally had to be.

"The moment I got there and saw the lame woman sitting in an old rocking chair in the gallery between the twin cabins, sewing on something or other, I knew I was 'getting warm,' as we used to say when we were kids playing some hide-and-seek game. I knew that, too. Don't ask me how I did. But I did—that's enough.

"She didn't seem surprised to see me back so soon—neither surprised nor concerned. She said the sick woman was asleep and invited me to sit down. So I sat on the edge of the gallery where I could lean back against a side wall and watch her, and I told her that to make sure I had things straight I wanted her, if she didn't mind, to tell me all over again what she remembered about the shooting. She said, calmly and casually, that she didn't mind.

"It was a peaceful, drowsy afternoon—a Sunday. If it hadn't been for a preacher's voice coming booming up to us from a little church diagonally down below us, where the Primitive Baptists were holding one of their all-day services, there wouldn't have been a sound, hardly, except birds calling and bees humming and locusts going it in the trees along the main street. I had the feeling that a hound must have when he hits a blind scent that's confused and pretty faint, but a trail, all the same, that sooner or later is going to lead somewhere.

"I gave her her lead, and she went to it. Sandwiched in between all sorts of extraneous side-issues, the same entirely plausible tale I'd already heard from her came forth by degrees. It was exactly the same—no contradictions, no changes, no undue emphasis on this incidental point, no slurring-over of that important one. Something told me just having her repeat her story wouldn't help any; that subtle, indefinable sign I was looking for would have to emerge from another source.

"Sitting there pretending to be taking in all her guinea-hen chatter, I studied her movements, the way she handled herself, the play of her expression and all. Now I observed little peculiarities of habit, little mannerisms about her which had more or less escaped me that morning during my preliminary scouting. For one thing, I noticed how full and firm her frame was. She might be overweight, but she wasn't flabby. And when she gripped her crutch as she got up once to cross the floor and get something, her grip was strong, and the tip of it came down hard and brisk on the planks. Sitting down, she kept the crutch balanced across her knee and she had a little trick of running her hand along it while she gassed along. For all her solidity, there was something mighty motherly about her.

"Still, I wasn't getting anywhere; I realized that. At the end of an hour I felt baffled—maybe 'thwarted' is the better word—as though the big secret was eluding me and yet was hiding right around the corner every minute of the time. It was somewhere close by if only I had the sense to put my finger on it. Finally, more to be making motions than for any really valid reason, I pulled out a notebook, telling her I intended to jot down the headings of what I'd found out from the other witnesses in her vicinity.

" 'Let's see, now,' I said, just stalling along, you understand; 'let's see—your name is Miss Elizabeth Johnson? Or is it Mrs. Johnson?'

" 'I ain't never been wedded, ef that's whut you mean,' she says. 'And the fust name ain't 'Lizabeth nor nuthin' very much like it.'

" 'But everybody around here calls you "Aunt Lizzie",' I said, mildly astonished. 'It's set down so by my friend who was up here immediately after the killing.'

" 'Then yore friend was pure wrong,' she says. 'It mout sound like Lizzie, but it ain't—hit's Lissy, fur short. My full entitled name, only I ain't heard it fur so long a spell that I mouty nigh furgit it myself sometimes, is Melissa Remembrance Johnson.'

"I ALMOST fell off that rickety little porch—it was so like a lick between my eyes. Not plain Elizabeth Johnson, about as common a name, next to Mary Smith, as you could think of, but Melissa Remembrance Johnson, a name in a million. A name that fairly jumped at me out of the back part of my brain. And all in a flash I was reconstructing in my mind the picture of that field-kitchen of ours that a stray German shell, a nine-point-five, came along and scored a direct hit on one August morning of 1918 up in front of Chateau Thierry. I saw myself helping to straighten out the mangled fragments of the four boys who'd been wiped out in that burst. I saw myself taking the 'dog tag' and what was left of the messed-up service papers off one of those four bodies. I saw myself fumbling in the pockets of a coat which had been blown half off the poor kid for further marks of identification, and finding the last page of a misspelt letter—part of the last page, rather, for the rest of that page and the rest of the letter were just so much charred, ripped-up scrap—but the part that was left bore words that because of what they said had branded themselves into my mind and had borne a signature that I'd never forgotten and never would. I heard myself listening again while a young second-lieutenant, the commander of the platoon to which the four boys belonged, said of this particular boy:

" 'Rotten luck for that poor kid. He was marked to be sent back for discharge. Why the dam' fool doctors at home and at the base ever qualified him for active duty I don't know. But they did. And now, when he's as good as mustered out of the service, this gift from the Heinies comes across and scatters him all over the shop.'

"And I, out of all the people in France and out of all the people in the world, must be the one to hear what that young lieutenant said, and the one to read that tail-end fragment of a letter, and then, moved by an impulse I can't explain, to tuck it back into that burnt pocket to be buried with that dead boy. And now I had to be the one to sit here on this back-country hillside, with my brain whirling like a merry-go-round to the shock of an incredible discovery, while I fitted together, or tried to fit together, the pieces of this amazing, tragic jig-saw puzzle. It was a tremendous coincidence, of course. It was all of that, but it was more than a coincidence. What was it then—nemesis, fate, judgment? You can tell me when I'm done.

"I could see light ahead of me, I was certain of that, but I didn't let on. Putting the next question, I tried to make my tone indifferent, and I think I must have succeeded, for apparently she never saw where I was driving until a little farther along.

" 'YOU had a sort of foster-son who died in the service, didn't you?' I said, holding the pencil poised for a bluff at taking down the answer.

" 'No,' she says, 'he wuzn't no Foster nor ary kin to 'em. The Foster connection, they lived higher up the waters of Stubtoe than us. He wuz a Triplett—Johnny Tom Triplett was his name—and I taken him ez an orphant child after his own maw and paw died, and raised him like he wuz my own. He's the one died over thar in that fur-off land of France.'

" 'Oh, an adopted son?' I said.

" 'That's the word I've heared some of 'em use—'dopted,' she says, 'but he wuz jest the same ez my flesh and blood to me.'

" 'I'm sure of it,' I said.

" 'He had a little baby sister, too,' she went on. 'I taken her the same time I taken him.'

" 'Then it's probable,' I said, 'that on his soldier's papers he would put down his sister's name as his next of kin, wouldn't he?'

" 'Yes, I reckin' so,' she says.

" 'And his place of residence—' I said, 'would he put that down as Uniondale?'

" 'No suh,' she says, ' 'cause whar us-all-three lived at before he wuz tuck fur a soldier wuz up at Farleyville six miles frum here up the creek; that wuz our post-office then. But in gin'ral us mounting folks don't call a settlement by no 'special name; we jest calls it "town." Ast one of us whar we lives at, and we air prone to say on the waters of sich-and-sich a fork or sich-and-sich a creek.'

" 'Farleyville, eh?' That filled in the next blank for me; I was out in the clear now, making game steadily. 'And the sister's name?' I said.

" 'Likely it would be writ down on them papers ez Marthy Triplett,' she says.

" 'And where is she now?' I asked.

" 'Why, layin' right here in this house, Mister,' she says. ' 'Twuz quite some months after he wuz tuck away that she married off with that thar sorry scound'el of a Tobe Byers that's lately done run off and left her to live or else perish, ez mout be.'

"If the old woman suspected anything yet, she didn't show it, not by look or voice or anything. The only thing was that for the first time she was making direct replies instead of flying off at tangents. That might not mean anything, though; probably it didn't. So I made ready to fire straight and hard at her. I said,

" 'You wrote to your adopted son after he went overseas, I presume?'

" 'Yes,' she says, 'of'entimes I writ him.'

"But unless I was wrong, I had detected just a barely perceptible pause, an instantaneous spell of hesitation, between this question and her answer.

" 'You wrote him shortly before his death?'

" 'Doubtless I done so,' she says, but says it slowly, warily, almost reluctantly, as though sensing a trap set for her feet.

" 'Yes, you wrote him then,' I said, and as I said it I stood up and faced her. 'You wrote him a letter, and you signed that letter with your full name.' I wasn't asking her now, I was telling her. 'And in that letter you said these words: "Son-boy, if you don't come back, I'm going to kill the one that sent you there. He knowed you ain't fitten for a soldier, but still he took and shoved you on in. And you and me both knows why he wanted for to get you out of the way. If you don't come back, it will be pure murder on his soul, and I aim to kill him for it, if it's the last thing I ever do. But say

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Cabbages and Kings

nothing, you and me will be the onliest two that ever does know about this."

"'You wrote that,' I said, 'and the man you meant was the man you killed four weeks ago—Adrian Trout.'

"She stiffened until the muscles of the backs of her hands where she gripped her crutch stood out like ropes. But her expression didn't change—I can swear to that.

"'Mister,' she says, 'air you a conjure? Have you got in you the witchin' power?'

"'Never mind that,' I says. 'You killed that man, didn't you?'

"'Yes,' she says, keeping her voice flat and keeping it down, 'I done so. Through me the will of the 'vengin' Lawd God Almighty wuz made manifest, and I kilt him!'

"'Did you shoot him from this gallery or from inside this house?' I said.

"'Frum right back behind whar I'm a-settin' now,' she says. 'That's whar I done it frum, me sort of leanin' ag'inst them logs to stiddy myself and him a-standin' thar whar the Lawd God, a-answerin' of my constant prayer, had done delivered him into my hands.'

"'You'd been practicing to shoot him, hadn't you?' I said.

"'NO,' SHE says, 'that wuzn't needful. I never shot nary shoot before then; I ain't never shot nary one sence, Mister. I ain't rememberin' that I tried for to draw a bead on him even. I didn't have to, 'cause it'd done come to me long before that when the time come, the bullet would be directed to find his wicked breast.'

"'About the bullet, now,' I said. I was guessing a little, although the answer seemed pretty plain. 'You made that bullet out of a soldier's button, didn't you?'

"'Out of a button offen Johnny Tom's coat,' she says. 'When I went down on them steam-cars to that thar camp in Caroliny, whar they had him herded up ag'inst the day they'd ship him away—the onliest time I ever set foot out of these native mountings—I asked him fur one button offen his coat. He 'lowed I craved it fur a keepsake, and so he give it to me. Johnny Tom wuz ever a most biddable boy. I didn't tell him whut I purposed fur to do with it. I never told him nur any livin' creature whut wuz my intent—only to him in that thar last letter. Mister, all whut I'm narratin' to you is the pure truth.'

"But I knew that without her telling me—knew it wasn't in her to lie. I said: 'In that letter you intimated that there was some second reason, other than his having pushed your son through the draft-board examinations, why you hated this man you've confessed to killing. Hadn't you better tell me what that reason was?'

"'I'm a comin' to that,' she says. 'He lusted after Marthy, same ez he had lusted after many another pore gal in these mountings. And Johnny Tom, puny ez he wuz, stood betwixt him and his carnal cravin's. So he aimed fur to git Johnny Tom out of his path, and this here draft give him his bounden chance. So with Johnny Tom snatched up and carried off fur a soldier, there ain't nobody left a-standin' 'twixt him and Marthy, excusin' it's me. So, to save her frum him, and to save her soul frum the everlastin' torments of hell's fire, I aiged her on into weddin' with this here Tobe Byers, a-knowin' him fur a low-down, no-worth feist but a-doin' it 'cause it seemed like thar wuzn't no other way out. And so this here Tobe Byers, he starves her thin and wears her down and breaks her little heart, and when she's done plum' wore out, he flees from her and leaves her fur to die. Johnny Tom and Marthy—my onliest two—one gone and other one goin'—and one man to blame fur 'em both.'

"There's no passion in her voice while she's saying this. She's just saying it, just so, that's all. And I know that every word she's saying is the truth, as she sees it. Then she says, still without any dramatics:

"'Well, Mister, now that you do know all, whut do you aim fur to do with me? I ain't 'shamed fur whut I done and I wouldn't be 'feared fur whut's to come to me, only fur Marthy. With me in the jailhouse, whut'll Marthy do? That's all I'm feared fur.'

"She wasn't pleading, understand. She merely was stating a case.

"'I'll tell you what I'm going to do with you,' I said; my decision was already made and confirmed. 'I'm going to leave you right here where you are. I'm not going to say a word about this to the sheriff or anybody, and unless you should talk yourself, nobody is going to be any the wiser about what the two of us know.'

"She didn't thank me in words; the look she gave me and the nod she gave me were enough. I held out my hand, not to shake hands with her, but for something else, and she knew what I wanted and handed it over—her crutch. Oh, yes, I'd had my eye on that crutch for some little time past. It was a heavy, cumbersome thing, and I'd say it had about six separate coats of red paint on it, not to speak of the elaborate cloth-padding. And why wouldn't it be heavy and cumbersome and why wouldn't it be well-painted and well-padded, when the stock part of it was the octagonal barrel of an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading squirrel rifle with the forearm shaved away and with its stock cut down and fitted into the arm-crotch; and with that big brass ferrule slipped on over the muzzle, and with the lock part—the trigger and trigger-guard and the hammer—all so nicely hidden away under the cloth where the hand-grip came. A beautifully done job, if you're asking me. I hefted it, fingered it all over, slipped off the ferrule, slipped it on again, and then handed the thing back to her.

"'Aunt Lissy,' I said to her, reaching for my hat, 'I've told you what I'm going to do with you—and that's nothing whatsoever. Now I'm telling you something I'm going to do for you: I'll be in Chattanooga by this time tomorrow. As soon as I get there, I'm going to buy you a regular crutch out of a store and send it back up here by a messenger that can be trusted. As soon as you get that new crutch, I want you to take this old one of yours and break it up and bury the pieces separately, deep down underground where nobody can ever find them.'

"'I will, Mister,' she says.

"We shook hands on it, and I came on away. And so that's the story that old Mr. Green-Head here reminded me of."

"WOW!" I said. "I'd like to write that yarn sometime."

"Go right ahead," Thorne said. "It couldn't do any harm. Marthy's dead, and Aunt Lissy died two years ago—I sort of kept track of her. And if you don't use my right name, and change some of the other names, I can't see where writing it could do any harm, although it might jar up Fred Gaither a little. Oh, by the way, while we're on the subject, I want to ask you something: What would you say was the most unusual feature of the whole thing—my having been the one who read that scrap of writing over in front of Chateau Thierry that time? Or that old woman using one of the most awkward weapons you can imagine—a gun-stock that she couldn't get to her shoulder because of its added length, and a barrel that she couldn't aim down—that old woman being able to fire right center to the target of a man's heart seventy-five yards away from her? Or what?"

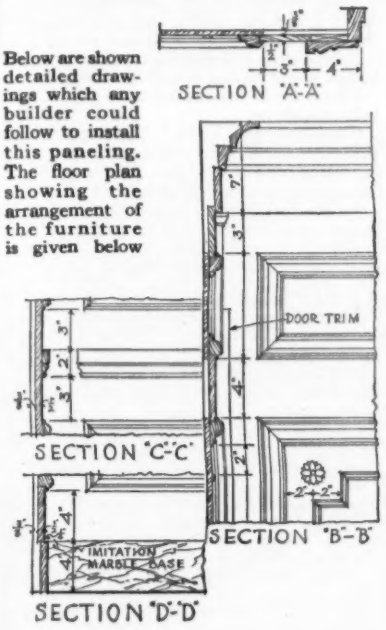
I did some swift but intensive thinking. Then: "I'd say the strangest part of it was her ability to keep the secrets of her deadly hate and her deadly plot to herself when, as you tell me, she was an everlasting gabbler on every other possible subject."

"Proving," said Thorne, "that great minds run in the same channel. That's exactly what I claim. . . . Well, yonder comes our guide with his push boat. It's just as well, there'll be no more gunning today."

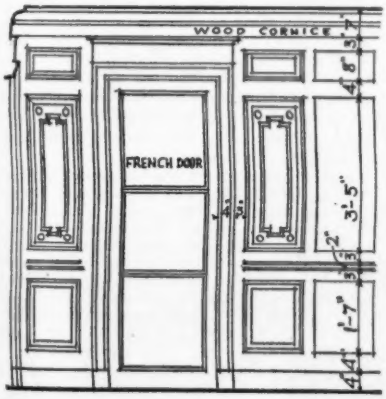
A Paneled Dining Room

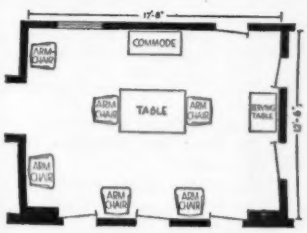
(*Continued from page 61*)

Below are shown detailed drawings which any builder could follow to install this paneling. The floor plan showing the arrangement of the furniture is given below



Cornice	No.	237- 75	lineal feet
	"	175- 75	" "
	"	230- 75	" "
	"	8659- 75	" "
For Stiles and Rails ⅝" x 3½"	"	8659-700	(8 foot lengths)
For Panels	"	186-700	feet
	"	66-250	"
Chair Rail	"	285 } 30	"
	"	200 }	"
Base ⅝" x 3½"	"	8659- 60	"
For Casings ¾" x 7¼"	"	250-160	"
		8424- 40	"
		59- 50	"
For Jambs 1 ¼" x 5"		14 pcs.- 8	" long
		7 pcs.- 4	" long
Stop Molding ¾" x 1⅝"		No. 8084	140 feet





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3 tablespoons red jelly
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4 squares cake or 4 cup cakes

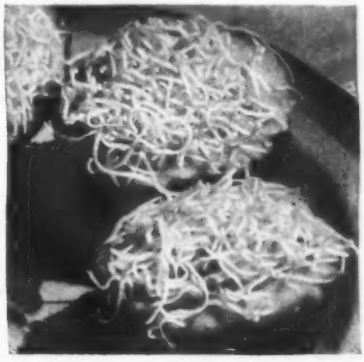
Add 2 tablespoons jelly to whipped cream and beat well. Fold in ¼ cup coconut. Pile whipped cream mixture on top of cake and sprinkle with remaining coconut. Garnish with a bit of jelly. Serves 4.

COCONUT KISSES

2 cups sugar
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Fold sugar gradually into egg whites. Add vanilla. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Sprinkle with coconut. Bake in slow oven (250° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Coconut kisses should be a delicate brown and rather crisp and dry. Makes 30 kisses.

(All measurements are level.)



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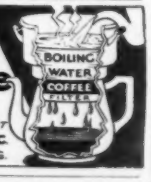

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All the King's Horses

(*Continued from page 91*)

even if I'm passing near with a prospect—you know, girls don't understand about such things. They won't like it, you know—and we do need the raise—"

Helen nodded, smiling a little to herself. To Lester, Jessica was all the girls in the world. Meanwhile . . .

She sat still for a moment, the pink light from the tall, rose-shaded piano-lamp beside them flushing over her beautiful, intent face, and the slender hands that moved among the pathetic little piles of paper. She was calculating how much she could give to straightening Jessica out. . . A shiver of terror came back over her, and then she realized that it was an echo of that other time, the dreadful time when Jessica's wants and Jessica's extravagances had left her without the only shelter of women alone—money ahead. She felt a superstitious fear of history repeating itself; for a moment she was that tragic Helen, ill, penniless, abandoned, with no one to shelter her as she had sheltered others. Then she shrugged her slim shoulders and laughed. That was only a dream now. It hurt her pride a little to come to Ethan with less than an adequate trousseau, but Jessica's needs came before that.

"I have more than that saved," she told poor young Lester, whose eyes were fixed on her doglike, as if she could produce a solution from the air. "I get a good salary for looking after Patricia, and I've been saving ever since last August."

Lester flushed up angrily. "I can't take money from a girl," he said.

He was very stiff and proud suddenly, and Helen had a long argument with him, so long that Helen finally had to say.

"If you don't take it, I'll give it to Jessica, and you know—"

He laughed a little ruefully. Jessica would spend it without leaving more than a froth of small unnecessaries.

"Besides," Helen argued, "I really am to blame. I've always let her do it, and helped her out, and I'm the oldest. I knew better, only I hated to be hard on her."

"She's such a darling," he agreed, smiling over some pretty memory. "Very well, Helen. Thank you. I'll pay it back with interest, remember."

"Very well, Lester. But not till the other things are straight."

"I hate to take it," he said, scarlet again. "I don't mean to be ungracious, Helen, but you understand—"

Helen patted his hand. "I understand. Now let's talk about the rest of it."

The rest of it was certain minor plans; principally that Helen would do the housework till Jessica went to the hospital. That would save two weeks' wages for the maid.

After that Helen would find if possible a responsible, middle-aged woman who would be half-nurse, half-house-worker: and they would have hope in the raise.

SHE sent Lester off to a relieved sleep in the narrow, white-enameled, ornate bed beside Jessica's; sat down to write her nightly letter to Ethan, and rose from it, as always, happy and warmed and thrilled. She dropped it down the chute, and came back, singing under her breath the nursery rhyme about the King of Spain's daughter. It did not take much at ordinary times to make Helen happy, and she had so much, so much to be happy over now!

She undressed in the living room and opened out her davenport-bed, and went to sleep on it, content and tired. Everything straightened out . . .

She was awakened somewhere about two by Lester standing over her, white and excited. She was dressed and ready in five minutes, while he telephoned the hospital and for a taxicab . . .

THEY brought Jessica home a couple of weeks later, bright-eyed and proud, talking more than was quite hopeful for the new budget about buying herself new dresses; and the possessor of not one but *two* pink, blinking baby daughters.

"Wouldn't you know," Nina wrote with the extra set of baby-clothes she sent down on hearing the news, "that Jessica would be extravagant even in having babies!"

Jessica herself was immensely proud about it and wrote the prettiest of notes to Nina, laughing over the message with appreciation. Nina and Jessica liked each other.

HELEN began to think about returning to her charge. The Kingsways were getting restive over her absence. On the other hand Jessica clung to her more than ever, and Helen herself hated to go and leave the little household to slip back into its grooves of incapacity.

"Patricia is beyond control," Ada Kingsway wrote, "and Ethan nearly so. They will be descending on you in a body if you don't come back. And remember, my dear, that your own wedding isn't far off. There are millions of arrangements to make, even if my household were not walking the floor demanding your return!"

Ethan wrote every day as lovers do, each letter a little more insistent than the other. As for Patricia, Helen had never known that a page of writing could so resemble a loud howl.

Finally, besides all these, was a wild note from Doris.

"I'm in perfectly dreadful trouble," she wailed. "Please do come back and see what you can do, Helen. It isn't any use to tell me to talk it over with Aunt, or Father, or anybody on earth but you."

Helen hardly thought things were as bad as Doris made them, Doris being in the habit of looking on the dark side. Yet the habit of helping Doris had become ingrained. Also she missed Patricia and Mrs. Kingsway very much, and Ethan intolerably; and it stood to reason that she ought to go back to her work with Patricia.

She acquired the middle-aged and responsible house-worker of her plan, kissed Jessica and Lester and the fat, pink twins goodby, and, with a heart that could not help being light and excited, went back to Kingsway.

Before she went, she nerved herself to lecture Jessica. It was hard—Helen had never lectured anybody before in her life, and she hated to do it. She had always been so afraid people wouldn't love her if she lectured—and besides, she'd always hated being lectured, herself. But she remembered that Ethan had said she must.

Jessica, stretched on the davenport with a twin on either arm, was dressed and ready for Lester's return. She looked like a little girl holding her dolls. The twins were fortunately the most sleepy and placid of babies. Jessica intended to call them Shirley and Beverley. Lester addressed them, therefore, as Burly and Curly—Curly having one lock of hair which curled like a Kewpie's on the top of her pink head, and Burly being a shade the fatter.

"Look, she yawned!" said Jessica excitedly. "Oh, dear, I can't hold the pose much longer. That idiot is always late when I want him to be on time. I'm going to check 'em with Josephine in a minute and look un-motherly."

She sat up, giggling like the little girl she looked. She poked the twin who hadn't yawned. "See, I can make Beverley yawn, too!" she said.

Helen meant to begin her lecture, but just then Lester burst in, breathless from the stairs and his news.

"I'm getting the raise, girls!" he cried. "Five dollars a week more. I told the boss about the babies, of course—" Lester told

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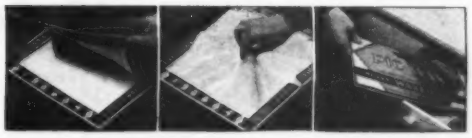

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In using advertisements see page 6

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An advertisement about Good Housekeeping

All the King's Horses

everybody about the babies. He was the kind of father who would produce unashamed snapshots of his children till they were grown, with descriptions of all their activities—"and he said that I'd need more money right away. So he gave it to me now, instead of waiting till June."

The little couple fell into each other's arms and kissed excitedly. Then they turned on Helen and kissed her quite as fondly. Lester finally steadied himself into the father of a family, dropping into the nearest overstuffed chair, and lighting a cigarette with a fair imitation of nonchalance which faded at Jessica's first remark, which was:

"Now we can buy them really nice bassinets with satin down quilts. And even if they are both girls, I think I'll get different colors—"

It was Helen's opportunity to pounce, and she began rather uncertainly. "Jess, you can't afford it."

"With all this extra money coming in? Oh, Helen, don't go and spoil our happy time!"

Jessica's liquid brown eyes became more liquid and overflowed.

Helen looked at Lester for reinforcements, and even more uncertainly he gave them.

"Darling, we got 'way behind, and it will be a long time before we catch up. We have to be very economical."

"But I am!" said Jessica, opening her eyes wide. "And dinner so nearly ready, and we were all so happy over the raise— Oh, you're both so hard on me! And look, Lester, this baby just has to have its pretty sings, like its sister—don't you, pesus lammie? Would its papa neglect it just 'cause it came when it wasn't expected?"

She caught up the nearest twin, which howled, and laughed and held it to Lester. And in the ensuing necessity of calming it—and its sister, which then and always howled in sympathy—and the announcement of dinner which had to be brought in, and the living room table cleared to receive it, Jessica managed to thwart her family's idea of telling her about economy. It is so much harder to deal with gay sinners than with ill-tempered ones, that nothing more was said; and it was not until Helen was on the train, staring in dismay at Jessica's parting love-gift of a basket of fruit, that she remembered that no impression had been made on her sister about finance . . .

"Oh, dear, I'm no more fit to be a grown-up married woman than poor little Jess herself," she thought ruefully. "I suppose I never worried about my character before, because I had more than Tommy. And now I have so much less than Ethan—"

And then she remembered Ethan, Ethan's love-making, debonair and passionate by turns—no, Ethan wasn't entirely compact of rockbound righteousness! And she made up her mind to write Jessica a long letter about it and keep in touch with her.

"I might even not give her money next time she needs it," Helen thought, which was a terrific step for easy-going, generous Helen, who would still rather give people anything she had than be blamed.

SHE was blamed—lovingly, though—when she stepped from the train at Kingsway into Ethan's arms. She stood aside, luxuriating in the unaccustomedness of having somebody look after her luggage, of being taken care of as if she were a loved child. Ethan returned and established her in the car, the fur rug about her knees, and they were off together. He turned and looked at her penetratingly. She had forgotten how handsome Ethan was, how strong—more than all, how kind! But he was scolding her a little, none the less.

"My darling, you've tired yourself all out," he said. "What have they been letting you do?"

"Well, naturally, I was looking after things. That's what I went down for," Helen said, dimpling a little with pleasure at being petted.

"You're always doing something for somebody," he said adoringly, and her laughter rang out.

"This is the man who used to look at me severely because I was such a wild and useless flapper," she teased him. "Ethan, what an extremist you are, my dear! Either I'm a butterfly or a martyr."

"You're a dozen girls in one," he told her. "I'll never understand you."

"And yet I'm easy enough to understand," she said, truly enough. "I love parties. And I love having people approve of me. I'd walk a mile for a kind word, Nina said once! . . . Well, it's not that bad. But oh, Ethan, I do like to be liked!"

"You are," he said with a note in his voice that thrilled her. "You are liked altogether too much for comfort. Helen, Helen darling, here's your house, and I haven't half finished talking to you. I haven't begun. Let me come down tonight."

"Why, weren't you going to?" she asked him innocently, and then laughed.

IT WAS so heavenly to be back here in Kingsway, with happiness all around her and happiness to look forward to! He laughed with her.

"Helen, I'd forgotten how to be gay since you went away."

"Which would you rather have me—the kind of person that made you gay, or was terribly firm and pious?" she demanded.

"I don't know about pious. Or firm. Why worry? You are everything I want you to be!"

"I wonder," she said. "Because, you know, I'm not so good really. I planned to turn my little sister into a perfect housewife with bills always coming out even. And finally went ingloriously away without having made a dent. On the other hand, having Jessica around is the most amusing thing I know. And I was wondering if being that sort of person ran in the family! . . . Do you think I can ever live up to Kingsway traditions and all your family portraits?"

"That," said Ethan briefly and devotedly, "is all nonsense. If anybody does the living up, I'll have to . . . I'll be over at eight, darling."

She ran upstairs singing. She had not known it was possible to miss anybody as she had missed Ethan, all through the anxiety about Jessica and the hard work of straightening things out for her. To be back—to be at home—Patricia and Ada Kingsway tomorrow morning, and the lovely estate of Kingsway to wander in; spring beginning to edge shyly in through the late winter; and marriage to Ethan coming closer . . .

That was the only thing she did not like to think about. *Being* married to Ethan—that would be wonderful. To have it all over; to live on in the Kingsway house with him; to talk and laugh and plan through the day with Ada Kingsway; to carry on the Kingsway traditions of civic interest; and to watch, with her heart going faster, for Ethan at five o'clock; all this was wonderful—heavenly. But the thought of the actual marriage, and the preparations for it, frightened her a little. She found herself shrinking a little from actual setting of a date, or actual plans for a honeymoon, even from getting clothes ready.

"If I could only go to sleep and wake up married!" she thought.

But that was silly. After all, just because things had happened that way once, they needn't again. They couldn't, indeed. The thing to do was not to be a scare-cat; to go ahead and set a day as Ethan wanted, make plans, and generally be the sort of Helen that Jessica and Doris thought she was, who always went ahead and did things and never was frightened.

Accordingly she did. When Ethan, overprompt, awaited her downstairs in the little

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All the King's Horses

Birch parlor, she went down to him with her mind made up. And when he said ardently,

"When are we going to be married?" she laughed and told him to take out his pocket calendar and she'd figure it out with him.

Ethan was enough of a business man to take things when they offered themselves. He did not, as a more excitable man would have done, express his delight. He produced the calendar promptly and said,

"What do you think of the first of March?"

"Unless you think the first of April would be more appropriate," sighed Helen.

"I think the nearer the better. The first of March, then, my darling?"

"It's dreadfully near."

"Oh, come on—be a sport and get it over," said Ethan. "If you dread a thing, it's always the best way. I know marrying me is something from which the bravest heart would shrink, but you always had courage."

His raillery only made her look at him soberly, and say:

"Very well then, Ethan. March first."

Ethan thrust the tiny calendar back into his pocketbook and caught her to him with a cry of triumph.

"I thought I'd never manage it! You're the hardest bird to snare that ever flew! Darling, you've promised!"

"Well, I always knew it had to be *sometime*," she said naively, "only—"

"Well, only—"

"Only I *was* a little frightened. We'll be married—for life."

"Do you mind?"

"Mind?" said Helen breathlessly. "I'd mind if we weren't!"

"I'd suggest your stopping work with Patricia, if it weren't that I see you more that way," he said.

"Oh, no. I'm marrying Patricia along with you," she said gayly.

"Not the least in the world," Ethan said peremptorily. "You are marrying Ethan Kingsway, nobody, nothing, else. Helen, I've told you I'm jealous. I couldn't even divide you with the child, fond as I am of her."

She looked at him wonderingly; Helen had never been a jealous person. There were enough other things in life that made it hard now and again, without adding the self-torment of jealousy. Besides, to tell the truth, Helen had never needed to be jealous. She did not quite understand he passion of possessiveness which once in awhile peeped out of Ethan's apparent evenness of manner.

"But you know you'll never have to," she said wonderingly.

"I don't know anything of the sort! I am hardening myself to sharing you, as long as I live, with all sorts of lame ducks and sisters in affliction—"

He bent above her, half-admiring, half-teasing.

"But that isn't anything," she said to his face against hers. "I expect to have to share you with the whole town of Kingsway."

"I don't love Kingsway. Not that way. You love so many people, Helen!"

"And I shall continue to," said Helen with spirit. "You the most."

He sighed a little. "I suppose it's the best you can do for me!"

THEY laughed together. But Helen wondered afterward how much of it was teasing and how much true.

Types fuse and pass in our melting-pot of an America; Ethan was of a type which had not fused or passed. His singleness of purpose, his capacity for loyalty, for devotion to abstract ideals, his fixity of intention—all the intensities and passions hidden so lightly under a manner that nothing broke or changed, under a charm and courtesy which marked him out from most other men—Helen had read of such men in history, in diaries and biographies. She had never encountered them before in our casual, restless, drifting world of today.

"Oh, Ethan," she sighed, "you're going to take such lots of living up to."

"Because I'm jealous? Living down to, you mean. It's a detestable trait."

SHE had forgotten how pretty, how adorable Patricia was; how good it was to be back with Ada Kingsway, seeing her laughing over her pains, and over the new artificial sunlight arrangement Ethan had got for her. She called Helen in, as she passed the door with Patricia.

"Helen, come in and see my hair—the sunlight machine is turning it quite pink!"

And Marietta, tall and angular and earnest, laughing at them all in spite of herself, a little disapprovingly.

Kingsway, where she belonged.

And, the first of the second week, Doris Milliken creeping into the garden, watching her and Patricia as they played their afternoon game of hide-and-seek over the grounds: Doris was always too wrapped up in her own troubles to remember that Helen had asked her not to turn up in lesson hours.

"Oh, dear, there's Miss Milliken again," said Patricia crossly. "If she'd interrupt you about the time you're teaching me arithmetic, there'd be some sense to it."

Helen secretly thought so, too.

"Do you mind waiting till we get through this game, Doris?" she asked. "Or we'd love to have you play, too."

"How you can enjoy playing tag like a little girl—" marveled Doris mournfully.

She looked thinner and more wretched than ever, and though it was a warm day for February, she was muffled close in her beautiful fur coat. It almost extinguished her; only her eyes, large and ringed, stared out above the collar. She was like some one hiding from life.

"Why, Doris dear, how ill you look!" Helen said, concerned. "Wait till we finish this game. Then I'll come home with you, or you with me. Yes, Patricia, I'll have been here till four o'clock then. That's perfectly fair, my dear."

She dashed off, tagging Patricia before the little girl could do more than utter one protest, and Patricia took what she could get and dashed after. They finished the game, and Helen put on her outdoor things, the famous red coat that the weather was again warm enough for now, and the little red, close hat over her bright curls. It would have been a little pleasanter to wait for Ethan with his mother, there in the library among the russet bindings, with the firelight lying rosily across the shadows of the old high-ceiled room and candles burning on the mantel; to wait, joyously expectant, for the step outside the door; to seem unconscious while Patricia and Ada Kingsway cried a welcome to Ethan; and to know that it was she, she first, whom Ethan wanted to see.

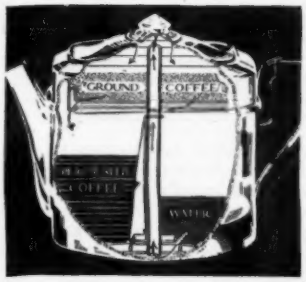
But one couldn't in decency do anything else but console Doris. What Doris needed, if her people would only see it, Helen thought a little impatiently, was to be sent off somewhere by herself, where she wouldn't be either in terror of people or asking their advice all the time. But she knew perfectly well that she was going to help Doris out if Doris needed it.

"Jessica went and had twins," she told Doris as the two walked toward Helen's boarding-place. "You ought to see them. The only way anybody can tell them apart is that one has one hair on top and the other hasn't any. I *love* twins that match, don't you?"

Doris did not smile. "Don't!" she said petulantly. "I can't stand hearing about babies."

Helen lifted an eyebrow. "Just what would you like to talk about?" she inquired, a little annoyed; she adored those twins.

Doris did not answer. The two girls walked on together in silence till they gained Helen's room. Doris huddled down on the bed just as she was, staring before her. Helen moved



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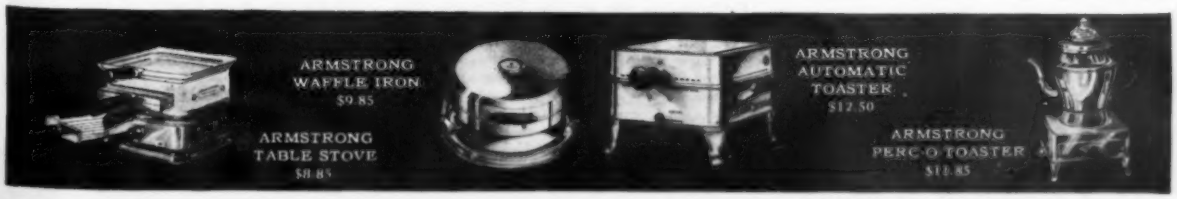

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All the King's Horses

about, taking off her own wraps, and sat down with some sewing till Doris should come out of her silence.

"Helen," Doris suddenly burst out, "you have to go over to Brandon and see Ronny for me. He's over there, working in a garage. He won't see me. He won't read my letters. He said last time he tried to make me come to him he was done with me forever. He thought I was lying when I got him on the telephone, and rang right off. Helen, we were married last May, and I'm going to have a baby. I've got to go to Ronny. And he won't have me."

Helen could only stare at her in surprise for a moment.

"But, Doris," she said, "what about your father and aunt?"

Doris huddled further down on the bed, burying her face in the pillow. "I daren't tell them—I daren't! I'll drown myself if you do! I couldn't stand the way they'd treat me if they knew! Not till I had somebody to be kind to—somewhere to go! Aunt Louisa—you don't know how she talks about such things—a clandestine marriage is a disgrace, and she'd never have anything to do with anybody belonging to her that had anything to do with it. And father nodded and said it was so. I couldn't—I couldn't—"

She went into such a storm of excitement that Helen had a good deal of trouble quieting her.

"I'll do better than go see Ronny myself, Doris," she said, when the girl was quieted again. "I'll get Ethan to go. He promised me he'd look after Ronny all he could."

"It won't do a bit of good," said Doris obstinately. "Nobody but you will. Ethan Kingsway went to see Ronny while you were gone. And he tried to help him. And Ronny just shut up like a clam. You know how queer and temperamental he is. He told me he wasn't going to be patronized by any local magnates. He was pretty rude to Ethan, I guess."

And Helen had promised Ethan not to see Ronny any more! She sighed. Wouldn't things ever straighten out?

"Won't you let me talk it over with Ethan? Wait a day or so—"

But Doris clutched her wrists with hot, thin, little claws. "I can't wait—I can't wait!" she said fiercely. "Aunt Louisa may find out about it any day now. They'd put me out. I'd be disgraced all over Kingsway."

She was harder to quiet, this time. Finally Helen had to promise that, after talking it over with Ethan and getting a release from his promise, she would go over and see Ronny the next day.

Doris lay back on the pillows with a long sigh of relief.

BY THE trick that rules life sometimes, Ethan was away next day. Summoned on one of his sudden business trips, his mother said, and not expected back till the end of the week. Helen telephoned Doris, only to be answered in terror and agony.

"I can't wait," Doris said. "I can't wait another day! I'm simply desperate, Helen, and you talk of waiting! I'll drown myself, that's all."

There was only one thing to do—to leave a note for Ethan in case by any chance he returned before he was expected; and to go have it out with Ronny.

She went through her day's work with Patricia, wrote her note, weighed it down with a paperweight.

"Patricia, will you see that Ethan gets this the minute he gets back?" she said, pointing to it.

"The very minute," Patricia answered idly, rocking back and forth lightly where she stood by the window.

Patricia was curiously trustworthy. If she said she would do anything, deliver any message, she would and did. So Helen kissed the child goodby, ran up to see Mrs. Kingsway, as had come to be her habit, and took the bus for Brandon with a reasonably light heart. She had broken her promise to Ethan; but only the Boy on the Burning Deck would have kept it in a case like this. Ethan would understand.

She found Ronny, a dark look on his face, which was helped into the expression of a young villain by the smudges of grease and soot incident to his new profession, filling somebody's car with gas and refusing a tip with a scornful manner which sent the poor man off with a look of surprise.

"Ronny," she said, "I want to talk to you."

"If Doris has sent you to try to keep me dangling any longer, it's no use," he said in a low, angry voice. "Besides, I'm busy."

"Besides, you're very rude," she said with spirit. "You've got to listen to me. You're always talking about justice. That's dreadfully unfair."

"Well, I suppose I can listen," he said reluctantly. "But not now."

He was reinforced by the "Hey, kid!" of the older man in the garage.

"I'll wait till your lunch hour," she said doggedly.

He gave in. "Half an hour. Come back and I'll be here."

"Honest?"

He softened at her earnest voice, the intensity of her eyes pleading into his. "Honest. You won't do anything, but I'll listen."

SHE strolled aimlessly about the pretty little town till the time he had set, then returned. Sure enough, Ronny was waiting her, washed and tall and pallid, his jaw set. He led the way to the little restaurant and bakery nearest them and said, "Go on," in a voice which was as good as a stone wall.

"Ronny, Doris' one idea is to come to you. Indeed, she's desperate."

"She's been desperate before. And at the last minute she's always squealed about her Aunt Louisa—as if the woman kept a private dungeon!—and reneged."

Helen, losing all sympathy for him, let him have it.

"You and she are going to have a baby, and she seems to think her place is either with you or in the Wissahickon. You can take your choice."

His tense, handsome, young lantern-jawed face turned white, there in the busy, little, stripped, clean room. He leaned forward over the porcelain-topped table. "You're not lying?— No. You don't. Helen, are you sure—"

"As sure as I can be of anything on earth. I tell you, Ronny, she is desperate. And she wants to come to you more than anything on earth, only she's frightened."

"Yes, that's it—poor Dorry, she's always frightened," he said, but he spoke tenderly. "Helen, you're a good sport." He reached across the table and took her hand in a tight clasp. "We'll never forget what you've done."

"And you'll go to see her and take her away?"

"I'll go this very evening. Wait. I think I can switch my day off."

Helen did not want to let him out of her sight, so she waited till he had made his arrangements, and took him back with her. She called up Doris first.

"Ronny's coming back with me," she said briefly. "It's all right. Meet us at the bus-stop."

All the way over, Ronny sat holding on to himself visibly, occasionally beginning to say something and then being stopped by the recollection that there were other people in the bus.

"Won't it ever get there?" he said under his breath at intervals.

When it finally arrived, Helen saw a little figure in a heavy fur coat standing quivering at the stopping place, saw Ronny jump out over everybody's feet with the sublime disregard of

"That makes me feel great!"

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America hails a clever tuck

Baggy underwear distorts the figure and is ugly always. Tight underwear fetters action and wears out quickly. By means of an easeful tuck, giving a short front and a full expanding back—anatomical rightness—the Kickernick clings coolly to the body in every position, and yet allows the utmost freedom of movement—without distressing bagginess. It's the underdress you are unconscious of. Order one full size smaller than usual from your better dealer and learn something new about comfort, durability, beauty, in intimate garments. Superbly made, in all modish models and materials—by the Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis. Popular in price. The women of America hail it as the garment of the hour. Send for booklet today.

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All the King's Horses

others so often seen in champions of the Rights of Man, saw the tall figure and the little one fall into each other's arms, and got out, making her way toward her own home happily.

She was singing to herself as she hurried upstairs to her own room. She was scarcely inside before she heard Mrs. Birch's shrill call, and opened the door again.

"Mr. Kingsway's downstairs in the parlor," Mrs. Birch hissed with that beaming smile which proclaimed her romantic delight in the fact whenever Ethan came.

"As soon as I get my things off," Helen said carelessly, threw her coat and hat and bag in the middle of the narrow, India-print-covered bed, and ran down-stairs and into the little green-plush parlor, smiles on her face and a gay greeting on her lips.

Ethan rose to meet her, but his look made her draw back, sobered, at once.

"Why, Ethan dear—what's the matter? How did you get back so soon?"

"I was only in Baltimore. My business took only a few hours. I came back through Wayne," he said.

That, and his look, told her what had happened.

"Well?" she said defiantly. Then she softened. After all, she had broken her word. But she'd tried to get him—she'd tried to explain. "I'm sorry, Ethan," she said. "I know I told you I wouldn't see Ronny again. But this was a necessity. And I left you a note to explain."

"I asked if you had left a note. You hadn't," he accused her, his imperious jealousy getting the better of him. He towered above her angrily. "And there's no good explanation for a broken promise. None—but your passion for admiration, for making every man care for you, whether it means a broken promise or not, whether it means fidelity or not. You kept this from me. It seems there are other things you've kept from me as well."

"What?"

By now she was as angry as he. But anger with laughing, talkative Helen was a cool, steel sort of emotion; she stood there facing him, white and quiet.

"Tom Delamater's return."

"Tom—" she stood, as startled as angry, for the moment. Then she laughed scornfully. "I remember Nina did tell me he was back, just as I left for Jessica's. I'd forgotten it. I didn't know it interested you. It doesn't me."

"You—" He turned aside for a moment, as if facing her was something he couldn't stand. "You're a good actress. But then I suppose most women are."

She found nothing to say to this. She was angry at him as we are angry only at those we love; as she had never known she could be angry at any one.

Suddenly he caught her in his arms.

"I don't care about any of it," he said furiously, kissing her. "I love you, whether you lie to me or not."

THE icy anger deepened. Helen could feel it all over her; she could feel herself stiffening in Ethan's arms, as if he were holding something not alive. And he felt it, too, for his arms slowly slackened their hold about her. She stood away from him and faced him.

"That's all," she said. "If you don't believe in me, your love is the sort of thing I don't want."

She slipped off the slender, platinum circlet with its single emerald and held it out to him.

"Helen, Helen, I love you more than anything on earth. Can't you see that if I didn't love you so much I shouldn't care?"

"Love means trust," she said. "I'd trust you, no matter what I saw you doing. And I thought for a year you loved Nina. I've never thought of it since, though she's evidently been putting in her time well since I went away . . ."

That was bitter, too—Nina—she'd believed in Nina. But it scarcely mattered, compared with this worse blow.

"You have taught me, yourself—you, whom I reverenced almost as much as I loved you—that it's better to do without love than without trust. You wouldn't marry any woman who thought you dishonorable. I couldn't marry a man who thought I was."

"Helen, Helen darling, I don't care. I love you."

"Do you believe in me without explanation?"

"I can't say that. But I can say that I love you so much it doesn't matter," he repeated.

He held out his hands to her. She shook her head.

He pleaded with her for an hour longer, there in the little garish parlor. But he could not say he believed her blindly. And she could not have anything less.

"Goodby," she said finally. "I can't come back to Patricia, you know . . . I—I'm sorry."

Finally he went away. Helen stood alone in the little room, looking aimlessly about her. She picked up the ring. He had refused to take it. She could not leave it lying about for Mrs. Birch to see . . . She must mail it back. She must make arrangements to go down to Jessica—thank heaven, little Jessica wanted her and loved her!

THERE was a knock at the door.

"Here's a letter from your sister," said Mrs. Birch's voice. "I guess you didn't see it, goin' through the hall."

She handed her two letters. Jessica's weekly letter, lying waiting for her in the hall, was a faint comfort. She took it in through the crack and said "Thank you." There was generally something a little complaining in Jessica's letters; she wrote letters when she was sad, and enjoyed herself when she wasn't, as some people write diaries or poetry. But it would be a comfort to do something for Jessica . . .

She sat down on the edge of her narrow bed and opened it, willing to distract her mind. Would it be the maid or Lester or the twins, this time, which needed something done about them?

"Dear Helen," Jessica wrote.

"The worst thing has happened that possibly could. My life is ruined. And I can't see at all how it was my fault—"

Helen read on calmly, for Jessica's life usually was ruined at the beginning of a letter.

"Lester has gone off and left me," she went on.

Helen sat back. Why, this was real trouble! Well, of course. Things always came in a bunch. She felt chilly and ill. She even laughed a little, a cynical small laugh. All the Heather girls seemed to be having men go off and leave them. Men were probably like that . . .

"It was just because I'd spent a little bit of money on something I had to have, the most wonderful value, and I bought him a lovely necktie, too, for a surprise . . . All really nice babies have them, and the rent could have waited, or he could have got a little salary advanced him if he was so fussy about rent! . . ."

Helen read on, realizing that it was really a crisis in Jessica's life.

Jessica had bought—and, of course, altered so that it was impossible to return it, by painting it a different color—an expensive perambulator for the twins; she had furnished it with twin down coverlets and twin lace veils, and twin everything else which the saleswoman had shown her. She had done it gaily and caressingly—Helen knew how—on top of Lester's explanation that they mustn't do it and that she was ruining him. And Lester had cruelly abandoned her. Left her to starve and gone to another city. Helen must come down immediately and look after her, or she would be in the poorhouse.

It was an hysterical cry of anger and terror and pleading, and Helen sat up, furious at Lester. She wondered if there was some other woman. Little, anxious, nervous, worshiping Lester walking out on Jessica like this—it seemed perfectly insane.

Then she looked at the other letter, the one Mrs. Birch had handed her with Jessica's. Lester's hand.

Lester's letter was typed, in spite of his tragic abandonment of his wife, as always. The typing was a little less neat than usual, to be sure. It gave his side of the story.

"I love Jessica and I feel very badly indeed not to see the twins when I get home at night," Lester's neat letter ran, pathetic in its understatements. "But I have to earn a living for us all, and I would rather do this than lose my reputation as an honest business man. I should have done so if this kept on much longer. It is not good for my career. I hope Jessica will let me see the twins fortnightly. I also hope in years to come, when we can afford a divorce, that she may be happy again. She is young and very attractive."

Helen was still furious. The little prig—the little pig! . . . And then she began to think it all over again reasonably. After all, it is possible to drive a man too far, and Lester had stood a good deal. Nevertheless—

She dashed downstairs to telephone a telegram to Jessica.

"Coming down immediately."

She would go next day. No. Not till the day after. When Mrs. Kingsway paid her. There was a certain amount of comfort in going from Kingsway, away from Ethan, and his love that she couldn't accept without humiliation.

Her mood lasted till after she was lying in bed, excited and wakeful. Suddenly it came to her that it was partly her own fault. She'd hated so to scold Jessica—she'd let it go. She'd been going to lecture her. Going to show her what happened if you went on the way Jessica had been doing. Jessica was young and still could be changed. And she looked up to Helen, believed in her, more than she did in any one else. Helen could have pulled Jessica out of it if she'd only had courage enough not to mind making herself unpleasant to her sister.

"Yes, I could. I could have done it?" she told herself.

It would have meant a day of reproaches and hysteria from Jessica, prolonged reproachful scenes, a Jessica crushed, tear-drowned, hurt, perhaps angry with her for some time. It would have meant a lot of unpleasantness, in short, and Helen—young, bestowing, triumphant Helen—would have gone away feeling that she had made her only and adored sister dreadfully unhappy.

But she ought to have done it. Helen went down into an abyss of humiliation, seeing herself a great deal worse than she was, almost at a point of humiliation where she felt that Ethan was quite right to distrust her and be jealous, and forgive her for a lot of faults she didn't have.

SHE supposed she ought to go to Kingsway, after all, next morning, to settle her departure. She couldn't walk out on Mrs. Kingsway and Patricia without a word. Or was it that she wanted to go so badly?

She did not have to decide about it, for it was scarcely nine o'clock that the Kingsway car—not Ethan's little one, but Mrs. Kingsway's own closed sedan—came to the door, and Andrew sent up word that Mrs. Kingsway wanted to see her, and would she forgive her for not coming up?

Helen ran down and was inside the car, her arms around Ada, nearer crying than she liked to be. Her own troubles came back with a rush.

"It was like you to come," she said.

"I want to straighten things out," Mrs. Kingsway said, going to the point. "What is all this between you two children?"

Helen told her.

"The worst of it is," said Ada Kingsway, "that Patricia swears you never gave her any

All the King's Horses

note for Ethan. And up to now the child's been a monument of truth. I could shake Ethan. But it goes with the Kingsway temperament, that dreadful jealousy. I did hope your sunniness and gaiety would have straightened out that kink in Ethan. But Nina was such a cat—I think Nina still is a cat," she interrupted herself swiftly to say. "I can straighten that out, at least. Ethan says Nina told him that Tommy was back, and disengaged, and she supposed intended to marry you. And that she told you so, and you said you knew it."

"Oh, never! I was preoccupied about getting off, so I don't know what I did say! But never that. Honestly, dear Mrs. Kingsway, I had forgotten all about Tommy's return. As for the rest—well, I've given my word not to tell why I had to go see Ronny. But it really was serious, and it wasn't for myself. You believe me, don't you?"

"Of course, I believe you, child! Us girls got to stand together! If you weren't so young, you'd know that you can't pay much attention to what men say. They're just little boys, and you have to deal with them as if they hadn't any sense," said Mrs. Kingsway briskly, her concerned expression suddenly changing into one of recollected amusement. "But you'll be a lot older, I suppose, before you get to handling Ethan that way . . . Well, dear, I won't say any more. I think it will straighten out. Things do when people love each other. Love and laughter carry most things through, and you have them both, bless you. And I'll manage Patricia till this is blown over. You can't go on bringing her up forever, anyway."

Mrs. Kingsway kissed her and drove off, smiling, and Helen felt happier. Ada's determined attitude that it wasn't so dreadful helped a little—for awhile. Then it stopped helping. And it would all be worse—and worse—

She shivered. She felt at a loose end. Why hadn't she thought of asking to see Patricia? But the child would cross-question, with that uncanny shrewdness of hers, and it would be unbearable. Which wouldn't matter, because everything else was unbearable, too.

"And I thought I cared when Tommy went away!" she thought, going slowly back to her room. "The little idiot I was then couldn't care."

And yet back of it all was a queer strength, a feeling that she could and would go on. But without any comfort, without any happiness. The stormy feeling of the other time had somehow more hope in it.

It was strange to have nothing to do with her morning. It made her feel like Saturday. There was the usual Saturday resource of the business girl, putting her clothes in order. But when you put your clothes in order, you had time to think . . .

She got through the day somehow, going doggedly through one duty after another. There would be something to do with the evening, at least. The monthly meeting of the motion-picture group was to be that night in Doris' father's ballroom. And the next day Baltimore.

Helen dressed herself wearily, brushed out her dark-gold curls, pulled her hat down on them without looking, and went. There was no sensation to it. There didn't seem to be anything.

Not even when Doris ran up to her, bright-eyed, excited, happy, and flung her arms around her and whispered to her about Ronny.

"Oh, he's been such a darling! We're going to take a little room over in Brandon, beginning next Monday," she imparted in a joyous, hurrying whisper. "As soon as Ronny's week's up and he has his wages. Don't tell yet! Oh, it's going to be wonderful to get away from Aunt Louisa!"

"Don't tell!" Helen echoed indignantly.

Her whole life's happiness had been sacrificed to Doris' senseless secrecy . . . And then she checked herself. What happened now made no difference, not even when Ethan learned that he had been in the wrong.

"I think you're wrong about your father and aunt," she said. "I don't believe they'd treat you like an erring daughter in a melodrama just because you married without telling them."

"They said so," Doris replied obstinately.

Helen had no courage to argue about it. She'd done all she could for Doris. Nothing made any difference; Ethan thought she had lied about leaving the note. She could never make him capable of abiding faith in her. Never, so long as she smiled and talked and flushed with her ineradicable trick of friendliness and interest in men as well as women.

"And I can't help it," she thought. "If I ever get so I care about anything again, I'll always be like that. It's me."

She recalled one of the poems she and Ethan had read together, as lovers will, in the beautiful old library, on one of those heavenly afternoons that there would be no more of ever. Mrs. Kingsway deep in her own book, lying on her chaise longue near the fire; Patricia on the floor deep in a volume of the bound *Punch*; and she and Ethan in the window-seat near old John Kingsway's picture, with Browning open at "My Last Duchess." The poem of the Italian tyrant who had finally had his lady killed because she looked at every one, no matter what they did for her, as if she loved them for doing it . . .

She remembered Ethan's beautiful voice, as he read it:

"Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
"My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift."

Their friendly, loving gay talk, casual over it; the crackling fire and the child's little voice singing absently to itself over the picture-book, and Marietta coming, angular and reluctantly smiling over the tea she was bringing, and the little stir it made—lamplight and snow against the window . . .

She had been so deep in thought, sitting in a corner of the room staring before her, that she was spoken to twice before she looked up. Doris was near her again. Becky Purdon, a little way from them, was staring with open interest.

"Helen, Tommy Delamater wants to speak to you—wake up!"

Tommy! Tommy, as self-consciously debonair as ever; Tommy, pleasantly aware of all the watching eyes, making a flourish out of his greeting.

"Boy, you're looking fine, Helen! You're thinner, but I think I like it. I'd forgotten what a looker you were, angel-child."

He threw himself down by her just as of old, sprawling on his spine, long-legged, in the armchair. Had he always had that too-shiny hair, that too-fluent, too-loud voice? He began to talk to her in a loud, confidential voice, telling her everything that had gloriously happened to him, just as he had always. His best little listener, he'd called her, hadn't he?

She listened, hearing it all a little dimly.

He hadn't made so awfully good, thank heaven, at that fool Wisconsin bank. Silly, didn't she think—airily—to make so darn good when lots of fellows whose fathers weren't rolling needed earnest endeavor and all that? Noble, what?

His laugh somehow wasn't so infectious as it had been.

"How is Kay?" she asked him.

He did not seem at all disturbed. He laughed again as he answered. "Oh, that busted itself by mutual consent hundreds of years ago. Kay was a nice little kid, but she was spoiled to death—thought she owned the world."

"I thought she was the most wonderful sport you'd ever met," Helen couldn't keep from saying;

"That's a big order," said Tommy grinning. "Say, Helen, what about an old-fashioned picnic tomorrow?"

"This time of year? Tommy Delamater, are you crazy?"

She was slipping back into the old familiar tone with him. Well how could you help it with a man you'd known so well?

"No more than normal, Beautiful," drawled Tommy. "The weather's milding up, so to speak, and my car's closable. We can find a rock to put a rug on. Come on, it will do the Grand Seigneur good to find you gone, the neighbors say, like Darling Nelly Gray. Got a lot to tell you, Helen."

His voice had slipped to the old, coaxing, small-boy note.

She stared at him, amazed and a little shocked. She wanted to laugh and cry and run away all at once.

Suddenly she remembered that she did not belong to Ethan any more. There was no reason in the world why she shouldn't go picnicking with Tommy. It would put a neat, ironic knot in the threads of happening.

"All right," she said, hoping it sounded casual.

And hoping more than anything else in the world that Ethan would know about it. But he would only think it was what he had expected. There was pain any way you turned . . .

"You'll have to get the lunch at a delicatessen," she told him. "I'm boarding."

Had she ever rushed home from a hard day's work to assemble eagerly the food Tommy preferred?

"You are high-hat, dear love," he said plaintively. "All right, a thousand cans shall be yours. I'll be there at ten."

"Helen!" said Doris' shocked little voice beside her.

"Doris?" Helen answered in a cool, hard voice.

She could hear it sounding like Nina's. After all, the Nina's and Tommy's of this world got along best. Take your loves, take your diamond rings and your money and houses! Never mind how they came, or why.

(*To be concluded*)

HEARTBREAK

By Marise Holliday

I SAID goodby to you with laughing lips
That mocked the aching anguish of my heart.
I hardly felt you touch my finger-tips
Before I lightly drew myself apart
And, smiling, stood till you were out of sight—
My fluttering handkerchief a flag of pride—
Then homeward wore my mask so brave and bright,
That none might guess the grief I strove to hide.

AND when, alone, the hot tears start to fall,
From tight-clenched lids I brush them all away—
Sometimes, I think the hardest thing of all
Is feeling my heart break while I'm so gay!

SAFER -- MORE CONVENIENT *and* Now *lower in price*

THIS month, a new, lower-priced, automatic electric iron is being placed on the market by Westinghouse . . . the company which developed the first successful automatic iron . . . the Iron with the Built-in Watchman. To every woman who does *not* now enjoy the safety and convenience of automatic ironing, this announcement is most important!

But before you consider buying one of these new irons, you will ask yourself, "What about the lower price?" . . . The new Westinghouse Automatic will sell for $6.95, the lowest price at which an automatic iron made by Westinghouse has ever been offered.

"And why is this automatic iron better than the iron I'm using?" First, because it is safer. A Built-in Watchman automatically turns the current off when the iron starts getting too hot. You can leave it when your ironing is interrupted. It won't overheat! You can even forget and leave it turned on when you go away from home. It won't start a fire! Only an automatic iron can give you such safety. Then, too, there's a new convenience. You aren't continually pulling the plug to keep the iron from getting too hot. The iron glides smoothly with a minimum amount of effort. You do less work, and the iron does more!

Stop at your electrical dealer's or your power company's store today. Ask to see the new Westinghouse Automatic. Notice its balance, the comfortable handle, the tapered point and beveled base, the large ironing surface, the highly polished finish. You'll agree that it's a real bargain in convenience and safety.

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AUTOMATIC
THE IRON WITH THE BUILT-IN WATCHMAN

In using advertisements see page 6

"Pink tooth brush" at my age!

...not so good...not so good...not so good...

YOUR gums may be tender at twenty or firm and healthy at fifty-five. They may be soft and flabby, or firm and healthy, and their health depends directly on the care that you give them.

"Pink tooth brush" is not a serious trouble in itself. Often, it is true, it is the forerunner of worse disease, and from neglect of soft and flabby gums, gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea may follow.

But to prevent "pink tooth brush" with massage and Ipana Tooth Paste, is a simple and a wise precaution.

* * *

A tinge of "pink", however slight, upon your tooth brush, is a sign the gum structure is weak and that your gums are not getting exercise that vigorous chewing of harder foods would give them.

The soft foods we eat today are the great enemies of healthy gums and sound teeth, but Ipana and massage afford you sure protection. Dentists recommend Ipana to thousands of patients because it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by the profession in treating gum disorders!

So bring Ipana to the aid of your gums when and while you clean your teeth! Simply brush your gums; or massage them with your fingers, lightly at first, then harder. Ipana's ziratol content speeds the blood! Wastes and poisons are swept from the tiny capillaries of the gums! Soon they regain their normal hardness and firmness!

And while Ipana keeps your gums in health, it cleans the teeth to sparkling, flashing whiteness! Its taste is delightfully refreshing and it gives an instant feeling of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are* not *luxuries

From now on, make Ipana the tooth paste of your family and yourself! It may cost a few cents more, but its formula is modern and scientific—its double protection well worth the slight difference in price!

Stop by at your druggist's and get the large-size tube—don't wait for the sample. Tonight, begin the full month's test. And forget your dental cares!

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-70
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

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